

JAN.

MEN

35c
40c IN CANADA



NEW FEMALE CRAZE FOR NUDISM

**27-Kill Ace Charles
MacDonald:** HE LED THE
FIGHTER MARATHON THAT CRUSHED LEYTE

**Detective Who Cracked the
World's Most Baffling Air Disaster**

**Mission For the Fourth Marines:
SMASH RABAU!**



Booklength Special:

Blonde Tramp

She brought sin and sudden
death to a GI pleasure town



**LET ME SHOW YOU HOW I CAN ADD
10" TO YOUR CHEST - 3" TO YOUR
ARMS - UP TO 50 POUNDS OF
MUSCLE TO YOUR BODY . . .**

ALL IN JUST 7 SHORT WEEKS!

SAYS JOE WEIDER
THE MUSCLE BUILDER - THE TRAINER OF CHAMPIONS

TRADE IN that skinny, scrawny, milk-toast body of yours for a jet-charged Weider physique - rippling with mountains of mighty muscle, oozing confidence and virility out of every pore. Wake up, fellow! Make the world your oyster! You won't find a more **AMAZING INTRODUCTORY FREE COURSE** OFFER this side of outer space!

PAY NOTHING NOW - PAY NOTHING LATER - PAY THE POSTMAN NOTHING
Just imagine how you'll feel as you see with your own eyes dynamic, new muscle hulking up on your arms, your back, your chest and thighs! Powerful he-man muscle that turns you into the fellow that others respect and girls at the beach! What a terrific feeling to feel new energy, virility and **NATURAL POWER** surge through your veins, put you "at the top of the world."

• Well, this he-man feeling **CAN NOW BE YOURS - FREE!** And in just 15 minutes a day right in your home! Just send us your name and address on the coupon. Your **FREE COURSE** will be rushed to you! Don't delay - you have nothing to lose but your weakness. Mail today!

WHAT'S A MIGHTY NEW PHYSIQUE WORTH TO YOU?
Some have paid thousands of dollars in expensive gyms to get the muscle-packed body they wanted. These successful men **KNOW** that a dynamic, power-charged physique is the surest road to being successful with women and forging ahead in the career of your choice. Whether you pay \$1000, \$500, or even \$100 for a body that has "he-man" written all over it, **THE PRICE IS NEVER TOO HIGH** because you reap "dividends" all the rest of your life!

• **BUT FORTUNATELY, YOU CAN NOW GET THIS AMAZING WEIDER MUSCLE BUILDING COURSE - WRITTEN BY THE OUTSTANDING DEVELOPER OF "MR. AMERICAS" AND OTHER CHAMPIONS - NOT \$1000, not for \$500, not for \$100 BUT ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY - IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME. Just imagine how you'll feel as you see dynamic, new muscle bulging up on your arms, your back, your chest and thighs! What a terrific feeling to feel new energy, virility and **NATURAL POWER** surge through your veins! Well, this he-man feeling **CAN NOW BE YOURS - FREE!** And in just 15 minutes a day right in your own home! Just mail the coupon for your **FREE COURSE**. You have nothing to lose but your weakness - mail today!

GIRLS GO FOR WEIDER CHAMPS!
Like to swap places with this lucky guy? Then let Joe Weider help turn you into a beachside Romeo—with powerful dynamic-charged muscles and a new, confident, he-man personality. Whether it's at the beach or on a dance floor, a Weider-trained physique rates high in the romance department. No wonder! Jayne Mansfield and other beautees go for Weider champs!

ALL IN JUST 7 SHORT WEEKS!

THE MUSCLE BUILDING — THE TRAINER OF CHAMPIONS

PAY NOTHING NOW • PAY NOTHING LATER • PAY THE POSTMAN NOTHING
Just imagine how you'll feel as you see with your own eyes dynamic, new muscle bulging up on your arms, your back, your chest and thighs! Powerful lean-man muscle that turns you into the feline that others respect and admire. Imagine the pleasure of attention you'll get from pretty girls on the beach! What a terrific feeling to feel new energy, virility and NATURAL POWER surge through your veins. Put you "out too of the world."

WHAT'S A MIGHTY NEW PHYSIQUE WORTH TO YOU? Some have paid thousands of dollars in expensive gym to get the muscle-packed body they wanted. These successful men know that a dynamic, power-charged physique is the surest way to being successful with women and forging ahead in the career of your choice. Whether you pay \$1,000, \$500, or even \$100 for a body that has "he-man" written all over it, **THE PRICE IS NEVER TOO HIGH** because you reap "dividends" in the rest of your life!

JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY — IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME. Just imagine how you'll feel as you use dynamic, new muscle bulging up on your arms, your back, your chest and thighs! What a terrific feeling to feel new energy, virility and **NATURAL POWER** surge through your veins! Well, this ha-man feeling **CAN NOW BE YOURS — FREE!** And in just 15 minutes a day right in your own home! Just mail the coupon for your **FREE COURSE.** You have nothing to lose but your weakness — mail today!

WEIDER CHARM: Like to swap places with this lucky guy? Then let Joe Weider help turn you into a beachside Romeo—with powerful dynamite-charged muscles and a new, confident, he-man personality. Whether it's at the beach or on a dance floor, a Weider-trained physique rates high in the romance department. No wonder Jayne Mansfield and other beauties go for Weider champ!

Use my system for training and you will gain twice as much muscle and triple your power in less than Half The Time it would take by any other method.

- How To Develop A Massive Chest!
- How To Develop Giant Arms And Legs!
- How To Get Me-Man Power And Increase Endurance!
- How To Build A Tough Mid-Section & Muscle-Packed Back!
- How To Be Popular With Girls!
- How To Be A Beach Star And Athlete!
- Secret Training Methods Of The Champions!

Dupl. 16-150

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

Canadian Address:
2875 Bates Rd.
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

LEO ROBERT, a welder trained champion and the perfect man, title winner of "Mr. America", "Mr. Universe", and "Mr. World". In this free course Leo tells you how he turned his skinny 102 pound weakling body into a mountain of Herculean might and power. Do what Leo did "Build Your Body With Welder as Your Leader".

Mail Coupon Today For FREE Introductory
48-page Muscle-Building Course.

Stop wasting time in a dead-end job!

Enjoy the big rewards offered the

law-trained man in business

STUDY LAW

IN YOUR SPARE TIME

**as a way to
increased earnings**

WHATEVER your present position — whatever your previous schooling — you can multiply your opportunities for rapid promotion, big income and prestige through LaSalle law training at home.

A knowledge of Law is regarded today as indispensable equipment in every activity of business. The greatly increased role of government in business, the many new problems of Law involving taxes, insurance, contracts, liability, employment, and much more — all require the legally-trained executive who can make day-to-day decisions effectively. That is why leading corporations seek out such men for key positions and reward them with top salaries.

You can master Law easily and enjoyably at home — at remarkably low cost — under the supervision of LaSalle's distinguished Law faculty. Your study is illustrated with actual legal cases. Upon completion of your training, you are awarded a Bachelor of Laws degree if qualified. *The famed LaSalle Law Library of 14 volumes is given to you as part of your course.*

**Send
for
this
Free
Book-
let**



For over half a century LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in business training, with more than 1,000,000 students. Send for the free booklet "Law Training for Leadership" and see how LaSalle can help you move up rapidly in business. Address: 417 So. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn, Dept. 37-040, Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please send me, free of cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet "Law Training for Leadership."

Name.....Age.....

Address.....County.....

City &.....

Zone.....Working.....State.....

Occupation.....Hours.....A.M.....P.M.

221

Canadian residents: LaSalle, Box 1001, Montreal 2.

JAN.
1965

MEN



Clothes-hating girls, p. 12



New medical menace, p. 22



Far East desire doll, p. 30

CONTENTS VOL. 14 • NO. 1



LOOK FOR THE DIAMOND—
THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY
IN MEN'S MAGAZINES.
IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE FRESH,
NEW STORIES YOU
WANT TO READ.
ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS.

MEN is published by ZENITH PUBLISHING CORP.
OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 625 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS
POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NEW YORK and
at MERIDEN, CONN. Published monthly. Copyright
1965 by Zenith Publishing Corp., 625 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10022. Vol. 14, No. 1, January, 1965.
Price 35c per copy, 40c in Canada. Subscription rate
\$4.50 and \$5.00 respectively for 12 issues including
postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts,
and all manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped,
self-addressed envelopes. Martin Goodman, publisher.
National Advertising Representatives: Kalish, Quigley
& Rosen Associates, 490 South San Vicente Blvd.,
Los Angeles 48, Calif. Printed in the U.S.

SPECIAL FEATURES

- YOUNG GIRLS WHO TURN TO NUDISM** Barry Jamieson 12
US women by the thousands are flocking to these "naked pleasure" paradises
- DETECTIVE WHO CRACKED
THE WORLD'S MOST BAFFLING AIR DISASTER** Robert Serling 18
A "sky hawkshaw," he found the one clue that could clear a dead pilot's good name
- Special Bonus Fiction**
- BUZZ RYAN'S SENSUOUS NEW SECRETARY** Allen Proctor 20
"I'm too good for you," the redhead told him, "so drag me down to your level"
- DISEASED BLOOD — RAMPAGING PERIL THAT KILLS THOUSANDS** Fred Laing 22
This medical mess is causing more horrible deaths than the Viet Nam war . . .
- RUSSIA'S WILD AND WOOLLY KLONDIKE FRONTIER** Ray Lunt 27
These tundra-tough Red pioneers are carbon copies of America's first frontiersmen

TRUE ADVENTURE

- 27-Kill Ace Col. Charles MacDonald—
HE LED THE "FIGHTER MARATHON" THAT CRUSHED LEYTE** Edward Sims 28
In 14 hell-filled hours, he sent a whole enemy squadron to shredded-steel doom
- FOR-SAILORS-ONLY WENCH OF SAIGON** Mario Cleri 30
She was desirable, passionate—and the deadliest weapon in the Viet Cong's arsenal
- MISSION: SMASH RABAU** Walter Kaylin 40
Spiking guns with their own bodies, these GI's took on Japan's "uncrackable" fortress

TWO GREAT BOOK LENGTHS

- "THE RED CHINESE HAVE CAPTURED A POLARIS SUB"** Allan Pauling 16
Under Red Chinese guns, the crew of this hi-jacked nuclear sub plotted to re-take their vessel before their vicious captors turned the US into a scorched, lifeless desert . . .
- THE TRAMP BLONDE!** Martin Fass 34
A sizzling volcano of a playgirl, she latched onto a \$50,000 bundle of greenbacks—and discovered that a racket boss had decided to make her his exclusive corpse

BONUS FEATURES

- MEN'S NEWSLETTER—News a man can use** 8
- THE LAUGHING PLACE—Gags for guys** 11
- NEW TEACHER IN TOWN—Photo-story for men** 24
- KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD—Close-up on strange happenings** 33
- FOUR TO WIN OSCARS BY—Cartoon humor** 37
- PHOTO STOPPERS** 38
- MEN AND MEDICINE—Breakthroughs on the health frontier** 44

JOHN HAYES business manager

B. J. FRIEDMAN editorial director
BERNARD GARFINKEL managing editor
GEORGE FOX
MARIO PUZO
MEL SHESTACK

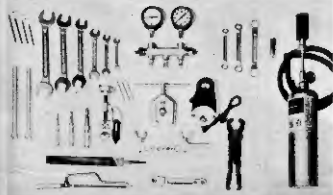
associate editors

LARRY GRABER art director
IRWIN LINKER asst. art director
BILL GAHAN art editor
PATRICIA DAVIES book editor
CRAIG BROHEL assistant editor

**LEARN BY DOING! BUILD YOUR OWN
COMPLETE REFRIGERATION SYSTEM!
25 VALUABLE TRAINING KITS INCLUDED!**

You learn by doing. Not just theory, but practical home training that gets you ready for big pay opportunities fast. All the tools, the parts, the step-by-step help you need to build your own complete refrigeration system and to get experience fast for a better job, a business of your own, or to earn extra money in your spare hours.

What CTI has done for thousands of other ambitious men, it can do for you too. But the first step must be yours. Send for your **FREE** booklets now.



IF YOU'RE EARNING LESS THAN \$170 A WEEK READ HOW YOU CAN STEP UP TO BIG MONEY IN AIR CONDITIONING, REFRIGERATION AND HEATING

thousands of top-pay jobs waiting right now—new jobs opening every day, faster than they can be filled it's true. In the mushrooming air conditioning, refrigeration and heating fields, there are more top-pay, steady jobs available than there are trained men to fill them. And still, new high-pay spots are opening every day in these challenging and rewarding fields. Check the want ads and see for yourself. You'll understand why the pay is high, the work steady, and the future so bright. *Over 20,000 men are needed each year, men who really want to get out of routine, unpromising jobs—who want to start high and move ahead quickly in one of the fastest growing fields in America today.* See how easily you can be one of these fortunate men. It's all spelled out in our **FREE** booklet, **SUCCESS IN AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION**. Send for it today.

Join the thousands of men who are already forging ahead in this rewarding field—and earn big money even while you learn

Nothing can tell you how secure your future can be better than the comments of men who have already started their careers in Air Conditioning, Refrigeration and Heating:

"My wages have tripled since I entered this field."—James West, Minn. "During the past 5½ months, I increased my income by \$1150."—George Gulvas, Pa. "On a part-time basis, I am grossing \$440 to \$600 per month."—H. K. Wolf, Wis. "Earnings have more than doubled."—Aaron York, Ind.

MAIL TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET

Commercial Trades Institute
Chicago, Illinois 60626

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

But far more important than the big money others have earned is the money and security you can assure for yourself and your family in this exciting field. And you can get into it without losing a single day's time or pay from your present job—through the famous CTI method of spare-time, at home training.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET WITH FULL OPPORTUNITY FACTS . . . TODAY

If you're earning less than \$170 a week, if you're not getting ahead as quickly as you want to, and if you're serious about wanting more pay and a secure future, a good business of your own, or important part-time earnings—you owe it to yourself to look into these exciting opportunities: Air Conditioning, Refrigeration, Heating, Auto Air Conditioning. **THE FULL OPPORTUNITY FACTS ARE YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE AND WITHOUT OBLIGATION—IN THE FACT-FILLED, ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET PICTURED BELOW.** Send for your copy today. There is no cost—and it can be the first step to a more secure future for you and your family. Don't put it off!



COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE
1400 W. GREENLEAF AVE. • CHICAGO, ILL. 60626

DEPT. R-352

Please send me, absolutely free and without obligation, your illustrated booklet, **SUCCESS IN AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION**, with full details on the many big pay opportunities waiting for trained men in Air Conditioning, Refrigeration, Heating, and Auto Air Conditioning. Also include, free of cost or obligation, your easy-to-follow sample lessons.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Accredited Member National Home Study Council



I'M SICK AND TIRED OF WAITING!



1. EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS? THAT'S A LAUGH. I WAITED FOR THE BREAK. WAITED 'TIL I WAS SICK OF IT. HOW LONG CAN A GUY WITH A WIFE AND 3 KIDS GO ON DREAMING?

THIS IS THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF JOHN W. HARVIN, JR., DAYTONA, FLORIDA. FROM OUR I.C.S. SUCCESS FILES

HONEY, THERE'S NO OTHER WAY, I'VE JUST GOT TO GET MORE TRAINING. OTHERWISE, I'M STUCK.

BUT JOHN, YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO STOP WORK AND GO TO COLLEGE NOW. THERE JUST HAS TO BE ANOTHER WAY.



2. MY WIFE AND I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, TALKED ABOUT IT, WORRIED ABOUT IT. WE WERE STUMPED. WE THOUGHT WE HIT A DEAD END.

3. LOOK AT THIS: I.C.S. HAS A COURSE IN SURVEYING AND MAPPING. DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'S ANY GOOD?

WELL, JANE'S HUSBAND TOOK AN I.C.S. COURSE IN ACCOUNTING—AND SHE SAYS IT WAS THE SMARTEST THING HE EVER DID!



ONE DAY—MY LUCKY DAY—I TOOK A CLOSE LOOK AT THAT FAMOUS I.C.S. COUPON. I'D SEEN IT BEFORE A THOUSAND TIMES. BUT THIS TIME I REALLY LOOKED.

I.C.S. IS THE OLDEST AND LARGEST CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL IN THE WORLD. 256 PERSONALIZED-INSTRUCTION DIPLOMA COURSES

LOOK—IT SAYS THEY'LL SEND YOU A CAREER KIT FREE. THREE BIG SUCCESS BOOKS

I'M GOING TO SEND THAT COUPON. THIS MIGHT BE JUST WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!



4. THAT SETTLED IT! I DECIDED TO FIND OUT WHAT I.C.S. WAS ALL ABOUT. AFTER ALL, WHAT DID I HAVE TO LOSE?

5. WHEN I SAW THE THREE FREE BOOKS, I KNEW I'D FOUND THE ANSWER. I ENROLLED -AND I WAS ON MY WAY!

THIS STUDYING AT HOME SURE IS SAVING ME TIME. LOOK HOW FAR I'VE GOTTEN ALREADY

FROM THE WAY THEY HELP WITH YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, YOU'D THINK YOU WERE I.C.S.'S ONLY STUDENT



6. JOHN HARVIN'S SUCCESS STORY CAN COME TRUE FOR YOU, TOO. HERE'S THE FAMOUS I.C.S. COUPON. LOOK IT OVER. CLIP IT.

MAIL IT NOW!

THAT RAISE WAS JUST THE BEGINNING. IT'S SO GOOD TO LOOK AHEAD WITHOUT WORRYING. WE'RE ALL SO PROUD OF YOU, JOHN!

HONEY. THE BOSS TOLD ME I'VE GOT A REAL FUTURE NOW!



I.C.S. CAREER KIT

Send coupon now . . . get all these:

1 "HOW TO SUCCEED"

A 32-page gold mine of ideas

2 CAREER CATALOG

Opportunities in the field that interests you most

3 SAMPLE LESSON (MATH)

Shows the famous step-by-step I. C. S. teaching method

FREE!

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step ■ real success! I.C.S., Scranton, Penna. 18515

Accredited Member
National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS I.C.S.

Box 264, Scranton, Penna. 18515

(In Hawaii: P.O. Box 418, Honolulu. In Canada: I.C.S. Canadian, Ltd., Montreal.)

Without cost or obligation, rush me FREE Success Kit, with 3 valuable booklets: (1) How ■ Succeed; (2) opportunity booklet about the field I've checked below; (3) sample I.C.S. lesson.

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING TRADES

- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Carpentry ■ Millwork
- ☐ House Planning
- ☐ Painting
- ☐ Plumbing ■ Heating

ART and DESIGN

- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Interior Decorating
- ☐ Magazine Illustrating
- ☐ Show Card & Sign
- ☐ Painting
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

Automotive

- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding
- ☐ Auto Electrical Technician
- ☐ Automobile Mechanic
- ☐ Engine (Gas & Diesel)
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

AVIATION

- ☐ Aero Engineering
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Aircraft Mechanic

BUSINESS

- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Bus. Administration
- ☐ Executive Training
- ☐ Mgmt., Accounting
- ☐ Marketing
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Real Estate
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Sales Mgmt.
- ☐ Small Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Traffic Mgmt.

CHEMICAL

- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Engineering
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician

- ☐ Nuclear Energy
- ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp, Paper

CIVIL ENGINEERING

- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Highway Blueprints
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Structural Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping

DRAFTING

- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical

ELECTRICAL

- ☐ Elec. Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Motor Repairman
- ☐ Industrial Instrumenting
- ☐ Instrument Technician
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ELECTRONICS

- ☐ Automation
- ☐ Basic Electronics
- ☐ Electronic Computers
- ☐ Electronics Technician
- ☐ Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems
- ☐ Industrial Electronics

ENGINEERING (Professional)

- ☐ Chemical
- ☐ Civil
- ☐ Mechanical

ENGLISH and WRITING

- ☐ Better Business Writing
- ☐ Introductory Technical Writing
- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ Practical English

HIGH SCHOOL (Diploma)

- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Secretarial

- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory

LANGUAGES

- (Edited by Berlitz)
- ☐ French
- ☐ German
- ☐ Italian
- ☐ Spanish

MECHANICAL and SHOP

- ☐ Gas and Electric Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ Safety Engineering

SECRETARIAL

- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Professional Secretary

- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic
- ☐ Typist

STEAM and DIESEL POWER

- ☐ Boiler Inspector
- ☐ Power Plant Engineering
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engineering
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION

- ☐ Personnel—Suprv'n
- ☐ Personnel—Lab. Rates

TV-RADIO

- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio-Telephones
- ☐ License
- ☐ TV Technician
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Engineering

MISCELLANEOUS

- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (please specify)

Name _____ Age _____ Sex _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____
Occupation _____
Employed by _____ Working Hours _____

Special low rates to members of the U.S. Armed Forces!

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

EXCITING NEWS A MAN CAN USE

SPIT AND POLISH

That government plan to re-train draft rejects is sneered at by Army officers who secretly label it the "moron corps." They want nothing to do with it, feel they can't spare the troops to work with the rejects...

GIs now claim their biggest friend in Viet Nam war is the "Hog", a helicopter mounted with high-powered rockets instead of machine guns. They are deadly in forests where they unleash loads of killing shrapnel...

When a GI in Viet Nam talks about something that sounds like "Alvin"—he's referring to the Army of Viet Nam—abbreviated ARVN...

A major Army problem in Germany is the group of racist GIs who are trying to force segregation of hotels, bars, and restaurants by putting the pressure on German merchants. The brass may counter by declaring any segregated facilities off-limits to all GIs...

Our Vietnamese buddies are now taking a large toll of the Reds around Saigon by leaving behind cartridges that blow up in guns, mortar shells that backfire, grenades that go off when handled at all. This is to foul up the Red "scrounger" troops who make a career of picking up or looting Free World weapons...



New weapons in Vietnam

SHORT SHOTS

A very intimate survey of women on their romantic preferences indicated that **MANY OF THEM LOVE TO MAKE LOVE ON CARPETING**. Women testified that they enjoyed being taken by surprise and being made love to in surprising places, such as kitchens, basements, even darkened alleyways...

There's very little truth in the notion that drugs increase sex pleasure. If anything, they tend to reduce desire, making people feel contented without sex...

Odd Fact Dep't: A test shows that women listen to instructions more carefully than men. About half a 1000 pound steer is turned into usable beef... **YOU**

WALK ABOUT 65,000 MILES IN YOUR LIFE-TIME...

A Texas Doctor reports that big-bosomed broads are likely to be dumb, while flat-chested fillies with small rear ends tend to run on the intelligent side. Perhaps because they're neglected, given lots of time to attend to intellectual matters...

IT'S UNTRUE THAT MEN IN THEIR MIDDLE AGE LOSE THEIR SEXUAL VIRILITY BECAUSE OF PHYSICAL REASONS. The usual cause of reduced virility is a fear of getting old plus increased family responsibilities. The proof of all this is that when tensions are eased—a vacation for example, will do the trick—a man will perform sexually exactly the way he did when he first got married... The usual age for sexual decline in males is 55 at which time bedroom activity continues but usually at a mellow pace...



Vacations are a tune-up

TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

The man who insists on going to prostitutes—when he has a "free" deal at home—can be considered to have a sex hang-up. Generally, he wants to get even with women by degrading them...

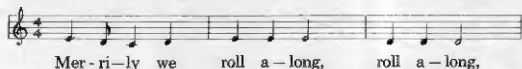
One out of ten people can actually "see" colors with their fingertips. Some can even read with their elbows and other parts of their bodies. This newly discovered "sense" has given great hope to blind people...

There are more kids under ten in the U.S. today **THAN THERE WERE PEOPLE IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY 100 YEARS AGO**—some 41 million...

BEE VENOM TURNS OUT TO BE JUST AS TOXIC AS COBRA POISON. You're in trouble, incidentally, if a bee flies into your mouth and bites your throat. The nearness of the bite to the brain is what causes the trouble, and very often you're

(continued on page 42)

Which piano keys should you strike to play this tune?



FREE "NOTE-FINDER"

Guides Your Fingers to Right Note Every Time!



PLAY REAL TUNES YOUR VERY FIRST DAY — Even If You Don't Know a Single Note Now

Or Perhaps You'd Prefer to Play the
GUITAR, ACCORDION, SAXOPHONE—
Your Choice of Any of 14 Different
Popular Instruments

MAIL THE COUPON below and we'll rush you one of our famous U. S. School of Music "Note-Finders" — absolutely FREE! Also, we'll send you a big, Free, illustrated booklet that shows how easily and quickly you can learn to play not only the piano, but ANY popular instrument.

This Free Booklet will show you how rapidly YOU can learn music properly, by note — even if you don't know a single note of music now. You'll see how our clear, simple directions and large "this-is-how" pictures enable you to quickly play piano, guitar, accordion, organ, saxophone — any of the instruments listed in the coupon below!

New Joys in Life

Imagine yourself being a sought-after guest... making many new friends... entertaining at parties... hearing compliments on your wonderful new talent... attaining new peace and self-confidence... perhaps even making extra money! And best of all, experiencing the deep-down satisfaction that comes from actually creating music whenever you please.

These rich rewards are waiting for you. Now, with this famous home-study Course, you can actually play your favorite instrument in a much shorter time than you have ever imagined!

No "Special Talent" Needed

No previous training needed — no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this

amazing Course will have you playing *real* melodies instead of practicing tedious scales and exercises. Lessons consist of delightful melodies, songs, classics, etc., that everyone knows. Instructions are as easy as A-B-C — and large "here's-how-to-do-it" pictures teach you exactly what to do, so you can't go wrong! Almost before you know it you'll be entertaining yourself and your friends with all your favorite popular tunes, country and folk songs, classics — *any* kind of music!

No Boring Scales or Exercises

Over 1,250,000 people the world over have turned to this "Easy-as-A-B-C" way to learn music! You learn in spare time of your own choosing. You become your own music teacher... and progress as rapidly or as leisurely as you wish. No dreary scales and exercises. No inconvenient lesson periods.

Just plenty of fun for you and all your family, because they can learn right along with you, if they wish. And lessons are only a few cents each, including valuable sheet music you'll keep always!

FREE "NOTE-FINDER," FREE BOOKLET, FREE GUITAR DEMONSTRATION LESSON!

Why not let this Course bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life! Let us show you why our way to learn music is so EASY — and so much FUN! See for yourself why our Courses have been so successful since 1898. Just mail coupon for free piano "Note-Finder" and our illustrated FREE BOOKLET. We'll also send you a Free Guitar Demonstration Lesson, showing you how to tune a guitar! Absolutely no obligation; no salesman will call. Mail coupon to: **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A-91, Fort Washington, N. Y.** (Licensed by N. Y. State Education Department)



WHICH OF THESE INSTRUMENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY?

(Just Check in the Coupon Which One Interests You Most)

**U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A-91
PORT WASHINGTON, New York 11050**

I am interested in learning to play the instrument checked below. Please send me the free piano "Note-Finder," your free illustrated booklet "Now You Can Learn Music in Your Own Home," and the free Guitar-Tuning Demonstration Lesson. I will not be obligated at all, and no salesman is ever to call.

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|--|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piano | <input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone | <input type="checkbox"/> Tenor Banjo |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Violin | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Organ | <input type="checkbox"/> Steel Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Trombone |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accordion | <input type="checkbox"/> Trumpet, Cornet | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele | |

DO YOU HAVE INSTRUMENTS?

☐ Yes ☐ No
(Special reduced prices on instruments)

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
(Please Print Carefully)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP _____

☐ If under 18, check here for Booklet "A"

- For Action, Security, Big Pay -

WE CHALLENGE YOU TO TOP THIS JOB!

Earn To \$15 An Hour ★ Work Part-Time Or Full-Time ★ Car Furnished — Expenses Paid ★ No Selling — No Previous Experience Needed ★ Only Average Education Required

NO OTHER CAREER OFFERS YOU A BRIGHTER FUTURE

Consider this fact. In the short time it takes you to read this page 1,100 accidents will take place. Over 440,000 will occur before this day ends. *These accidents must be investigated.* The law demands it. Yet in 4 out of 8 cities, towns and rural communities, no one has been trained for this vital work.

KEEP PRESENT JOB UNTIL READY TO SWITCH

Step into this fast-moving Accident Investigation field. Already hundreds of men we have trained are making big money. Joe Miller earned \$14,768 his first year. A. J. Allen earned over \$2,000 in ten weeks. Robert Meier says "I'm now earning \$7.50 to \$15.00 an hour in my own business... Universal's course is wonderful."

FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP GIVEN

We CAN and WILL show you how to rapidly build your own full-time or part-time business. Or if you wish a big-pay job as Company Claims Investigator, our Placement Service will give you *real* assistance. Hundreds of firms needing men call upon Universal. We place for more men in this booming field than any other individual, company or school.

WE FINANCE YOU

Write today for complete information. Costs are less than you'd imagine. And even on these low costs you need pay only a portion—less than half—in order to complete your training. We finance the rest for you. You may pay out of actual earnings. And you can keep present job while learning. Send now for free book. No salesman will call. You are not committed in any way.



EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Let us show you how easy it is to get into this exciting new career in just a matter of weeks. You need NO prior experience or higher education. There's NO investment in expensive equipment. You do NO selling. Furthermore, this fast-growing Accident Investigation field has no seasonal layoffs...no time out for strikes...no oversupply of men...no worry about automation. We ask you to compare these terrific advantages with the job you now have! Cash in on this big demand for trained men NOW. Write today!

Mail Now for FREE BOOK



M. O. Wilson, Dept. 11

Universal Schools,

6801 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Texas

Please rush me your FREE BOOK on Big Money in The Booming Accident Investigation Field. I will not be under the slightest obligation—and no salesman will call upon me.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

THE LAUGHING PLACE

A French visitor to the United States was invited to attend a silver wedding anniversary celebration. The Frenchman, not fully understanding what it was all about, asked one of the other guests to explain what this silver wedding meant.

"This couple have lived together for twenty-five years," said the man.

"Aha!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "And now he marries her. Bravo!"

Overheard at a party: "They make a perfect couple. He's a pill and she's a headache."

"Hi, luscious. Which way are you going?"

"You despicable wolf. You abominable cad. That's no way to address a lady whose husband is out of town and who lives at 3015 Wentworth, telephone—1-7063."

Comics always make fun of marriage, but it has been proven that married life is healthy. Statistics show that single people die much more quickly than married folks. Therefore, if you are looking for a long, slow death—get married.



"Enough about me, let's talk about you for awhile."

"Beg pardon", said the man at the door, "But would you care to contribute something to the Home for Hopeless Alcoholics?"

"You bet," replied Mrs. Murphy promptly. "Come back about ten this evening and you can have Murphy."

The artist had just kissed his pretty model. She was upset over his boldness until he assured her she was the first model he had ever kissed in his life.

"How many models did you have before me?" she asked warily.

"Four," he answered. "An apple, two oranges and a flower pot."



"THEY'RE OFF!"

Raiding a gambling den, two policemen found four men sitting around a table, apparently playing poker. "Don't you know poker playing is against the law," a sergeant said.

"I'm innocent, Sarge," the first man said. "I just sat down to talk."

"You were gambling," the sergeant accused the second man. "Oh no, Sarge. I'm a plumber here to fix a leaky faucet."

"And you were playing, too," the third man was told. "Not me, Sarge. I'm just waiting for a bus."

The police stared at the fourth man—who was holding a deck of cards. "Well, at least you're playing cards?"

"Me?" he asked. "With who?"

Do you have an original gag or two? Send it to the Editor, MEN, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. and win \$5 if he likes it. Sorry, no returns.



YOUNG GIRLS WHO TURN TO NUDISM

By BARRY JAMIESON

PHILADELPHIA:

CALLED *Breezy Point Lodge*, it's on the eastern shore of New Jersey and it looks like any other resort—with dining hall, game area, and individual cottages. One couple is visiting it for the first time. Jim is a Madison Avenue account executive, in his early thirties, who pays careful attention to his clothing at work. June is a willowy, flaxen-haired woman in her mid-twenties, with a New England accent and a fashion model's walk.

They stand at the door of their cabin, preparing to meet the other guests. Jim places his hand on June's back, guides her forward. "Come on," he says, "we've been talking about doing this for years. Now's the time."

June hesitates, then steps briskly down the graveled path, swinging her hips as if she were walking down a model's gangway. Jim thinks, "What a lovely stride, what magnificent hips"—as if noticing her for the first time. They both look like any other

THE BIG 1965 CRAZE

MEN

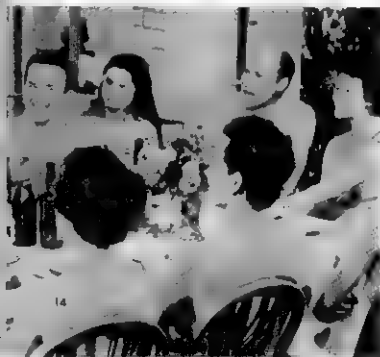
JANUARY, 1965



From shy secretaries to beautiful-but-bored housewives, US women by the thousands are spending their weekends in these hidden "naked pleasure" paradises, soaking up sun by day and, often, by night—and if the mania continues, declares a noted authority on sexual trends, America's "nude playgrounds" may soon be as common as the supermarket.



MANY nature camps permit new members (like girl above) to wear transition clothes at first, but inhibitions are soon lost. Movement has grown so fast that nudists now have their own magazines, make films (like one below)



prosperous, well-cared-for couple except for one detail. They're both as naked as the day they were born, and they've just joined the Eastern Seaboard's fast growing number of "nature faddists."

The sudden craze for nudism in America has many psychiatrists guessing. "It's a phenomenon that in this Jet Age of gimmicks and fast living more and more people now seek a return to primitive conditions," states the *Psychoanalytical Review* for 1964. "In fact, modern people go much further than primitives in a return to nature. Savages do wear some clothing . . ."

Along Jersey's rocky coastline and in secluded Pennsylvania woodlands, Jet Set members escape from business worries, tired marriages, and unhealthy city fumes by simply taking off their clothes and enjoying the outdoors together. The reactions vary. One well-built airline stewardess found that men did not stare at her the way they did in the outside world. "When I walk down the aisle of a plane, bending over to serve coffee, I can feel men's eyes on a certain part of me," she said. "Here in a nudist camp men look at all of you. Your neck and arms just as much as other regions. You know, I'm a lot more self-conscious walking down Fifth Avenue than I am playing volleyball in the nude. This camp has cleared up a lot of my inhibitions."

"I feel like a child again at the camps," says a balding vice-president for a Manhattan bank. "Swimming and playing games without clothes is like being born all over again. You get a free and easy feeling like nothing in the world. Of course, the first time out was perhaps the most difficult of my life . . ."

Men are concerned about what psychologists call the "uncontrollable yirile reflex." "But that reflex seldom comes about," says a husky resort manager. "When a particularly nice-looking woman parades by me, I always make it a point to dive immediately in the pool. If you notice, most resort pools are icy cold. That's the reason."

A young engaged couple who spent a week end at a lodge in West Virginia had an interesting reaction. Whenever nude the young man was quite reserved around the dark-haired girl—not touching her, seeming interested in other things. But when the girl dressed up at night in tight skirt and high heels, the young man couldn't keep his hands from her. He openly fondled her—at the community dining hall, at group sings—until finally the management had to direct them both to stay nude at all times.

Even though nudism is an American institution today (with an annual King and Queen elected), it has a relatively short history in the modern world. In the Victorian Age it was shocking to see a woman's ankle exposed. Even male boxers had to appear in tights during that period. In 1903, however, some Germans thought up the idea of group nudity as a way of relieving tensions, and it became an instant success. *Wandervogels* (roaming bands of German youths, male and female) took their clothes off at the least provocation—at seaside resorts, picnics, dances—in some of the most uninhibited displays of group nudity on record. And German nudist camps attracted visitors from all over the world. When the Nazis banned nudist camps in 1933, the pastime began catching on seriously in this country. Year around camps opened in Florida and California, summer resorts sprang up in the Northern states.

Spokesmen for the nudists proclaim, "Most of us are vegetarians, and we don't smoke or drink. We take the human body for

(Continued on page 65)

NUDISM

MODERN nudist movement started in Germany, is still popular in northern countries (rt. and below)—but US is rapidly becoming the world's leader in sun worshipping . . .



armed with anti-aircraft guns, the American's green cities in the
under the guns of the ring. The Chicago bombers shot in
into surrendering, the sleek nuclear bombers were raised be
Pacific while all of America's great cities were under attack in
the United States, each city was a target of the attack.

CATCHING the Americans
surprised, 60 seconds the
Chicago bombers were completely
in control of the ship.



**EXTRALENGTH
NUCLEAR
SHOCKER**

By ALLAN HAULING

ART BY BRUCE MINNEY

ALERT THE WHITE HOUSE

“THE RED CHINESE HAVE CAPTURED A POLARIS SUB”

CAPTAIN Paul Gibson sat on his narrow cot in the Polaris sub *John Adams* and hunched over the oblong machine on the bed. At one end of the box was an upright panel. At the other end were ten finely calibrated dials as well as a small handle. Basically, the box was a pin ball machine, but it resembled the machines

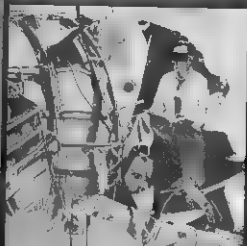
found in the ordinary amusement parlor in the same way that an intercontinental ballistic missile resembled a World War I fighter plane.

Gibson's machine was actually a complicated, electronic device that had taken him three years to perfect.

When the small ball (Continued on page 85)

THE
DETECTIVE
WHO
CRACKED

THE WORLD'S AIR



WRECKAGE of plane mysteriously yielded no clues to CAB investigators (above)

By ROBERT J. SERLING

AT 6:23 A.M., February 19, 1955, a Weather Bureau observer stepped out of his office at Kirtland field, Albuquerque, New Mexico.


The wind was blowing out of the southwest, towards a forbidding peak known as Sandia Mountain. A snowstorm was developing around the mountain.

Except in the direction of Sandia, the visibility was remarkably clear. A few miles to the northwest, the city of Albuquerque lay twinkling by the side of the shallow Rio Grande.

The Weather Bureau man shivered a (Continued on page 76)

MOST BAFFLING DISASTER

How could this skilled paratrooper, a veteran combat hero, 18 people to their credit, be flying his plane so high into a mountain he knew was there? There's only one answer, said the CAP—this man deliberately committed suicide, and they continued to say it until one relentless, brilliant, and hawkish hawk found the answer to the puzzle that defied soldiers and his fellow pilots. The name of the man was...



She was "fancy girl's school" all the way—from the tip of her patrician nose to the long, blazing red tresses that draped her aristocratic, provocative body. Too good, according to Ryan, for a working stiff like Connelly. But late one night, she proved to the rugged Irishman that the quiet of a deserted factory was a good place to practice democracy on a very personal level.


BUZZ RYAN'S SENSUOUS NEW SECRETARY

CONNELLY fell for Ryan's new secretary right away. She was easily the best looking girl the plant had ever seen: white smile, green eyes, red hair, slender legs, full breasts and a round behind that twisted slowly when she walked. But she was off limits. The production boss made that clear from the first day.

"Nice kid, huh, Connelly?" he said. "Maybe you'd like a piece of it?"

"Maybe," answered Connelly.

"Forget it." Ryan laughed shortly, his eyes chilling with a glint of menace. "You stick to the" (Continued on page 62)



She was "fancy girl's school" all the way—from the tip of her patrician nose to the long, blazing red tresses that draped her aristocratic, provocative body. Too good, according to Ryan, for a working stiff like Connelly. But late one night, she proved to the rugged Irishman that the quiet of a deserted factory was a good place to practice democracy on a very personal level.

BUZZ RYAN'S SENSUOUS NEW SECRETARY

CONNELLY fell for Ryan's new secretary right away. She was easily the best looking girl the plant had ever seen—white smile, green eyes, red hair, slender legs, full breasts and a round behind that twisted slowly when she walked. But she was off limits. The production boss made that clear from the first day.

"Nice kid, huh, Connelly?" he said. "Maybe you'd like a piece of it?"

"Maybe," answered Connelly.

"Forget it," Ryan laughed shortly, his eyes chilling with a glint of menace. "You stick to the" (Continued on page 62)

SPECIAL FICTION BONUS

"I KNOW it's a cold factory office, she said closing the blinds, 'but we can pretend it's a cozy, firelit room'."

By ALLEN PROCTOR

ART BY CHARLES COPELAND





**SPECIAL
FICTION
BONUS**

"I KNOW it's a cold factory office,"
she said closing the blinds, "but we
can pretend it's a cozy, firelit room"

By ALLEN PROCTOR

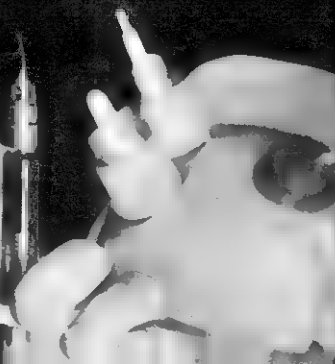
ART BY CHARLES COPELAND

DISEASED



TAINTED BLOOD looks exactly like good variety, can cause great harm, even death, if administered to humans in emergency (above, Cuban refugees get transfusion)

By FRED LAING



BLOOD THE RAMPAGING NEW PERIL THAT KILLS THOUSANDS

Lying on a hospital table for a simple operation, you watch with confidence as the jar of healing blood is pumped into your veins. But for any one of a hundred different reasons—diseased donors, bungling nurses, greedy transfusion racketeers—this supposedly “certified,” life-sustaining fluid may have become a deadly poison. An angry reporter exposes for the first time America's frightening Blood Bank scandal, the medical mess that's caused more disease and death than the Vietnam war . . .

NEW YORK:

NOT long ago a shipping clerk in New York City sued a hospital because his wife had been given a disease in a blood transfusion. We'll call him Matt Conlin. His was only one of the thousands of such cases that come up in this country each year, but we mention it because it seems typical, and because of a remark he made when he saw where the blood had come from. It made his blood boil, and he said, “It gave me nightmares, just thinking of that lousy blood going into my wife.” We'll get to what he saw in a moment.

Matt didn't (Continued on page 45)



DESPITE MODERN EQUIPMENT (left, rt.), other safeguards, dangerous percentage of donated blood is “poisoned”



NEW TEACHER IN TOWN





NEW FACE



Angel-faced, spun-sugar blonde Sophie Hardy left a job as an English professor to become the Marilyn Monroe of the French cinema. A collector of 1920 hats, poodle dogs and American swing records, this rare filet of a Gallic doll (36-23-35) says: "I had a real feeling for teaching. Sometimes now I recite poetry in a man and I can see from the wild look in his eyes that he thinks of me as being extremely scholarly."

NEW
TEACHER
IN
TOWN





GREATEST HAZARD of "frontier" life is dreary boredom which induces mental depression. Government finds top-talent entertainment troupes such as Cossack dancers (above), gives workers 48-day vacations at Black Sea resort (upper rt.) but despite pampering, Klondikers thumb noses at "chicken" Kremlin directives

Russia's Wild and Woolly Klondike Frontier

By RAY LUNT

In the vast isolated snowlands of Russia's "Far Country," these leather-skinned, tundra-tough Red pioneers live a lusty, drinking, brawling existence that makes them the 20th Century look-alikes ■ our own rugged frontiersman . . .



LUSTY WOMEN workers build Siberian city of Khabarovsk by day, take it apart with hijinks at night

LIFE in the Soviet Far East city of Khabarovsk will never again be quite the same since the firing squad ended the roaring career of Lev Titshenko last month. A casual visitor may not notice the difference. Khabarovsk's 280,000 inhabitants are still spending their days earning the highest wages in the USSR and their nights blowing it on liquor, women and police court fines. Call girls still phone their propositions direct to the hotel rooms of male guests. (Continued on page 71)

Leading his squadron in a savage, continuous attack to smash the Nippon Empire's "end the war" fleet, a kill-hungry, bullet-fast panther of an Army pilot named Charles MacDonald pushed his twin-tailed P-38 through the death-filled skies over Leyte like an aerial jujitsu master—and in 14 blood-and-hell-filled hours this relentless ace sent a whole enemy squadron to flaming doom, piling up a shredded steel gangplank on which MacArthur could march back to the Philippines



**27 - KILL ACE
COL. CHARLES
MAC DONALD**

**HE
LED
THE**

"FIGHTER MARATHON"

THAT CRUSHED



By **EDWARD
SIMS**

IN October, 1944, two powerful United States military forces which had been advancing toward Japan converged in the Philippines. The pincer movement joined the forces of General Douglas MacArthur, which had advanced northward from Australia, and those of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, which had thrust westward from Pearl Harbor.

The road to the Philippines and Leyte, where American Rangers landed (on the offshore islands) October 17, 1944, followed three days later by four divisions assaulting the east coast itself, had been long. The huge island complex, stretching more than a thousand miles from the South China Sea to the Celebes Sea, had been under Japanese control since June 9, 1942, when the last U.S. forces in the southern islands capitulated more than a month after General Jonathan Wainwright surrendered Corregidor.

In 1943 the giant Allied pincer movement toward the Philippines got under way. General MacArthur's forces began their push up the northern (Continued on page 56)

LEYTE


From the book **AMERICAN ACES**. Copyright © 1958 by Edward H. Sims.
Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers



RAGING across skies in Pacific's hottest dogfight, Col. MacDonald destroyed Jap Navy's sky cover, brought about defeat of Nippon's most powerful ocean fleet, sealed their doom in Philippines

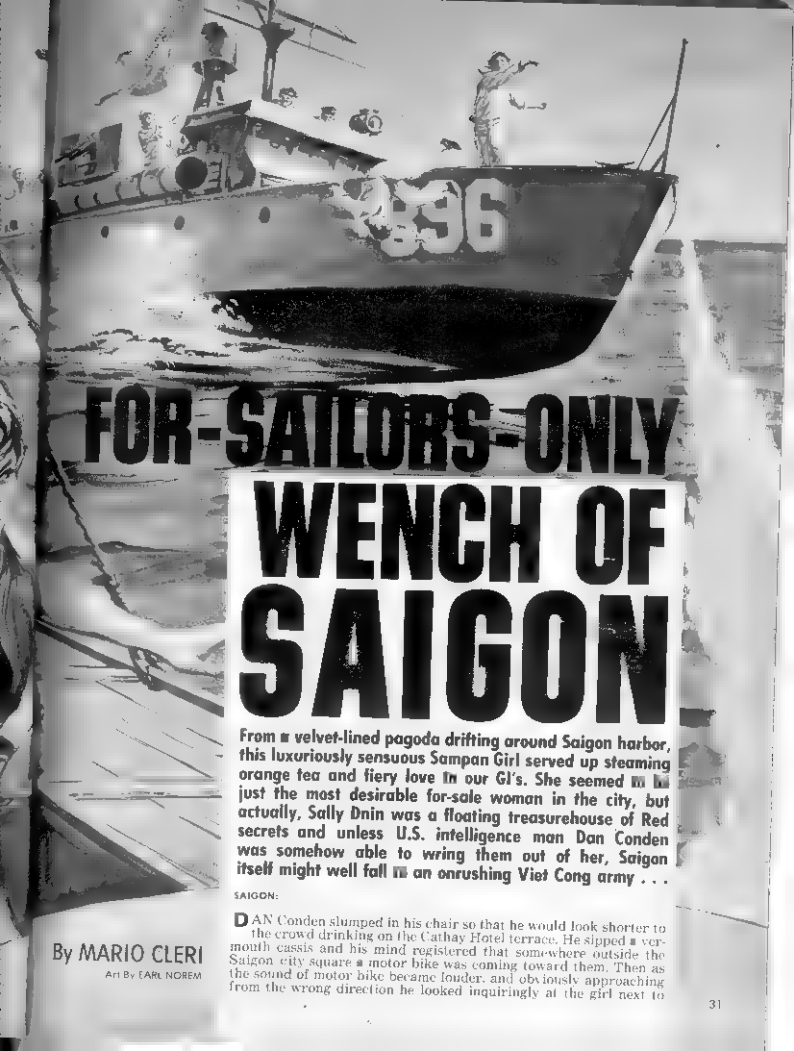


ADVENTURE
SOUTH EAST ASIA



"ALL RIGHT, boys," Conden said
as the Red boat attacked, "come
and get your little bullet bath!"

By



FOR-SAILORS-ONLY WENCH OF SAIGON

From a velvet-lined pagoda drifting around Saigon harbor, this luxuriously sensuous Sampan Girl served up steaming orange tea and fiery love to our GI's. She seemed to be just the most desirable for-sale woman in the city, but actually, Sally Dnin was a floating treasurehouse of Red secrets and unless U.S. intelligence man Dan Conden was somehow able to wring them out of her, Saigon itself might well fall to an onrushing Viet Cong army . . .

SAIGON:

DAN Conden slumped in his chair so that he would look shorter to the crowd drinking on the Cathay Hotel terrace. He sipped a vermouth cassis and his mind registered that somewhere outside the Saigon city square a motor bike was coming toward them. Then as the sound of motor bike became louder, and obviously approaching from the wrong direction he looked inquiringly at the girl next to

By MARIO CLERI

Art By EARL NOREM

SAIGON

him. "Phana, is that your bomb thrower?" he asked.

The girl shook her head. "Our man will enter the square by the street ahead of us. And don't call me by my native name. All my American and European friends call me Sally."

Don Conden slumped lower in his seat, his long legs wrapped around the iron claws of the cocktail table. Then he saw the people around were paying him not the slightest attention. They were all sneaking fast looks at his companion.

She was worth it. Phana or Sally was a slightly built girl with a fuller bust than most Eurasian girls could develop even with the special exercises and drugs they ordered from Hong Kong. She wore a cheong sam slit to the top of her thigh that flashed her golden skin leg like a glittering male lure. It had a full slit to show the inner thigh and this labelled Sally for what she was: a "Saigon City" girl. Respectable women in Saigon wore cheongsams that showed only the outside thigh.

The chugging of the motor bike was very loud on the evening air. Sally smiled at Conden's nervousness. "Don't worry," she said. "Remember I'm supposed to be one of them. They have to wait until I leave you alone out here."

Suddenly Don Conden noticed that all the iron grills on the windows around the square had closed. At the same moment he heard the motor bike burst into the cobblestone square behind him. Cursing he turned around. The rider on the motor bike was leaning over like a polo player. His right hand was holding something spherical and dark. In that moment Conden knew that he and the girl beside him had been completely outfoxed and were as good as dead.

He saw the lean, boyish face of the Viet Cong bomb thrower split in a wicked grin as the bike drove in on them. Then he saw the Viet Cong's arm give a little underhand flip and the grenade was sailing high in the air toward the terrace. At the same moment Conden drew his .38 from his shoulder holster and started firing. As he fired he waited for the blast that would tear his body apart.

HE got off two shots before the grenade landed. It hit him in the shin and rolled off into a corner. And then it didn't go off.

Conden's body involuntarily went weak with relief. Then he saw the bomb-thrower looking back in amazement at not hearing an explosion. Conden took careful aim and squeezed off a shot. The bullet went out and squashed and smashed into the stone fountain control and smashed into the stone fountain in the center of the square. The front wheel went spinning off by itself down a side street. The Viet Cong terrorist sprawled on the cobblestones momentarily dazed, then got up and tried to run, dragging one useless leg behind him.

But the Viet Cong saboteur was doomed. The outraged citizens of Saigon were pouring into the square to take vengeance for all the bomb throwers who had gotten away

in the previous months. In the crowd were tough black market gangsters from the *Hillie Bar*, professional beggars who used this square as a rich hunting ground, hard-bitten market women and their wild untamed children.

Enraged, clamoring for blood, the mob closed in on the crippled terrorist. It was then that Conden realized that he had not only been double-crossed, he had been triple-crossed. Where the hell were Colonel Huanh and his Vietnam Security Police? They were supposed to have the square surrounded. And if the mob killed the Viet Cong terrorist the whole operation would go for nothing, Conden thought. His offer himself up as a target would be a total waste.

Conden ran across the square and tried to fight his way through the crowd but he was too late except to get a ringside seat at something he had only read about in history books, a mob tearing a human being to pieces.

The grenade thrower was a skinny bronze faced Viet Cong, young and tough looking. Now his eyes were huge, dark flashing brown with anger and defiance. He fought back. Men grabbed parts of his body. There was a crunching sound as the grenade thrower's arm was pulled out of its socket. Other people, women and children were clawing at him, taking chunks out of his face, ripping clothes off, then tearing bits of flesh from his body. And as the Viet Cong bomb-thrower died, his eyes changed colors like a chameleon. From the black of anger and hate, they faded into soft milky brown, luminous with pain, then the pupil spread as the terror and knowledge of certain death entered into them. And then the human form that had leaned so tensely and vibrantly over the motor bike was just a bloody, lumpy rag, his head grotesquely deformed with countless savage blows, limbs bent obscenely back like an insect's.

Don Conden couldn't bear to look anymore. He fought his way back to the rooftop terrace of the Cathay hotel. Sally had disappeared. Very smart of her, Conden thought. This attack meant one thing: Her Red bosses knew she was playing at being a double agent, working for the Americans undercover. Her life wasn't worth a nickel in Saigon. Or mine either, Conden thought. One week on the job and all he had to show for it was a beautiful triple-cross that had left Comrade X in the driver's seat of the Vietnam war.

He almost couldn't believe it was only a week since he had been briefed by Colonel Stewart and then met Sally on the Quay Minh.

In late July 1954, Major Don Conden was holding down Far East Special Branch Intelligence desk in Washington when he received orders to catch an August 5th flight to Saigon. There he was to report to the Chief of Special Intelligence, Vietnam American Advisory Group. As a bachelor and a Korean veteran he was ready for any

unexpected move and it was no trouble arranging his affairs so that he could leave the country. What surprised him was that the orders were published "Unclassified" and so were a matter of public record, and that he was given no instructions to cover his movements.

As an old pro he knew that there had to be somebody on the Red side whose job was to keep track of his, Conden's, movements. Headquarters knew it too, so there must be some reason why they wanted him to operate without cover.

When Don Conden got out of his plane at Saigon airport, there was a young, fresh face Sergeant waiting in a jeep that looked as if it had been baptised with all the mud in Asia. The Sergeant drove him to the American Advisory Group Intelligence Section at Number 3, Quay Minh, the southeasternmost quay in Saigon. Ray.

The office was not really on the wharf itself but in a long warehouse surrounded by barbed wire and flood light poles. The door was guarded by two short but broad-shouldered Vietnamese Rangers, who, at a command from the American Sergeant, let them inside.

The huge central storeroom had been turned into a communications center, with teletypes and code desks scattered around. But there was a carbine or a naked, 45 lb. ring on each desk. Behind an artificial wall of stacked rice sacks was a string of offices, each guarded by a Ranger in full battle dress. Conden felt this was excessive. Surely here in the heart of Saigon they did not have to take such precautions against terrorists.

In front of the office at the end of the row, the Sergeant touched Conden's arm. This office proved to be much larger than it looked from the outside. It was also surprisingly plush. There was a thick red carpet on the floor and a long polished mahogany table with chairs around it. The wall was covered with maps.

Around the table were two officers. Conden saw that one was Viet Nam and one American. Conden approached them and then could hardly believe his eyes. The American officer was Colonel Max Stewart, head of Special Branch and a member of the Executive staff. Conden realized something extraordinary was in the wind if Stewart was here.

Colonel Stewart was grinning. "Surprised," he asked.

"A little," Conden said. "Especially since this morning's paper has you answering phones in Washington."

"Pretty good cover," Colonel Stewart said. "But I might as well be for all the good I'm doing here. We're getting no playfast. That's why I sent for you."

Stewart introduced the Vietnam officer who had a patient, set smile. "This is Colonel Huanh, chief of the Vietnam Saigon Army Intelligence section." The two men bowed. Then Stewart led them to their chairs around the table and made them sit down. Stewart himself went to the wall maps to illustrate the briefing.

"First I have to know your mental blind folds off," Stewart told Conden. "You have to know the truth about the situation here. In a nutshell we are getting the hell kicked out of us. Worse than in Korea."

Conden said, "You sure as hell aren't letting the people back home know about it."

Stewart said sharply, "I'm letting you know about it. Now, that airport you landed at, right in the heart of Saigon, we had two of our jet airliners plugged full of holes by the Viet Cong terrorists. Right here in Saigon airport, enemy fragmen blew a hole

(Continued on page 82)

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD



A close-up on strange, out-of-the-way happenings around the globe

GREAT GIRL WAR

The argument was taking place on one of the busiest streets in the downtown section of the French Riviera city of Nice, but the two girls snarling at each other took little notice of the crowd that had gathered.

"You are a thief," the tall, sleek-bodied blonde screamed. "You are taking money out of my pocket."

"Too bad," the smaller, plump, dark-haired one shouted back. "I have a right. If you don't like it, jump in the sea for all I care."

In uncontrollable anger, the blonde pulled a tiny pistol out of her handbag and, before any of those watching the scene could stop her, she pulled the trigger and put a hole in the brunette's forehead. Looking at the girl lying on the sidewalk, she said: "The witch had it coming. I've owned this corner for the past year and suddenly she comes along and tries to grab it. Everyone knows a girl's territory is sacred."

The gun-toting blonde was speaking for most of the *poules*—the word means hen and is slang for prostitute—in Nice. They do indeed consider their

Two Algerian maquereaux were sprayed with tommygun bullets as they drove down a main street of the city. Three others were blown into filets when a bomb exploded under their car. The Algerian side began to fight back. A Nice maquereaux, his stomach loaded with shotgun lead, was found lying on a dark street. "Take me to a hospital," he groaned. "I've just been hit by a car."

This round of lead fireworks inevitably brought the *poulets* (chickens) into the act. Chickens, in French slang, are policemen, and the Nice department began to round up poules and maquereaux alike, urging them to leave Nice for more peaceful areas.

Many have stayed, however, and the war continues. What seems to disturb the maquereaux most is not the possibility that they may get plugged but the fact that all of the shooting will discourage customers. As one maquereaux told a French newspaperman: "This is truly a scandal. The girls are a French institution as valuable as the art in the Louvre and they should not be disturbed from pursuing their work."

RED BORDER BUSTERS

The ancient truck rattled to a halt at the guard station near the town of Mikulov on the Czechoslovakian-Austrian border. Piled on its open rear platform were neatly-tied bales of hay. The driver waved his papers at the guard and, since he had made the trip numerous times in the past with the same load of hay, the guard casually waved him through.

The truck started up again. Some ten yards past the border, its front wheel went deep into a hole in the road. The truck bounced crazily. One of the hay bales slowly slid off. Following it to the ground came a cardboard box hidden under the hay which split open as it hit

(continued on page 52)



Bullets for French babes

"territory" sacred, and that's why, when an army of poules from newly-independent Algeria invaded the city, the result was an all-out war between old-timers and newcomers. The homicidal scene described above was a little unusual in that most of the shooting was done not by the girls but by their *maquereaux* (literally, mackerel, slang for pimp). In France, every poule has a maquereaux, and in Nice, which is crawling with fat-walleted gentlemen on anything-goes vacation sprees, the maquereaux did not take kindly to the idea of sharing their profits with Algerian interlopers.

What followed was reminiscent of the bullet wars that tore Chicago apart in the heyday of Capone.



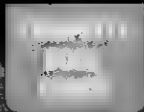
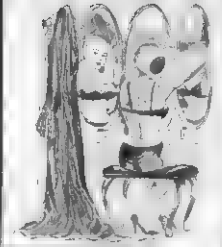
Red hunger for Western "goodies"

She was the most available female around, a sizzling volcano of a playgirl who was any GI's property on payday. Then she latched onto a fifty thousand buck bundle of hot greenbacks and discovered that the word was "hands off"—because Beacon City's rackets boss had decided to make her his own very exclusive corpse . . .

THE TRAMP BLONDE!

**Sin and Sudden
Death in a
Wide-Open
GI "Pleasure City"**

"F
TO
a h
in-



"FORGET ABOUT THE OPERATOR," the gunman said, clamping a hand on the phone. "I'll plug you in--on a nice, warm grave" . . .

By **MARTIN FASS**

ART BY BOB SCHULZ

THE box car slammed against the couplings as it was shunted to a siding in the freight yard. Joey Moran, sprawled out on the rough flooring, groaned. His head ached and his mouth felt like the inside of a smelly shoe. Reaching out his hand, he groped for the bottle of rot gut. He shoved the neck in his mouth and tilted back his head. A few tantalizing drops hit his tongue.

Pulling himself to his knees, he flung the empty against the wooden door. It was stifling

TRAMP BLONDE

inside the car, the kind of damp heat that gripped your throat. The car jerked back and forth and then rolled to a stop.

Moran was still on his hands and knees when the door slid open. A beam of light circled the blackness and then held him in its glare.

"Hey, Pete. We got a passenger. A real live one."
Moran stood up. The two railroad dicks climbed into the car. Moran was a small, wiry man with sharp features and shrewd, brown eyes. He tried to ease along the side of the car past the two detectives, but they prodded him into a corner with their billy clubs.

In the darkness, they were just two hulking shadows to Moran. "Was the trip comfortable?" the detective, a paunchy six-footer, bowed politely. His voice had a soft, southern drawl.

"Yeah, yeah. Just great," said Moran.
"See Pete," the detective went on. "He liked the accommodations. He must be a very important individual, as important as Northern Yankee individual. He has this whole car just to himself. A private car." He chuckled.

"Okay," said Moran. "You've had your little joke. Now throw me into the car or let me off."

The big detective rubbed his thick club along Moran's arm. He chuckled again. "Why, sir, this is Beacon City, one of the finest and most hospitable little cities in the South. We just couldn't get you go without giving you the full treatment."

Moran tried to dart past them, but the big detective knuckled him to the dirt-encrusted floor with his billy. Then, slowly and with obvious satisfaction, they worked him over.

Pete finally pulled his partner away. "Let up, Gaines. We don't want to kill him."

Moran gave gone limp. He closed his eyes and let them drag him outside. As soon as he hit the clenders, he rolled to one side and tried to crawl off. Gaines hauled him to his feet.

"We don't cotton to stiff riding the rails into Beacon City," Gaines said. "You just haul your tail out of here."

Moran stumbled across the tracks, up a steep bank of red clay and onto a dirt road. A thin trickle of blood ran out of his nose and stained his tan shirt. His cheek was swollen and the sweat cut white streaks into the dirt on his face.

"Bastards," he mumbled. "Dirty bastards."

Hurrying past the upturned stacks in the colored section, he came to a macadam road. He walked about four blocks when the whole character of the countryside changed. It was well past midnight, but lining the side of the road was a string of what once had been elegant mansions. There were all well lit. He heard the steady beat of small jazz combos as well as the metallic music of the juke. Dozens of cars were jammed into small parking areas between the mansions. There was a sprinkling of Japs.

Suddenly it dawned on Moran. "Yeah. This is Beacon City." About ten miles from Camp Beacon, one of the big Army Reception Centers in the South, Beacon City had the reputation of being the most corrupt little town in America.

He took off his shoe and pulled out a crumpled dollar bill. "I need a drink," he thought. "Hell, my dough should be good in this freakin' town."

MORAN hurried up the curved driveway and onto the portico of one of the mansions. Inside, in the dim light, the room was packed with GIs. A stripper was working on a small stage and the soldiers were stomping their feet and shouting obscenities. To one side of the room was a long bar. Moran sidled along the wall and up to the bar.

In the mirror, he saw his reflection and realized that he looked like hell. Nervously, he spread the dollar bill on the mahogany counter. The bartender, concentrating on the stripper, ignored him. Moran looking at the long line of bottles felt almost sick. "Give me a shot, damn it!" he barked.

The bartender moved his rag along the wood and looked at the bill. "Sorry, buddy. Drinks are a buck and a quarter."

Moran felt like weeping. He was in his early thirties, but his misery, this face made him look much younger.

"Aw give the bum a drink. It's mostly water anyway, Steve." Moran turned. (Sitting a few feet away) was a girl. She couldn't have been more than 17, but she was paler like a billboard. Her face was framed by bright golden hair, her evening gown was cut practically to her navel. He could see the thin outline of her skimpy panties clinging to her thigh.

Steve looked around the room. "If the boys catches me, it comes

out of my pocket," he said.

"Give him a drink, Steve!" she insisted.

Steve finally grabbed a bottle and filled up a shot glass. He snatched up the buck and snag it up on the register.

Moran downed his drink and then held it for a long time. The girl leaned toward him so that Moran could see the two, small firm breasts inside the gown. She showed her drink toward him. "Have mine," she said, and take a good look.

Moran took the glass without a word. He drained it in one gulp. "Better get back on the floor, Donna," the bartender urged her. "The boss don't like you at the bar."

Donna slid off the stool. She moved closer to Moran and rubbed her hip against his leg. "We tramps got to stick together."

As soon as she left, Moran begged the bartender for another drink. "Just one more shot. I need just one more."

Steve just shook his head and moved to the other end of the bar. The stripper had just peeled off the last of her clothes and the lights went. On the band hit it up. Moran could see himself more clearly in the mirror now and the sight of his own blood splattered face frightened him. Quickly, he moved off and slipped outside.

WALKING along the shoulder of the road, he passed more than 30 joints until the road ran into the main grid of Beacon City. It was a carbon copy of every small town he had ever seen across the country. The same five and dime, drugstores, everything. And it was closed up tight. At the east end of the Avenue, Moran cut into a side street. Lined on both sides by thick oak trees, the large houses were surrounded by hedges, clipped lawns and carefully tended gardens. All the houses were dark except the largest at the end of the street. Moran cut across the lawn. "Maybe I can get a handout," he thought. Carefully, he peered into the windows. The remains of a party were on a long table and at the far end of the room was a buffet with a dozen bottles of whiskey. Moran waited, but the house itself was silent.

"If I could just latch onto one of those bottles," he thought. He could almost taste the whiskey. "What the hell," he decided.

Carefully, he rounded the house and found the back door. It was open. He moved inside a large, dark kitchen. He came to a swinging door, with a round glass window at eye level, that led to the dining room. He pushed it open and listened. Just then, he heard a car drive up and stop at the front of the house. Moran froze. He heard the car door open and close and then the bell rang.

Moran peered through the window of the door. In a moment, two men came into the dining room. One of them, dressed in a white suit, was a thick set, grey-haired man in his fifties. He carried a leather attache case.

The other, a tall red-headed man, wore just trousers. His heavy chest was mottled with light and dark spots. He closed the door of the dining room carefully. "My sister's asleep," he explained.

"I understand, Matt."

"You're here, Jackson," Matt said, "and I can't do anything about it. No state your business and then leave. And don't ever come back."

Jackson nodded. "I don't have to draw any pictures. You know why I'm here." He tapped the attache case.

"That won't work."

"This is just the starter, Matt. You're a reasonable man. So I'm going to leave this bag here and let you think on it."

"No." Matt's voice was still soft, but it had a bite to it. "I'm going up to sleep. I want you and that bag out of here. Don't slam the door on the way out."

Matt turned on his heel and left. Moran could hear him padding upstairs. Jackson picked up the attache case and then, as though making up his mind, he set it back on the table again. He patted it, grinned, turned out the lights and left. When the front door closed behind him, Moran darted into the room and grabbed one of the bottles. On his way back toward the kitchen, he brushed up against the large sliding table.

"That bag," he thought. "Wonder what in hell's in it." It suddenly struck him that if he hooked it, no one would be the wiser. Matt would figure Jackson had taken it away with him. And Jackson would figure that Matt had agreed to accept it.

Moran grinned and his thin features took on a mischievous quality. He gripped the handle and swung it under his arm. Clutching the bottle and the bag, he sneaked out the back door, cut back to the street and hurried along. At the end of six blocks, the paved road ended. A few scattered shacks dotted the open fields. Moran walked for about a mile and then cut into a small wooded area where he finally sat down. The moon had come out and etched the fields in black and white.

"Now for a real good shot," Moran twisted open the top and gulped down the drink. It was a smooth bourbon and the alcohol settled into his stomach with a pleasant warmth. He kept sipping away at the bottle, savoring the flavor. Then he set the bottle firmly against the trunk of a tree and put the attache case in his lap.

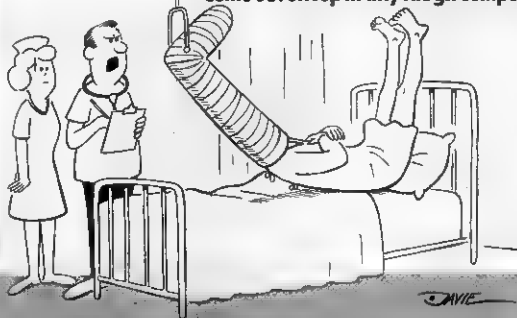
(Continued on page 94)



FOUR TO WIN OSCARS BY

"Very funny, Mr. Feeney!"

Baseball players have their World Series, actors their Oscar awards. Now, for the first time, MEN presents the results of a cartoonery contest—four merry quips that come out on top in any laugh competition...





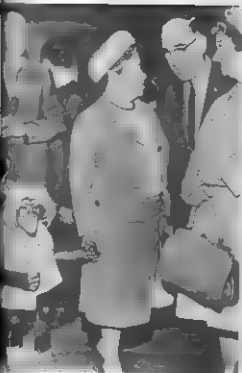
SILENCE PLEASE—After attacking witness at House Un-American Activities Committee hearing, man wearing American Nazi Party armband is hustled out of Congressional office building by special armed guard

PHOTO STOPPERS

The month's top pictorial action—
antic and agonizing—recorded
by prizewinning lensmen . . .

TRICK OR TREAT—Wearing party masks to gain privacy, two witnesses in Houston, Texas, investigation of gambling are escorted by lawyer Norman Schwartz past cordon of reporters and photographers





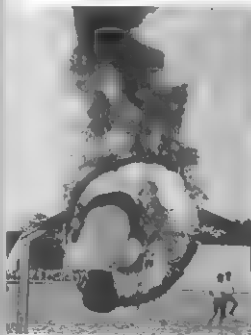
HIGH-LIVING CHIMP—Prominent guests ■ reception for officers of Central Canada Exposition are a monkey named Rosie and, holding her hand, Mayor Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa



AND NO PIZZA—Kim Thevenin, 11, of Santa Cruz, California symbolizes community reaction to thousands of dead anchovies that clogged town harbor recently



SOPHIA'S STRIP—Italian movie actress Sophia Loren, in a scene from new film, does strip act for which she was specially trained by choreographer of Paris' "Crazy Horse Saloon" . . .



HOT COP—Gymnast ■ Laotian police camp dives headfirst through a blazing ring, part of ceremony in which local cops demonstrated their bravery . . .



RESCUERS RESCUED—Four members of Spartanburg, SC Rescue Squad are hauled out of swollen Pacolet River after their boat capsized. Men were searching for missing swimmer



SOPHIA'S STRIP—Italian movie actress Sophia Loren, in a scene from new film, does strip act for which she was specially trained by choreographer of Paris' "Crazy Horse Saloon" . . .

MISSION: SMASH



CAMPAIGN TO TAKE RABAUl started with invasion of New Georgia (above, left), bloodier battle than Tarawa . . .

By ROLAND EMPEY

It was Japan's "money-in-the-bank" fortress, an unassailable gun-plane-and-troop-bristling hellhole that Hirohito was counting on to make MacArthur's "return to the Philippines" drive a funeral pyre for America's victory hopes in the Pacific. Then, in WWII's most suicidal landing, a wave of hell-for-blood GI's stormed ashore, determined to knock out this enemy stronghold if they had to stuff their own bodies in the Japanese guns to do it . . .

*Cape Gloucester, New Britain,
December 26, 1943*

SOON after the first wave of GI's had pushed ashore on Cape Gloucester, the Japanese planes came in. Twenty-two Val dive bombers and 40 Zekes exploded out of the jungles at 0845, assaulting both landing beaches and the clogged-up sea lanes leading in to them. The AA guns of the U.S. invasion force threw up a barrage that cracked the sky like eggshell under a heavy heel—streaking it with tracers, smudging it at a 1000-points with puffs of flak.

The Japanese planes whirled madly through this sky, strafing jam-packed decks of landing craft and dropping bombs on the trucks, tanks, barges and LVTs (amphibious tractors) strewn along the beaches. The destroyer *Taggart* shot down a Val and two Zekes with its main battery in the first seconds of the attack and a rubber-tired DUKW blew a Zeke to bits with its rocket guns, but Japanese planes scored direct hits on the destroyers *Hooper*, *Langford*

RABAU



JAPANESE fought fanatically, despite heavy Navy bombardment (rt.), buried themselves in mud to leap on GI patrols

GREAT COMBAT SAGAS

and Vance and pulverized an IJST commanded by 24-year-old Luther Mott of Chicago, Illinois.

Mott's starboard engine was knocked out and his port engine crippled and he immediately ordered the 250 Marine Engineers he'd been carrying into the water. The men jumped in through flames whipping around the bulky craft and the lanky young officer had his crew abandon the smoke-filled engine room and join them. Then with 40 Seabees left aboard, he steered for Beach Yellow north of Sili-mati Point to try landing his 250 tons of vehicles, stores and supplies.

For those brief moments Mott's staggering run became the focal feature of the whole Cape Gloucester invasion. Strafing Zeros buzzed above it all the way and 9 more of its Seabee complement were killed and all 13 of its 50 cal. machine-guns put out of commission. Destroyers *Barth* and *Hackmeyer* crisscrossed their fire over (Continued on page 48)



ENEMY SOLDIERS refused ■ surrender, instead began to kill themselves in mass suicides (like Jap above)

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

(continued from page 8)

out of business before a doctor can do anything . . .

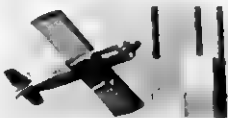
The biggest "hidden" expense for a good call girl is laundry. She uses up quite a bit of it—sheets, towels, etc.—and one way vice cops operate is to check up on **UNUSUALLY HIGH LAUNDRY BILLS FOR SINGLE GIRLS** . . .

One bride out of ten winds up supporting the family—but only three men out of a hundred ever take on the responsibilities of keeping house and minding the kids . . .

Many women are easy touches for a loan—but only because it enables them to get their hooks into a man. He becomes dependent financially, and then, eventually, dependent in other ways . . .

SPORTING WORLD

FOOTBALL MAY BE THE MOST HAZARDOUS GAME YOU CAN PLAY—BUT IT'S STILL SAFER THAN DRIVING A CAR, SAY EXPERTS. Nextmost dangerous sport is horse polo, then comes wrestling, in croose, soccer, crew and boxing . . .



New deal for air racers

LOOK FOR A MAJOR REVIVAL OF AIRPLANE RACING. This sport was killed in 1949 because of accidents, Air Force jet monopoly of prizes, etc. But now P-51's and other WWII piston planes are being taken out of mothballs for the contests. Events will be held out in the desert to prevent damage to populated areas. Average guys will get into the races, too, with events for midjet planes and stock planes like the Piper Cub . . .

Coaches now have an answer to slow-moving football players in high-heeled boots. The heels, 7/8" in height, seem to help the players assume a better stance, correct a condition called "short-heel-cord" condition . . .

CASH ON THE LINE

Although most people complain about the huge tax bite the government takes every time they make a big cash killing, **A SMART ACCOUNTANT WILL TELL YOU TO MAKE ALL YOU CAN AND FORGET ABOUT THE TAX BITE**, since the more dough

you make the better off you are . . .

In poker, as played by the Chinese, a loser who is all out of money, has the right to wager a part of his body, a finger, say, or a toe. In a really tight spot, a cool Chinese gambler will think nothing of laying a finger or toe on the line . . .

There's a new 12-volt car battery with a built-in recharger that can't overcharge. The cost: Twenty bucks . . .

The three best times to buy tires each year are at these tire sales: "Pre-Memorial Day, Pre-July 4 and Pre-Labor Day." They start around two weeks before these holidays and you can save at least ten to fifteen dollars a tire . . . And one sale you can always find going on is the hi-fi, stereo console sale which is practically a year-round deal . . .

IF YOU CAN SPEAK INTELLIGENTLY ON SOME SUBJECT—OR, BETTER STILL, IF YOU ARE AN EXPERT ON A SUBJECT—many hotels will allow you to spend a week or weekend on the house, with family, IF YOU GUARANTEE THEM YOU WILL DELIVER ONE LECTURE TO THE GUESTS . . .



V-dolls are tax deal

Tax experts figure that Uncle Sam is paying **AT LEAST HALF THE WAGES OF CALL GIRLS IN THIS COUNTRY** as a result of expense account businessmen who deduct the joy-fee from their income tax as a legit business entertainment expense . . .

There's really no rule on whether or not to get chummy with the boss. You have to feel your way along. The best policy is to allow him to make the overtures, and to carry it as far as he wants to . . .

Some bosses actually appreciate a man who comes in late once in a while, so long as he doesn't overdo it. In a funny way, the boss will admire the man for not being a monotonous drone, for being a man who can shake up the dice a little . . .

It's been shown that a man will get fired if he's lazy a lot faster than if he's incompetent . . .

The man who avoids a "pressure" job because he wants to live longer is just kidding himself. The "high-powered" exec with the giant earnings lives

just about as long as the skilled worker and the non-skilled guy, for that matter, too...

You have the edge for a job as a zoo-keeper if you know how to handle hippos. Very little knowledge of how to take care of this unruly and temperamental animal...

Garbage collectors—or sanitation engineers as they are often called—generally make more dough in American towns than teachers and policemen...

MUGS, MOLLS AND MAYHEM

Once a man has been an executioner for a prison system, he finds it very difficult to get other work—if, for example, he's thrown out of work when his state abolishes the death penalty. For one thing, no one wants to hire him and for another, he usually has little interest in doing anything else...

Oddly enough, when sex-deprived convicts have a sexual fantasy, it is not about their wives whom they haven't seen for a long time. It's about a girlfriend they once had—or a woman who worked out very well for them in bed...

Italy makes provisions for Mafia men who've been booted out of America and have been deported to that country. A special home has been set up for these boys and they are treated fairly, if not royally... Saturday has always been a top day of the week for committing of murder, especially in France where murderers have a field day...

Underworld now has a new method of execution: stuffing their victims into giant, coin-operated laundry machines, putting in a coin...



Bloody new gangland ride

OUTDOOR ACTION

You'll be spotted as a phoney hunter if you're caught saying a "bunch of geese." Proper expression is a gaggle of geese, a plump of ducks, a set of badgers, a dray of squirrels and a husk of hares...

There are men who'll testify they've seen human

wolf victims—and that there is nothing under the sun that's worse. Wolves usually sidetrack the rest of a man's body and eat right through to the brain which they consider a delicacy...

One law that's always disobeyed around the country is one that says you can't shoot a bear under one year old. Hunters claim that bears simply won't cooperate and state their age—so hunters have to shoot and ask questions later...

There isn't one sharpshooter in a hundred who can shoot a hole in a loaded coin—so if anyone wants to bet, take him up on it...

There are fishing "phonies" who will actually allow a guide to hook their fish for them, then take over the rod, haul the fish in and claim it as their own...

Guy who always winds up getting his head punched in is the fisherman who waits for someone to hook a fish, then tries for the other guy's catch...

THE ELEPHANT USUALLY DIES OF A HEART ATTACK...



Big body, weak heart

GUYS AND DOLLS

Army officers figure to get ulcers twice as often as enlisted men...

Since the Occupation, Negro servicemen have fathered 6000 kids in Germany. Many of the children, grown up now, are being trained for important jobs in the German Aid-To-Africa programs—and in the departments of big firms trading with Africa...

At least half of today's young brides will be widows by the time they reach their seventies—but many fewer men outlive their wives. Females seem to have a natural ability to live longer, mainly because they don't wear themselves out working...

Bourbon is by far America's most popular drink—but the country club boys choose Scotch as their favorite. Biggest threat to bourbon for the top spot is vodka which is growing rapidly in popularity...

EXCITING NEWS A MAN CAN USE

NEW BREAKTHROUGHS ON THE HEALTH FRONTIER

MEN and MEDICINE

DOCTORS ARE HEROES, TOO Oregon pinned its highest decoration on the blouse of a physician who risked his life to save a man who lay sprawled in a ravine, seriously injured. Lowered 150 feet to the bottom of the ravine where his patient waited, the medic and three other rescuers spent the entire night with the injured man. Before the accident victim could be moved, the doctor had to take care of the man's two fractured legs and multiple injuries all over his body. At daybreak, the Mountain Rescue Council rigged ropes and pulled the patient and his rescuers from the ravine. Oddly enough, the survivor had been accidentally tossed from the cliff by his dog.

MEN WHO THREATEN TO KILL. PRESIDENTS Ten men who had threatened Presidents of the United States were camped psychically to see if any common traits could be turned up. Most of them showed the following: 1. A severe rage against women. 2. Suicidal tendencies. 3. Six had been in the service—with records of disciplinary problems before their eventual discharge. 4. Lack of a stable, mature relationship with women. 5. Fathers were not significant, either through death, ineffectiveness or absence. 6. The threatening letters combined an implicit plea for help with an invitation for punishment—even to the point of being killed for the offense.

BOSOMS VS. BRAINS After looking into the school records of 717 women who were treated for infertility, a Houston gynecologist came up with this startling conclusion: flat-chested girls are a lot smarter than their big-bosomed sisters. "The better the brain, the smaller the breasts, and vice versa," was how the doctor put it.

WATER IN AN EMERGENCY—You turn on your tap and it comes pouring out—ready to drink. You don't give it another thought. Yet, should a natural disaster, sabotage raid or enemy attack occur, you might not know where your next swallow of water will come from. Here's what you can do to slake your thirst in the event of an emergency: **AT HOME**—1. Drain the hot water tank for limited amounts of drinking water. 2. Melt ice cubes in your refrigerator. 3. Water can be dipped from the toilet flush tank. 4.

Water can be taken from stock tanks, irrigation tanks, cisterns, and farm ponds. **OUTDOORS**—1. Underground water is less likely to be contaminated than that on the surface. 2. If underground source is not available, look for a stream, lake or pond in that order. 3. Avoid water that is dark in color, has an odor or contains floating materials. 4. If possible, surface water should be obtained upstream from an inhabited area, and dipped from below the surface. **REMEMBER, NO MATTER WHERE THE WATER COMES FROM, INDOORS OR OUT—IT MUST BE PURIFIED DURING TIMES OF EMERGENCY. AFTER NUCLEAR ATTACK, DO NOT USE STREAMS, LAKES, PONDS, UNCOVERED WELLS AND TANKS UNLESS THEY ARE DETERMINED SAFE BY SPECIALLY TRAINED MONITORING SERVICES IN YOUR AREA.**

GIT YOUR GIRL FRIEND DOWN TO SIZE What happened to a Swedish girl early this year might be the start of a new trend. Standing 6'2", she was the most unhappy dateless miss in her home town. In desperation, she underwent surgery to trim three inches from her legs. At last report, at 5'11", she's been on a fabulous social kick.

INDIVIDUAL AIR CONDITIONERS Workers exposed to excessive heat can now carry around their own cool, clean air. A 19-ounce gadget, consisting of a tube attached to a worker's belt that is, in turn, attached to a hose—is the answer. The tube converts compressed air pumped in through the hose into a steady flow of 66 degrees. F. Each worker has a "breakaway" coupling so that he can detach himself quickly in case of danger.

DON'T BE SMALL-POX BAIT—If your job consists of duties in and around international airports, airports and land border points of entry—you have more than the ordinary chance of exposure to small pox. You should be vaccinated a minimum of every three years, but every year to be on the safe side.

ANTI-SMOKING CLINIC THROWS IN THE TOWEL One of the first smoking withdrawal clinics to be formed in the U.S. had admitted its efforts have failed. Of the men who volunteered to try giving up cigarettes a year ago, not one can be classified as a non-smoker today. Only ray of light is that some of the men did cut down on their cigarette consumption.

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE? Want to know what your favorite drink will do to you, if you drink to the point of alcoholism? Media have checked them out as follows: 1. **GIN**—Low back pain, fast heartbeat, heart murmurs, headaches, blackouts, nervousness—marked by fear. Walk becomes peculiar, legs lifted high as though striding on air. Marked fear of homosexuality among gin drinkers, who try to hold onto their marriages with all their might. 2. **WHISKY** Stomach upset, diseased pancreas, nervousness, unsteady walk, bad hangovers, hallucinations, shortness of breath. 3. **WINE**—Blurred vision, bloodshot eyes, dry mouth, loss of interest in yourself and the world around you, careless dress, sadistic tendencies, urge to commit larceny, high divorce and/or separation ratio. 4. **BEER** Excess weight, beer bellies, loss of appetite, restlessness, strong thirst. 5. **RUM**—Reddened lower lip, talkativeness, squinting eyes, rapid heartbeat, peculiar feeling in the abdomen when water is taken as a chaser.



Analysis by alcohol



President-killers



Sexy is stupid?

DISEASED BLOOD

continued from page 23

own his case. He would have had to grovel the hospital had been careless. For that he needed a standard, a comparison with other hospitals. What kind of standard could he have? The New York Academy of Medicine, which, at the time had recently studied the methods of obtaining and using blood in 158 hospitals, had called it "disorganizational and disorderly." Other medical authorities are still calling the whole national operation a "mess" and "a disgrace."

Perhaps the word, disgrace, applies to what Mat Cowley saw when he left the hospital. His wife had just had a baby, and because of a hemorrhage, had been given a transfusion.

According to his own statement, Mat had been wondering, while he was in the hospital, why the doctors didn't give Joan, his wife, a transfusion as soon as she started bleeding. He'd learned about the blood when they checked her blood to see if it was Joan's type. It wasn't.

They would only have taken a pint from him anyway and he heard the nurse call the blood bank and tell them six pints of type O Rh-positive might be needed. "Why don't they start giving it to her now, if she's bleeding?" Mat asked.

The nurse explained that the doctor never gave a transfusion unless it was absolutely necessary. Pleased for a reason, she explained that there was a risk, and that the main risk came from the chance of getting a die.

Until then, Mat said later, he had always assumed that the blood came from clean healthy people.

As it turned out, Joan needed five of those six pints. That can happen in a child-birth hemorrhage.

When his wife was out of immediate danger, the doctor told Mat to go home. He went out and had a few drinks and bought a box of cigars, to hand out the next day at the warehouse where he worked.

Then, as he was passing an annex to the hospital, he saw some men standing in line. He thought at first they were waiting for the free clinic.

One of them asked him for a cigarette.

A glance told him they were all bums, but because he was feeling good, he started to hand out the cigars. He soon regretted this, because as they crowded around him for the free cigars, they stank so horribly that he wanted to get away from them.

It was then that he learned why they had been waiting in line. They were blood donors. And it was their blood that was used by the hospital where his wife had just been given a transfusion.

One of them told Mat, with a grin, The more they bleed the more booze there is for us poor fellows.

Mat remembers that the man stunk of urine and had stink vomit oozing from the front of his filthy shirt.

MAT isn't the only person who has seen bums standing in line to sell their blood. They have been described by other shocked people who have seen them in big cities throughout the United States. The operators of some blood banks call these descriptions lurid and unfair. They say that many of the bums are turned away when they get inside. No doubt many of them are. If they have been drinking, they must surely be refused. But a lot of them can stand sober

long enough to get their money. And a lot of them know that a fellow who is sitting in a doorway down the street, with a supply of cheap sherry or manzanilla, in pink. You can buy a lot of those pints with the price of a - out of blood.

Lurid the picture may be. Whether it is unfair depends on the point of view. The fact remains that a pile of this type, who are classified as "professional donors," are much more apt to carry a disease than are people whose blood is given free.

FOR one thing, they don't hesitate to lie about previous diseases. Or they may not even be aware that they've had them. For another, they are much more apt to be carriers of certain germs that are sometimes difficult or impossible to find in blood.

Syphilis is one such disease. In some phases of its development, syphilis may not show in a blood test. A bum may have had it and still be nursing it, even if he doesn't even know about it. He not apt to admit he's ever had it if he thinks it may keep him from selling his product. Two pints of blood and getting his five or six bucks. So at the blood bank they may not even bother to ask. But if he has those germs of syphilis in him, even if they aren't active, they may show up later—in the unsuspecting person who gets the transfusion.

Malaria, another disease in this class. It's a type of germ some people may carry around for years without knowing it. It will then get another attack. In spite of efforts to wipe it out, there's still a lot of malaria in some of the southern states, and many northern hospitals find it necessary to send to these states in their constant need for blood.

Hepatitis is the disease most commonly given in a blood transfusion. Your chances of getting this one disease—aside from the others—may be one in a hundred or one in fifty or even higher. Because there is no national authority to collect the information, such vital statistics may be just a matter of percent opinions.

One figure, however, most authorities will agree. They say there's at least two times as much chance of getting hepatitis from the average paid donor as there is of getting it from an unpaid volunteer.

The reasons are obvious. Hepatitis, the most difficult of all to detect, is the most common on Skid Row, which supplies most of the professional donors.

The lack of national standards may be responsible for still another sort of risk, the chance of not matching the blood types. Transfusion with a wrong blood type can kill or maim, as a bum knows. Errors of this kind probably don't happen often, but they may happen more often than available records show. We do know that research has increased and classified new types of blood at an alarming rate, and at present there is no single national authority to set up a balanced distribution for each type.

One example is enough to show the need for it. A few years back there were three hospitals that needed, between them, three different rare blood types. The need occurred to all of them within a period of a couple of months. For one type, a hospital sent to Boston. For another type, a second hospital sent to Milwaukee. For a third type, the third hospital sent to England. Later, they learned that all three blood types had been available right where they were needed; in New York City.

You'd think that in the U.S.A. the matter of controlling that river of vital blood, these 6,000,000 pints, would be handled with what we call American efficiency. You'd think that in this case, surely our standards would be high and the enforcement strict.

You'd think there'd be a U.S. standard for the selection of donors, for price control, for the techniques of taking blood, for identifying it, processing it, storing and distributing it and for matching all the blood types.

There isn't. We don't even have any national standards. And the reason we don't is that there is no national agency with the authority and the equipment to establish such standards and enforce them.

Blood is anybody's business. The safest methods of obtaining it and using it may again be just a matter of individual opinion, and there are so many different methods that somebody has to be wrong.

The standards may vary from town to town, state to state, or even between hospitals in the same city. A man with a tattoo may be refused by a blood bank up town because the needles used for a tattoo job may not apt to be sterile. The needle that put a mercurial in a chest may have put a social disease in his blood. But he same man may go to a hospital downtown and sell a pint without any trouble.

Or a hospital may have high standards of its own and yet because of an urgent need, be forced to buy from a proprietor of a commercial blood bank whose methods may be questionable, or every greedy and dishonest.

In a case that came before the Southern District Court of New York, a blood bank was charged with falsely labeling its product. One charge was that they had concealed the dates on the labels to conceal the age. Whole blood can be kept safely under proper refrigeration up to 21 days. Some of the blood this bank offered as fresh had been kept 42 days or longer.

Sometimes too, the filing and storage methods in a hospital are not what they should be. One hospital thought its methods were as efficient as any, until they were used by a woman who had been given a transfusion with results that were deadly. The tip-off that things weren't handled right came from a hospital record which set the blood had come from her daughter. She didn't have a daughter.

MOST blood banks still pay the donor \$5 a pint. The price hasn't gone up much in recent years. The patient in a hospital is usually charged \$25 for each pint, but it may be double that or more. It sounds like a pretty good profit for somebody. Maybe it is. But because of the shortage, maybe it's blood from reliable people, many hospitals would much rather have the patient's relatives donate blood in exchange. Some hospitals refuse to give pints to anyone but their own. Some even ask four pints for every one the patient needs.

Such demands are often resented. But again they show that the supply of reliable blood is much less than the need.

Hospital authorities don't like to feel that the blood they give their patients comes from Skid Row. But how many other people want to trade their blood for a few bucks? Not many. There are some poorly paid hospital workers, such as nurses or student nurses, who accept money for their blood, but compared to our national need, the amount from such sources seems hardly worth estimating.

Most hospital authorities will agree that the answer to the blood problem is to get it from volunteers. That is fact is where most of it does come from. Perhaps as high as 80%. If you take the national average. But this would still leave 20% from sources that are questionable. In some big cities, as much as half may come from paid donors.

Why aren't there more volunteers? Let's answer with another question. When did you last give a pint of blood to some au-

minimized collection agency? If you're dumb that within the past ten years, you've seen an exception.

If you haven't, it's probably for the same reason that most of us haven't. The need hasn't been properly presented to us, to the American people.

It seems to be a case of national apathy. Some medical authorities think the government should make a strong appeal to the public through advertising and publicity, instead of leaving it, for instance, to the Red Cross, which collects perhaps half of the blood that comes through volunteers.

Why not advertise it, they say. Advertising must do a job. If it doesn't, then why would a single firm spend as much as ten or twenty million a year telling us what kind of cigarettes to smoke, what kind of liquor or car to buy. Some authorities think the government should tell us how and why to organize community blood banks and why we would like to see commercials on TV with a glamorous star or top salaries executive volunteering that pint of blood.

Others feel that publicity is not enough, that the government should take a strong hand to clean up the blood bank mess. One reason for the national apathy is that behind the scenes there's a struggle for control; control of a business that collects from hospital patients at least \$125,000, and a year it's probably much more.

The Red Cross, with its wide experience, may feel that in some areas another blood bank agency is just getting in the way. The government, just after World War Two was for the Red Cross to take over blood collection for the country, but somehow that hasn't worked out.

In some cities, owners of private blood banks have sued the hospitals, claiming that they want to monopolize the business. And so it goes.

WHAT would the situation be if we were all organized in some kind of cooperative blood bank? For one thing, most of us would not have to give blood more than three or four times in our lives if enough

of us did it once in a while. If everybody who meets the Red Cross standards—for instance, were to give one pint every ten years, the hospitals would have as much reliable blood as they need.

The standards for the Red Cross are simple, but they're higher than most. They are: (1) either sex, (2) ages 21 to 50 (most hospitals say 18 to 65), (3) weight at least 110, (4) normal temperature, pulse, blood pressure and hemoglobin (red blood count).

Some reasons for rejections are certain vaccinations and a history of certain diseases. No donor may contribute more than five times a year.

The average American man has 12 pints of blood in him; the average woman, nine. The average healthy adult can safely give one pint every 75 to 90 days.

One of our smallest states, Delaware, has probably the highest percentage of people covered by a cooperative blood bank. Forty percent of the people in the state have joined it. They give blood when called on and get it when they need it. It's been in operation nearly ten years, and some of its members, who were in on it at the start, are only now being asked to give their second pint of blood.

Delaware is an unusual example. Most states have nowhere near that percentage of coverage by cooperative groups. The coverage is sometimes good in small cities where the community spirit is not hard to organize. In the big cities it's more apt to be bad, and perhaps that's why it's in the big cities that some of the most promising reforms have been started.

SAN FRANCISCO has a blood bank plan organized by the San Francisco Medical Society. It serves 57 hospitals. Seattle has a plan that eliminates all paid donors. Chicago started a cooperative several years ago. Under it, any citizens who donates a pint of blood is guaranteed whatever blood he might need for the next four years. The one pint also insures the needs of his family for the next twelve months.

In New York, where the situation has been

one of the worst, where more than half of the blood has been coming from paid donors and where the amount of blood from volunteer donors had decreased at the last count, by more than ten percent in ten years, a blood bank has been set up with an experimental laboratory that is being closely watched by hospitals throughout the country.

The New York Blood Center got going in the early months of 1964. It's philanthropic contributors, as the New York Times called them, in an article dated March 19th 1964 amounted to \$4,000,000. That's chicken feed when you consider the wealth of the firms which contributed. But with the amount of money available, the New York Center is breaking new grounds and giving us some idea of what can be done.

They've installed the first electronics system of data processing for blood banks. In less than two minutes it can answer a call for a rare blood type, tell you who has it stored and in what quantity, and give the names and addresses of possible donors.

In cooperation with the Navy (and the Union Carbide Corporation) they are experimenting with frozen blood, blood that can be stored for years. It freezes in one minute at minus 320 degrees Fahrenheit, and in one minute it can be thawed for use.

They have under observation a revolutionary method for getting blood plasma. Plasma comes from the white blood cells. It can be stored a long time and has many uses—such as treatment for shock. The new method is said to extract the white blood cells as the whole blood is drawn. The red blood is returned to the donor. With this method they say, six donors can supply an amount of blood plasma that would require a hundred and six by the present method.

UT all of these local and individual efforts fall far short of correcting the national situation. Authorities everywhere still know that there is a crying need for the U.S. government to set up standards.

Not long ago a research worker came across a story that highlights this need.

He was a doctor and he was interviewing a convict at an Illinois state prison. While back the convict had worked his way on the Mississippi on river boats. He didn't like working. He was a professional blood donor. He was also a wino. Within one week he had sold blood in Memphis, Louisville and St. Louis. Then he had hopped freights to Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and within that same month had sold two more pints. Five pints of blood in one month.

There in the prison he explained to the doctor how the system works. You just go to the blood bank and hand them your donor card. If you've lost it, another one will come to you. For two bits if you can get one, your social security card will probably do.

So they didn't give him a blood test. He said. Didn't stick his finger or anything like that. They didn't ask any questions either. His medical history? No, they didn't ask anything. What would a fellow like him be doing with a medical history?

The doctor asked if he hadn't realized what chances he was taking for himself giving five pints in one month, for the person who got his blood, that the blood would not be any good to them.

All he'd thought about, he said, was how many pints of miscelet you could buy for five dollars. And as far as he was concerned, miscelet was as good as anything for building up blood.

Obviously some professional donors get around a lot. If you or someone in your family needs a blood transfusion and if this donor is out of jail, it may come from him. Or it may come from his blood brother. It's time we made a national effort to force this kind of professional and his banker to take up some other line of business. • • •

NAZI CRIMINALS, PEEPING TOMS!

TWO MORE TO DARKNESS—As if some star-acting prison was missing through his brain, a de-frocked hard-driving Paturo with dagger and dagger into the butt-knives pit of insanity-kill with all of a madman's cunning, he tormented the Finnish pilot which would make his innocent crew the world-murderers who would wipe out all of mankind—NIGHTMARE, SPINE-TINGLING BOOK-LENGTH SOON TO BE THE BLOCKBUSTER MOVIE OF 1968

MAN WHO SPY ON UNSUSPECTING YOUNG GIRLS—A brilliant college professor watches his wife and her lovers from a closet—a blue nose banker does sneakers to peep the exclusive neighborhood at midnight, searching for exciting "scurry." Driven by a twisted urge to "peep," these Americans achieve a dark, bizarre pleasure from witnessing the most revealing moments in a woman's life. **EXPLOSIVE EXPOSE**

YAKH WHO SMASHED THE NAZI WAR CRIMINALS ESCAPE REBORN—More than 40 top SS are shipped out of their jail cells in six months, their get-aways arranged by a large, hyacinth-financed "bring-Miller-back" movement whose goal was to turn Germany once again into a hell hounding century Reich. Then, in February 1964, a brownish US undercover man, in the greatest intelligence coup of the decade, turned their dream of power into a nightmare of bloody doom—**HEADLINE ADVENTURE**

OUR FIVE DAY PLAN TO CHAIN RED CHINA

Probed by their ruthless boss, Mao Tse Tung, a brilliant American banking, oil, and mining man, of Chinese descent, who was at the time of the 1949 revolution, he was a brilliant man. But if Mao decides to take on the U.S. as an all out nuclear shoot-up, he's in for big trouble. A top military expert reveals how America's fantastic "Sunday Punch" battle plan will lay out the Red Chinese dragon before it even comes out of its corner—**EXCLUSIVE REPORT**

Read These and many more
great adventures in
January **MALE**
On Sale December 1

MALE

Don't wish you were a **WATCH REPAIRMAN**

Be one NOW!

Opportunities for full or part time earnings are the best in years

Make rapid progress the Sweazey Way



CHICAGO SCHOOL OF WATCHMAKING *will train you at home in your spare time*

Get set now for lifetime security or a business of your own. Have a second trade for emergencies or after retirement. Watch repairing is light, clean, fascinating. It frees you from the dull drudgery of tiresome or back breaking work. It offers excellent opportunities now for full or part time earnings.

Complete professional instruction for only \$5 a month
No need to leave home or job. Learn in spare time. Chicago School of Watchmaking's exclusive Sweazey System shows you step by step how to repair all types of Swiss and American watches. It's practical, shop method training. You work with watches from your very first lesson. You need no previous experience. Age is no barrier. Diploma awarded. Send today for free sample lesson and complete information. No obligation, of course. No salesman will call.

CSW has been training men and women for this trade since 1908

Why not be one of our successful graduates? Learn how Chicago School's streamlined home training can speed your success.

Member, National Home Study Council

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF WATCHMAKING

Founded 1908

Dept. 315,

Fox River Grove, Ill., 60021

SPECIAL TOOLS PROVIDED



FREE SAMPLE LESSON

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF WATCHMAKING
Dept. 315, Fox River Grove, Ill., 60021

Please rush **FREE SAMPLE LESSON** and full information to tell me how I can learn watch repairing at home.

NAMEAGE

ADDRESS

CITYZONESTATE

**MAIL
COUPON
TODAY!**

RABAU

continued from page 46

it trying to disperse the Zeeks, but it was hit just the same and hit again and gouged into the beach with black smoke belching out of its ruptured hull and 26 feet of its stern torn away in an explosion of scorching ammunition.

Down went its ramp nose and out from its blazing belly came the smoke-blackened flames driving the precious vehicles. A hail of fire from a Japanese machinegun that we survived the pre-invasion bombing met them from the edge of the jungle. Vehicles piled up inside the LST's open maw, as drivers swerved and skidded and rammed into one another. Then from further back inside came a huge bulldozer with Luther Mott at the wheel, a gangling man with his eyes bulging glassily and his mouth hanging open. The heavy vehicle clanked down the ramp its wide black tines to improve a shield, machinegun bullets rattling off it like a barrel of pebbles dumped on a tin roof. At the bottom of the ramp it picked up speed and lumbered straight toward the jungle, young Mott standing up and craning his neck to locate the gun suddenly he screamed, pointed, pulled into a violent turn and brought the dense black down. A burst of firing crushed his chest and dumped him dead over his controls, but the enormous vehicle crunched on piling a mountain of rocks and sand over the Japanese gun and crew and toppling in on it.

"What the hell got into him?" a Marine said a few minutes later helping to pull young Mott's broken body out from under the controls. "Never saw anyone go off that fast before. He must have gone off his nut or something."

"No, he was got himself all steamed up, that's all, another said. "Well, hell, ain't this place for it? Ain't this the one they have been priming for? Ain't this Rabaul?"

THE Bismark Archipelago lies northeast of Australia and consists of New Britain, New Ireland, Lavongai, the 4,000 islands, the Duke of York Islands and the Vitu Islands. Together with New Guinea, their huge parent island, they comprise the Territory of New Guinea. Largest of the Bismark group is New Britain, a 250-mile stretch of black, steaming rain-jungle with the tiny harbor town of Rabaul at its northeastern tip. Under the Germans (until 1920) and the Australians (until 1939) Rabaul was the capital of the Territory. But in 1941 ancient volcanoes began rumbling and it was decided to move the capital to Lae on New Guinea itself. The transfer had been only partly completed by January 22, 1942, at which time the Japanese exploded into Rabaul and took over.

The Japanese found two airstrips in Rabaul, one for commercial use at Luluaba and another used by the Royal Australian Air Force at Vunakama. In these they quickly added a third (Happoni) at nearby Lemon Point, a fourth at Tolera and a fifth at Keravat.

Keravat was designed for emergency use only, but the other four were major installations with concrete landing strips, well-surfaced runways and revetments for over 100 planes. Each was plentifully stocked with supplies in underground storage areas and protected by tanks, artillery and brilliant batteries of AA and coast defense guns. The labor for these projects came from the 50,000 Japanese troops assigned to Rabaul

(another 7800 were stationed elsewhere in New Britain) and 8000 Indians captured at Singapore.

With these changes made, Rabaul quickly emerged as the most valuable road base in the South Pacific and the key to all Japan's goals in that theatre. From Rabaul would come the massive air raids on Port Moresby and all Allied beachheads in the Solomons. Down from Rabaul along the waterway called the 'Slot' would steam the Tokyo Express (Rear Admiral Raizo Tanaka's fast transports and heavy destroyers) to pound the Marines dug in at Henderson Field on Guadalcanal and to land fresh Japanese troops for ground attack. Air General MacArthur laid his plans to island-hop from New Guinea to the Philippines and on to Japan. Rabaul would rise up to block his way. By early 1943 the Allied command had come to a single view on the subject of its projected sweepback across the Pacific. Everything would have to wait until Rabaul was neutralized.

"There were a few insane days when we seriously considered trying to affect a land assault," Australian planning officer Donald Goodheart recalls, "but we quickly realized it would be a wasteful enterprise. The Japanese had something just under a hundred thousand men there and would have resisted savagely. Perhaps we would be successful, but it would be such a lengthy operation and such a costly one. No, there would have to be a better way."

The better way could only mean intense bombing from the air and this presented problems too. The bombings would be pretty much up to Lt. Gen. George C. Kenney's 7 Army Air Force—B-17s, B-24s and B-25s. These huge birds could reach Rabaul from their base at Dobsonia, but their fighter escorts couldn't. They'd need bases much closer to the target. And none existed. They'd have to be won or built, or—currently in Japanese hands—New Britain. "The only argument," Goodheart words, "but utterly necessary."

WHEN the came first, a 45-mile strip of off-shore, black jungle and lovely blue lagoons lying alongside the Slot and separated from it by a coral reef. There had once been coconut plantations and a Methodist mission at Munda Point, but by 1943 the Japanese had cleared them out and established a strong air base there. Munda was the allied objective in New Georgia. The attempt to take it was begun on June 30, Rear Adm. Kelly Turner heading up the amphibious force assigned to the job.

The initial assault was made by the 172nd Regimental (Army) Combat Team spearheaded by a group of jungle specialists calling themselves the Baracudas. The Japanese expected an attack and expected it at Munda, but Kelly Turner crossed it up by hitting Rendova Island five miles away. Instead, The 172nd aimed at an enthusiastic gang of bushy-haired Solomon Islanders, swept over by under-manned Japanese garrison and Cpl. Everett Dykes of Boston, Massachusetts, made some sort of history by breaking his name, saw and checkbook firing a .50 cal. machine-gun from the shoulder like a rifle.

The Japanese were clearly taken by surprise and were understandably slow to respond, but shortly after the Baracudas went ashore in their landing craft the coast defense batteries at Munda opened up. Their targets were Kelly Turner's transports and destroyers steaming in to land more troops. The destroyer *Faith* was badly mauled, several 4.7 inch shells scoring direct hits. One of *Grove's* engines was knocked out and her main deck aft was smashed apart, taking a heavy haul of the men working

there but she limped on shoreward buying down a heavy smoke-screen and firing her own 6-inchers. *Buchanan* and *Ferdinand* joined *Grove* in her running fight and their combined fire blasted the islands guns into temporary silence, permitting the landings to go on unimpeded.

"This happy state didn't last long. Down along the Slot from Rabaul came 31 Betty bombers carrying torpedoes to use against transports and destroyers, with 34 Zeeks flying their cover. They ran into 19 F4U Marine fighters (Corsairs) and a barrage of B-24 and AA fire from every transport, destroyer and supply ship in the operation. In the first salvo alone, 10 planes were shot down. The action was too fast and bewildering for anyone below to follow. The sky was full of planes spinning crazily in all directions, the sounds of the bombing and firing merged into a deafening cacophony, the air tinged with the screams of the living Corsairs piercing our drums like hot needles through veins. Then something roombing from took over and it could be seen blindingly in the pit. The *Barnes* of Tampa, Florida, was having himself a day to remember."

A 26-year-old "hot" pilot with six years of service behind him, Barnes had latched onto a Zeke at 22,000 feet and ridden it down through a circus of swarming planes. The Corsair's weight and its powerful Pratt and Whitney 2000 HP radial engine enabled it to eat up the separating distance and at 14,000 Barnes had the Zeke's wingspread in his sights, ready to pounce. Plunging, planes at 300 knots he opened up with all six guns, saw his armor-piercing shells flash through the Zeke's tail and hear a screeching gasp the length of his nose, then exploded a fuel tank and sent it all tumbling downward to disappear in a shower of sparks a mile out to sea. Before it was under the water, Barnes was back up to 28,000 and down on victims two and three.

Two more Zeeks were the order of those two fantastic kills. They climbed right into me and I came down between them guessing them both along the belly. I got a wing shot up slipping through, but I'd opened them both up like tin cans and they went down bumping into each other on the way and hitting the dew together."

Barnes' number four followed quickly and number five sped back and forth across the roof of the battle before the American maneuvered himself onto its tail to shoot away a wing, a tank and an aileron and send it down to join its mates. By then Barnes' 2400 rounds were used up and his plane had more holes than a mile of Swiss cheese. He was chased around a while by a few Zeeks cursing his inability to fire and by a squadron of Army P-40s moving into the picture and both Barnes' pursuers were sent scuttling back up the Slot.

Japanese planes made two more tries to break up the Rendova landings that first day, but neither had any more success than the first. Some 26 Bettys were lost along with 19 Zeeks, most of the bombers being forced to drop their torpedoes well outside the target area. A handful managed to score hits, but only one of these did any considerable damage. A Betty-lad at its post quarter with Kelly Turner a hero and subsequent hits sent it to the bottom. The loss was keenly felt, but the bulk of the men were saved and by nightfall the Rendova landing had been secured and the Army's 185th was shelling Munda.

FIVE days after the Rendova landings, Admiral William "Bill" Halsey commanding the South Pacific Force ordered the invasion of New Georgia itself and the taking of Munda Point by then the Japan

the power at Rabaul had begun to assert itself. The Tokyo Express was rushing down the Slot to pound Rendova's installations with its heavy naval guns and squadrons of Japanese planes were in a constant scramble with Marine Corsairs and Army P-40s above the beachheads. Munda too was beginning to see action, artillery working it over from Rendova, bombers flying up from Dobodura.

On July 5th and 6th, combat teams of the 13th Division (Army) and 2500 Marines slipped across the waters separating Rendova and New Georgia in landing craft and destroyer transports. The Army hit at Zanana. The Marines at Rice Anchorage. Their orders were essentially to advance on Munda and take the island an assignment made formidable by the presence of large numbers of Japanese troops barring their way and the chilling fact that thousands more were being brought in by transports of the Tokyo Express. In an effort to contain this build-up U.S. air bombings of Munda were intensified and three cruiser-destroyer support groups under Rear Admirals Ainsworth, Merrill and Kamey were sent to the Slot. These efforts achieved the purpose although at a considerable expense in American men, planes and ships. Still for the troops dumped ashore and told to "take the field," New Georgia became a screaming horror: a composite of Guadalcanal already completed and Iwo Jima still in process.

We walked into a mud bog a hundred yards from the beach. Pvt. Leo Stack of Oakland, California, wrote home describing the 169th Regiment's jungle advance from Zanana. "We went into it up to the waist, and we went out of it for the next twelve hours. Some of the boys got funny, and started throwing the mud around and the rest of us got sore and almost killed them."

The 169th went on its muddy way for the next two days by which time they had covered about a mile and a half. The 172nd was sent over to help out and quickly bogged down in the same sort of floundering advance. The Marines moving up from Rice Anchorage weren't doing a great deal better. "Gowd cuts through your shoes and slices at your feet something awful," Cpl. Andrew Johns of Richmond, Virginia, confided to his diary. "Food draws the flies and they camp all over you like you're a load of cow crap. How can this God forsaken place be worth fighting for?"

But worse than mud and coral—worse than flies and snakes and leeches and heat that numbed the soul and sent the mind whirling into dread and fantasy worse

than all these were the Japanese. "They like it out here," Marine Sgt. "Tacky" Hugins of Portland, Oregon, complained bitterly. "They take to it like water rats." Hugins' bitterness was understandable. He'd lost 14 men when a Japanese patrol buried itself in the mud beside a trail he'd been traveling, then rose up and fell on his platoon from the rear. "You don't figure on a thing like that," he'd gone on. "It gets you nervous. You don't know what they're going to do next."

The Japanese hung motionless from trees in specially designed harnesses and curved look light machine guns on men advancing beneath. They concealed wicker baskets so perfectly camouflaged that a single sharpshooter could hold up a squad for hours. They cut the 169th's supply lines, abused the men sent to pick up parachute drops, and kept up a steady barrage from jungle concealment—Namiki machine guns and 7.5mm flashless rifles. Desperate for food, the men of the 169th turned to jungle fruits and berries and dysentery made an immediate appearance. The Japanese were alerted to the Regiment's weakened condition and went over to night attacks—screaming howling grenade-tossing attacks in some cold-silent, creeping ones in others. Incidents were recorded of Japanese infantrymen crawling undetected into American foxholes to knife a man or strangle him and then withdraw. Four tanks were put ashore at Zanana and sent up the Munda Trail to relieve the harassed regiment. But three blundered into a system of artfully concealed Japanese pill boxes and were destroyed by magnetic mines, and the fourth returned to Zanana.

Elsewhere the Marines and the 172nd were making slow but steady progress and the destroyer support groups were holding Japanese reinforcements down to a small trickle. On July 18th a squad of Marines under Sergeant Henry Grove of Madison, Wisconsin, fought its way to the edge of Munda Field and damaged two Zeros and a repair shop with bazooka fire before withdrawing. That same day Corporal Arnold Hill of the 172nd trapped four Japanese in a shell hole and had the eerie experience of seeing them kill themselves rather than surrender. "Did it with a knife," he said shaking his head in disbelief as he described it. "First one would ram it into his belly and then the next would pick it up and do the same thing. Me sitting there covering them with a .45 AR and couldn't figure what the hell to do about it."

Two days later the long ordeal of the 169th came to an end. By then the Japanese

had made an all-out attempt to destroy the regiment. They hit at the Americans in force from the rear, turning the night hideous with their screams. Sick and jittery, the trapped GI's fired at meaningless jungle sounds and flitting night shadows, but managed to hold their positions till day break at which time a powerful U.S. air and artillery bombardment broke up the attack. Later that day a relief battalion fought its way to their aid, with Pvt. Godfrey Wales of New York City, leading a grenade-throwing charge that demolished eight Japanese machine gun nests and opened Munda Trail for the join-up. By nightfall the sick and wounded GI's were being evacuated and fresh troops sent in to take their place. By sun-up the next morning the advance in Munda Field was once more going ahead on all fronts.

From then on Japanese resistance declined as the Allied effort grew ever stronger. More Japanese committed suicide and the capture of several dugouts and bivouac areas showed the enemy to be in a bad way for the Tokyo Express was still making its night runs down the Slot, but the destroyer support groups were always there to fight it back.

On July 25 Cdr. Arleigh Burke (future chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff) showed up with six destroyers and gave the field a violent go-over. He was followed by Kenney's bombers flying up from Dobodura and a blistering barrage by Army artillery—155s and 105s.

Immediately behind that heavy cannonading, the ground teams moved further up, anting their advances now at the Japanese strongpoints of Kokongolo and Bibito Hills. On August 3, Jap pillboxes on both hills were pounded to dust in the fiercest artillery blow-up of the campaign and GI's storming onto the field had no difficulty polishing off the last of the defenders. "They came out in a state of shock and just stumbled around waiting for us to knock them over," recalls Army Staff Sgt. William Rose of Trenton, New Jersey, on August 4. Army and Marine fighter planes began putting down on Munda Field, their noses pointed toward Rabaul.

OCTOBER 12 was a big day. That was the day General Kenney sent the first fleet of bombers up from Dobodura to hit Rabaul with fighters from Munda going along to cover. By then, additional bases had been built up even in northern New Guinea, Vella Lavella, the Treasury Islands and Choiseul, which made it possible to give Kenney's big birds a big escort. They sank some shipping, inflicted considerable damage on runways and repair shops at Rapopo and Tobera airfields, and returned home looking forward to more of the same. Kenney had assured them they'd be going up to Rabaul every day the weather allowed them to. He was as good as his word and the run to Rabaul became a regular thing. B-4s and B-25s, covered by Army P-38s and Marine Corsairs, were met by land and carrier-based Japanese fighter planes flying out in great screaming clouds. A few days after the assaults began the carriers *Saratoga* and *Princeton* were sent along to help out with their Avengers torpedoes, bombers, countless dive-bombers and Hellcat fighters. The Japanese matched them plane for plane and there were times the skies above Rabaul seemed too small to contain all those who rose to battle there.

It had been the Allies' hope that the mass awe raid starting October 12 would hammer Rabaul into impotence, but as the days went by it became apparent they wouldn't. The Japanese were still too strong, still too numerous. With MacArthur chafing at the bit in his anxiety to burst through the Bismarck and start his promised return



You're in the nick of time, folks: I have an idea this apartment will be vacated any minute

Your Hope for New Hair

Must Be Started in Five Weeks

...or you get your money back!

Read how and why this hope for relief of baldness, and other scalp ailments is presented on a money-back basis.

Hair roots (follicles) produce hairs, then rest—and then produce again. Or at least they are supposed to.

"Ordinary" baldness begins when follicles don't go back to work after a rest period. You may not notice the loss of just a few follicles but when a lot of them do permanently "rest" you do see more forehead.

The problem of keeping your hair—of not becoming bald—thus is believed a problem of reviving follicles back into production from rest, and of keeping up a full blood supply.

Medical Principles Set Up

This is all very plainly stated in "The Biology of Hair Growth," a summary of the London Conference papers on the biology of hair growth as edited by Drs. William Montagna and Richard A. Ellis (The Academic Press, New York and London.)

"Increased production can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles, and preventing them from going into a permanent resting stage."

Then this further statement is made:

"With ageing there is a progressive transformation of growing hair follicles into lanugo types (those that produce fine, short hairs—as on the back of the hand). The growing hair follicles are richly vascularized (supplied with blood vessels) but the lanugo hairs have only one or two capillaries associated with their hair bulb."

These concise statements set up the medical principles which must be recognized and met in the prevention of baldness or rejuvenation of "stagnant" follicles.

WORLD-FAMOUS

Brandenfelds

SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE



These pictures are not posed by a professional model. They are actual before and after pictures of a user of the Home Plan described here. The man previously received hair growth with the Brandenfelds Plan. He occurred in cases of alopecia areata, pattern baldness of the crown, a trivial frontal baldness but there were no other hair, originally baldness appears to be particularly logical for the same.

Meeting these principles is the Brandenfelds Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage developed by Carl Brandenfelds of St. Helens, Oregon.

How Can This Be Done

This Home Plan is the use, in your own home according to directions, of two wonderful liquid applications, and a special massage method to dilate blood vessels and aid in maintaining a healthier condition that will make for a livelier scalp and better hair growth.

During the decade and a half the Brandenfelds Plan has been available, more than 25,000 letters and reports have come to Carl Brandenfelds telling of one or more of the following benefits:

- Hair Regrowth
- Lessening of Hair Fall
- Relief from Dandruff Scals
- Other Scalp Benefits

It is one of these benefits, or a beginning, which you must notice in your trial. You are to be the sole judge though you will realize, that a 35-day usage may not be fully indicative of what the Applications and Massage can

do since scalp ailments have generally been building up over a considerable length of time, and hair grows so slowly. If, for example, it is renewed hair growth you're after, you'll recognize the appearance of short, fine, light hairs as a start in the right direction.

While results may vary as with any remedy, because of systemic differences, general health and localized conditions, the Brandenfelds Applications and Massage do offer real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial proportion of cases.

Find Out Without Risk

So don't wonder if something can be done for your scalp. Now you can find out without risk.

Send for a "set" of the applications and massage method instructions today. Enclose \$18 or order C.O.D. Mail to Carl Brandenfelds, St. Helens, Oregon. (He lives there because he doesn't like big cities). Your remittance will, in effect, be placed "in bond" until your 35-day trial period is over.

But please note that this is a limited offer (see coupon).

Delay Increases Problem

Remember that even on smooth bald heads hair roots may still be alive and capable of growing hair again after proper stimulation. "Increased hair production can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles—preventing them from going into the "permanent" resting state.

Every day you delay may make your problem just that much more difficult.

REFERENCES: The Book of St. Helens, the United States National Bank and Chamber of Commerce, all at St. Helens, Oregon.

MONEY-BACK ORDER FORM

LIMITED OFFER

(in the U. S. only)

As you can understand it is again to those who have never used the Brandenfelds Formulas and Massage. It applies just to the first "set" and covers the \$18 basic formula cost. (Extra postal charges for air mail and C.O.D. not refunded).

CARL BRANDENFELDS, St. Helens, Oregon

CMG-18

Yes! I accept your no-risk trial offer of the Brandenfelds Hair and Scalp Applications and Massage as advertised in this publication. Please send them to me in a plain wrapper.

I will use the formulas and massage according to instructions for 35 days. I understand I must notice one or more of the benefits named in this advertisement. If I am not satisfied I'll return the empty bottles promptly and you'll send me \$18 back.

- ☐ I enclose \$18. ☐ I enclose \$20 for cash or mail shipment.
☐ C.O.D. I agree to pay postman \$18 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

State _____

No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or foreign countries (except regulations)

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD



continued from page 33

spilling sheer nylon stockings over the road.

The truck stopped and the guard came dashing over. The driver, a sleek-haired ex-wallpaperer from Vienna, leaned out of the window, a sick smile on his face. He expected the guard to search through the hay and discover the other 15 boxes of stockings he'd hidden under the bales. Instead, the guard picked up the stockings on the road and casually said: "This is definitely inferior hay. I will have to confiscate it."

"I understand," said the driver. "Each week there is some of that bad hay on the truck and I would be grateful if you took it off."

"Excellent," said the guard. "It is my duty to protect our good Socialist cows."

This story, reported recently in the *Vienna Messenger*, points up two things: one, that the smuggling of goods from the Free West into Iron Curtain countries is as popular as vodka-swilling in Moscow, and, two, that for the most part, the Soviet authorities don't give a damn about it.

Behind this situation is the fact that in Russia and the satellite countries, there is a woeful lack of many things that are plentiful in the West, from so-called luxuries like nylons and jazz records to such useful items as ball-point pens and transistor radios, and the shortage is being relieved in part by goods smuggled across the border. In the last year alone, it is estimated, more than two million dollars worth of contraband goods have been sneaked into the satellite countries.

The Soviets don't really mind the smuggling too much, since it supplies Communist citizens with things the Red economies have not gotten around to producing yet. But the governments of western countries such as Austria and West Germany definitely frown on it. To avoid detection, the smugglers sometimes go to extraordinary lengths of daring and ingenuity. An Austrian border-crasher, for instance, smuggled 10,000 ball point pens into Hungary by skin-diving under the Danube River. And a West Berlin undertaker secreted 50 television sets in a load of empty coffins he shipped to East Germany.

The smuggling trade is extremely profitable, so hungry are the citizens of satellite countries for consumer goods. In Vienna, a section of the exclusive *Wienerwald* (Vienna Woods) area is dotted with smugglers' villas and has been nicknamed Ruble Row. The smugglers are not the least ashamed of their illegal activity. As one of the group told a Viennese newspaperman: "After all, we are showing the

satellite citizens how good life in the West is. You might even say that in our small way, we are helping to win the Cold War."

HUMAN FISH

The man had been underwater for four days. Wearing nothing but a bathing suit, he had no heavy, encumbering oxygen tank on his back, no trailing hose leading to an air supply above the surface. As casually as a man strolling around the living room of his home, he strolled across the ocean floor some 50 feet beneath the surface with no visible means of air supply.

How could he do it? The secret of his survival was a gossamer-thin sheet of silicone rubber one-twenty-thousandth of an inch thick. Developed by a General Electric research scientist, this silicone sheet has the amazing property of allowing a man to extract oxygen from sea water in much the same way that a fish takes in oxygen through his gills. At the same time, the silicone sheet permits a human to breathe out waste carbon dioxide. In effect, the silicone sheet had made the ocean-bottom stroller as much at home in the sea as he was above the surface in the air . . .

So far, this amazing new silicone "breathing plate" has not actually been tested on the ocean bottom in the way described above. But from laboratory experiments, there is no doubt that it would work perfectly. Scientists estimate that a man enclosed in a cube of the silicone with six and one half foot sides could live underwater forever, provided he also had a supply of food and a means to dispose of waste matter.

The silicone sheet is actually an artificial membrane which works exactly like the lining of a human's lung. In the lung, human blood is kept out by the lining while oxygen comes in and carbon dioxide goes out. Similarly, the silicone breathing plate filters the oxygen out of water while it stops the water itself from coming through.

Possibilities for the use of this miraculous discovery are many, among them:

- Portable "gills" which would allow men to move freely around on the ocean bottom.

- Artificial lungs for those who've been laid low by pneumonia, lung cancer or other such diseases.

- Better air systems for submarines, in which oxygen for the crew would be obtained from the water.

- Tiny, portable oxygen tents for military field hospitals, eliminating the bulky oxygen tanks which now have to be used.

- Machines to remove water and carbon dioxide from space ships, making astronauts' suits far more comfortable.

No doubt scientists will dream up dozens of other uses for the oxygen-hungry silicone sheets. Meanwhile, the significant fact is that this invention turns back time a full circle to that primitive period when life on earth was in its infancy and creatures crawled out of the sea to develop the faculties that now enable man to live on land.

Whether man's return to the sea will be good or bad is something only the coming age of "fish men" can reveal.



Sitting, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff.
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Fleish, Red Smith, Rod Serling.

Photo by Philippe Halsman

"We're looking for people who want to write"

If you show aptitude worth developing—12 famous authors stand ready to train you for professional writing success

By Gordon Carroll, Director of the Famous Writers School and former editor of *Reader's Digest*, *Time*, Inc. and *Coronet*

If you want to write, my colleagues and I would like to test your writing aptitude. We'll help you find out whether you can be trained to become a successful writer.

We know that many men and women who could become writers — and should become writers — never do. Some are uncertain of their talent and have no reliable way of finding out if it's worth developing. Others, who are sure of their ability, simply can't get top-notch professional training without leaving their homes or giving up their jobs.

A plan to help others

Three years ago, we decided to do something about this problem. We started the Famous Writers School to help promising beginners everywhere acquire the skill and craftsmanship it takes to break into print... to pass on to them our own techniques for achieving success and recognition.

Over many months, we poured everything we knew about writing into a new kind of professional training course — which you take at home and in your free time. The course begins with the fundamentals of good writing upon which every successful writing career must be built. Then you get advanced training in the specialty of your choice — Fiction, Non-Fiction, Advertising Writing or Business

Writing. (The first three include television writing.) You learn step-by-step.

Every writing assignment you return to the School is carefully examined by instructors who are themselves professional writers, working under the supervision of the 12 experts who developed the course.

You are a class of one

Your instructor spends as much as two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections right on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. Then he returns to you with a long letter of advice and specific recommendations on how to improve your writing. While this writer-instructor is appraising your work, nobody else competes for his attention. You are, literally, a class of one.

Students breaking into print

Our School is young. Yet students, many still in training, have sold their work to more than 60 publications:

Sharon Wagner of Denver, Colo., says: "When I began your training I was an unpublished writer. Since then I have sold four stories and a novelette."

August Burghard, who is at work on a series of 65 radio scripts, writes to "thank my instructors for helping me get this op-

portunity." Peggy Penney says, "Your training paid great dividends; I just chalked up my 17th sale!" Alfred E. Gaumer sold a story to *True* for \$1,000.

Don Jones announces an article "accepted by the editors of *Nation's Business*." Donna M. Diehl's feature story brought "a letter of acceptance and a check" from *Perfect Home* magazine. Both pieces were developed in School assignments.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being... makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women with ability worth developing, the School has devised a revealing Writing Aptitude Test. The coupon below will bring you a copy, along with a 48-page illustrated brochure describing the Famous Writers School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of our instructional staff. If you do well on the Test — or offer other evidence of writing aptitude — you may enroll for professional training by the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so.

Famous Writers School

Dept. 6608, Westport, Connecticut

I want to know if I have writing aptitude worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, your Aptitude Test and 48-page brochure.

Mr. _____ Age _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (Please print)
Street _____

City _____ State _____

County _____ Zip _____

The School is accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council, Washington, D.C.

to the Philippines. Rabaul continued to stand in his way. Clearly, an even more intensive effort would be necessary—sudden raids, more frequent raids, explosive light-bomber raids from shorter distances. That could only mean another vicious land campaign for bases even closer in the target. That could only mean Bougainville, a half hour's hop away.

Bougainville was New Georgia again only on a larger scale. The same heat. The same mud. The same drenching rains. The same Japanese jungle fighters too, only more of them 60,000. Airfields: Kara, Bonis, Buku, Kahili and one on nearby Ballale Island. Of course, it was an extremely risky operation. "Planning officer Goodheart recalls: 'We could be practically under the noses of the Japs' Rabaul-based bombers and the guns of their heavy ships. But we had no choice. Rabaul had to be crushed or all our hopes would come to nothing."

Once more an amphibious force was put together, this time with Rear Adm. Theodore Wilkinson heading it up. His ground forces included the 3rd Marine Division, the 37th Infantry Division (Army), and Brigade Group of the 3rd New Zealand Division. Amphibious escort would be provided by three cruiser support divisions. Air cover would be flown by the Solomon Islands Force (Airsols) under Major General Nathan Twining (a future Air Force Chief of Staff). The invasion force would go ashore at Cape Torokina, Empress Augusta Bay.

NOVEMBER 1, a slate grey morning and men of the Marine Raider Battalion are riding their landing craft toward Cape Torokina. A usual number of Japanese guns have been missed in the pre-invasion shelling and now these open up, laying their fire in a flat plane across the incoming wave. Boats swerve and swamp and men tumble into the water. From the beach comes the echoing *thump! thump!* of Japanese 75s and the chattering of Nambu machine guns. Six boats are sunk and six more hit and dead Marines are floating face down in the water with their heads bulging above them. But others have reached the shallows and now they're running across the beaches flinging grenades and spraying the jungle with rifles and sub-machine guns. The 75 is found, rushed, its gun crew cut down. The Nambis are smothered in a hail of grenades. The second and third waves go ashore unopposed. The beaches break out in a rash of supplies, trucks, tanks, barbed wire, oil drums, provision boxes, ammunition crates.

The U.S. raider battalions go into the jungle with big blue dogs and Doberman pinschers. The beach parties work feverishly, unloading amphibs and barges, pushing only long enough to throw an occasional quick glance into the grey sky. Merrill and Burke are steaming back and forth across the entrance to Empress Augusta Bay, watching for Japanese ships trying to come through. Twining's Airsols are working over Bougainville airfields to keep an air strike from developing. But what of Rabaul? What of the retaliatory power bunched up there and waiting to be released.

"Here they come!"

Sixty Vals and Zekes racing in over the bay. Puffs of flak blossoming everywhere as the destroyers go for them—6-inchers thundering, tracers spreading their scorching trails. P-40s and Kitty Hawks from Munda break down through the clouds and waste in Army Capt. Mickey Whitehead of Spokane, Washington, shoots down a Val and 2 Zekes in a minute and a half. "Too damn excited to even know I had the third



'And I thought you were different from all the others.'

guy. Threw everything I had in my guns and got the hell out of there. Got three of them, did it." Ribbons of black smoke smudging the sky. Planes spinning out of control. Transports fistfailing like wild broncos to avoid the torpedo bombers. Then—

"There they go, but they'll be back. Let's get on with the job."

They're back again an hour later. Betty bombers and the ever-present Zekes U.S. Airsols flailing into them over Torokina. Over 130 planes in the sky in a scramble of unimaginable complexity. A Val exploding, a haul of flaming parts. A reeling, dizzying jodgepodge of hurtling movement and the sky going frantic as an antheap when a rock busts it open. Then—

"Back to work, back to work. They're high-tailing it out of here."

They pushed the beachhead back a yard at a time and at the end of that first day 16,000 men and 7000 tons of supplies had been put ashore. American reinforcements came up from Guadalcanal at the same time. The Japanese were slipped in from Rabaul and put on Bougainville. The Marines opened up a massive attack on the newcomers there, using artillery, machine guns and mortars to hit the Japanese positions, and accomplishing an almost total annihilation. The few survivors were mowed down when they came up out of their foxholes walking like robots.

The beachhead enlarged to 1000 yards, 1300, 2000. Japanese planes kept coming down from Rabaul, but there were less of them now and they came less frequently. Rabaul itself required their services. Kenney's bombers were over it every day now, wave upon wave roaring up with strong fighter escorts and pounding its harbor, its shore installations, its five airports. The Japanese defenses were being thinned out, shredded, hit in too many places at the same time. Already, within the Hougainville beachhead, American engineers were clearing ground for still more airfields, bases for light bombers, bases for fighters to escort the heavies.

By mid-November, there were 34,000 Allied troops and over 22,000 tons of supplies on Bougainville and more, more, more were pouring in every day. By then the Marines were on the Piva River and moving up toward its forks. A great level plain had been located there and everyone saw it as the perfect site for a bomber base—both light bombers and heavies.

The going was wetter than Guadalcanal, the Japanese as frantic, but there was a surge and roll and mounting momentum to the Allied offensive that couldn't be contained. Men went for days without lying

down and slept leaning against trees with water up to their necks and the rains coming down in sheets of dirty grey.

The Japanese were frenzied in their attacks, the suicidal banzai charges becoming more frequent, the hysterical cackles of the demented floating up over the lines. A world was cracking up around them, their great Pacific barrier crumbling; their iron fortress of Rabaul buckling under repeated raids by Kenney's bombers and Twining's versatile Airsols.

They waged at the slogging U.S. force on the Piva River like fanned wolves going at a thunderous bear, but there was no pulling it down. "I ran right down our guns," Marine Cpl. Alvin Moon of Columbus, Ohio, wrote his wife. "They just busted out of the jungle and ran right down our guns."

U.S. troops reached the forks of the Piva and cleared the plain of its last such defenders. A Seabee battalion flew up to install its facilities. On Christmas Day 1943, the landing strip dubbed Piva Uncle was fueling bombers and sending them along to Rabaul.

THREE strikes against Rabaul started by Kenney's raid of October 12 went on to the end of the year and into January. In mid-December Airsols began adding their own considerable weight to the assault, with ex-Flynn Tiger Greg "Pappy" Boyington leading their first strike. The day after Piva Uncle became operational, amphibious forces made landings on New Britain itself, one at Arawe and the other at Cape Gloucester, where young LST commander Luther Mott attacked a Japanese machine gun with a bulldozer and piled up a burial mound for himself and its crew. Once again fanatical defenders were thrown back.

Rabaul's last days were days lived in an Inferno. Simpson Harbor was demolished and all ship traffic diverted away from its blazing docks and wharves. Japanese fighters rose to meet the bombers, but they were brushed aside and a systematic destruction of the city began—block by block, building by building. The outcome was clearly inevitable, but still the Zekes rose over Rabaul to fly their suicide missions. In late February, even that futile effort came to an end. Rabaul was a city of ashes and the air above it belonged to the Allies. The road to Mindanao and Manila lay open. The Pacific war surged northward and the iron fortress became a "milk run" spot on the map, an outpost, a way station, a place to drop off a few bombs when you had nothing better in mind.

...

Now! Here's everything you need to master mathematics and "write your own ticket" to a higher-paying job

Learn at Home — in Only 10 Minutes a Day — With
This Complete 5-Volume Self-Instruction Course

INDUSTRY today is "crying" for men who know mathematics... to take advantage of the wonderful job opportunities in our fast-moving age of electronics, automation, and nuclear science.

Demand far exceeds supply for topalaried superintendents, foremen, technicians, lab workers, designers, draftsmen, mathematicians, and engineers.

For example, the NASA recently announced 135 key jobs paying up to \$21,000 per year. Hundreds of comparable positions go begging every day. Here is your chance to learn mathematics and get the basic training for this type of job... to help your country maintain its world leadership, and to earn the kind of money you deserve.

You can learn in 10 minutes a day

That's all it takes, with the aid of this simplified five-volume home-study course, to gain a complete knowledge of mathematics — which can lead to security, higher pay, self-confidence, and a better, more important job.

**COMPLETELY REVISED
AND UPDATED**

This completely revised and updated course, based on easy-to-follow methods developed by Professor Thompson at Pratt Institute, shows you how to master every type of mathematical problem, quickly and easily, right from the beginning. You start with a review of arithmetic (including dozens of new, time-saving short-cuts... and a

special brand new section on *Boolean Algebra* — the algebra of logic and of switching). Then you proceed step-by-step, lesson-by-lesson, into every practical phase of higher mathematics.

Every minute pays big dividends

Without a working knowledge of algebra, trigonometry, and geometry, even the most capable man can be left behind... while men who know mathematics are quickly recognized, and forge ahead to bigger, higher-paying jobs.

The few minutes a day you spend learning this vital tool for most modern business and manufacturing and development processes can pay off in hard cash — bigger paychecks than you ever dreamed of.

So don't delay. These five volumes that can change your entire life would cost you \$2.95 each if purchased individually, a total of \$14.75. But if you order them now as a set, you will receive the entire course — all five volumes — for only \$3.85 down and \$3 a month for three months — a substantial saving! And then you will have all volumes on hand, should you need to look ahead for advance work that comes up on your job.

**Send No Money — Try
Complete Course FREE**

You don't have to send any money to find out how valuable this course can be! Just mail the coupon and we will rush you all five of these home-study books to examine free, in your own home, for 10 days. Unless you are absolutely convinced that this course in book form is exactly what you need to master mathematics, you may return the books and owe nothing. Otherwise keep them and send the easy payments indicated in the coupon. Take advantage of this opportunity today. Mail coupon now to **D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., Dept. 51, 120 Alexander Street, Princeton, N. J. (Est. 1788.)**

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

NO RISK AGREEMENT

Examine the great 5-volume MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY in your own home at your leisure, at our expense. Unless you agree that this simple, comprehensive course can qualify you for better paying jobs in a very short time, return the 5 volumes in ten days and pay nothing, owe nothing.

**D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., Dept. 51
120 Alexander Street, Princeton, New Jersey**

Send me Thompson's MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY in 5 volumes. Within 10 days I will either return the books or send you \$2.95 as first payment and \$3.00 per month for three months until the total price of \$13.85, plus a small shipping cost, is paid.

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ **SAVE!** Check box if enclosing \$12.85 WITH this coupon. Then you may keep all 5 volumes for 10 days and your purchase is guaranteed. In Canada: 55 Maitland Road, Toronto 16, price slightly higher. (Overnight and A.P.O. — please add \$1.85 with order.)

MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY

A complete course and reference library,
by Prof. J. E. Thompson, B.S. in R.E.,
A.M., Pratt Institute, New York, N.Y.

ARITHMETIC. Clear, complete explanation of all basic principles. How to quickly figure fractions and decimals, ratio and proportion, powers and roots, percents and percentages, machines, dimensions, temperature, latitude and longitude. Many time-saving "short-cuts" for calculating insurance premiums, loan rates, taxes, bank interest, charts and graphs. 393 pages.

ALGEBRA. How algebra can save you time and money with common everyday problems. Covers equations, logarithms, probabilities, slide rules, powers, roots, etc. Examines hundreds of applications involving machines, autos, engines, ships and planes. *Boolean Algebra* — how used in electronic circuits and logic of computers. *Vector Algebra*, both 2 and 3 dimensional, how used in science and engineering. 320 pages.

GEOMETRY. Common-sense instructions on working with spheres, cubes, spheres, planes, solids, figuring diameter and circumference, estimating materials needed for areas and solids; figuring volume, capacity, hundreds of other practical problems. 373 pages.

TRIGONOMETRY. How to solve virtually any problem in surveying, mechanics, astronomy, navigation. Trigonometric identities and relations; trigonometric functions. Finding heights of buildings, exact course of ships or planes; calculations involving construction of buildings, bridges, dams; out-cuts of sears — other uses that can improve your earning power. 338 pages.

CALCULUS. Computing speed, velocity, rate of increase or decrease, minimum and maximum limits, integral formulas, functions, derivatives, differentials, vector calculus. How to find the most efficient design for any mechanism, engine, moving vehicle, analyze sales figures, production charts; figure problems in statistics, insurance, physics, electricity, radio, much more. 358 pages.

COMPLETELY REVISED AND UPDATED
For the first time *Binary Arithmetic*, *Boolean Algebra*, *Non-Euclidean Geometry*, entirely new section on *Trigonometric Identities*, expanded section on *partial derivatives* and *partial differentials*. Computers revised and updated throughout.

BRAND NEW

Binary Arithmetic, the method used in all computers in the U.S. and abroad, is included in all operations — adding, multiplying, multiplying the, for which most men & women need.

BRAND NEW

Non-Euclidean Geometry, the basis for present-day developments in problems of space and electromagnetic radiation, clearly introduced.

FREE

10-DAY EXAMINATION
Completely Revised
and Updated

MARATHON

continued from page 29

coast of New Guinea and Admiral Nimitz advanced against the Gilbert and Marshall Islands.

MacArthur's forces captured Salamaua Jan. and, moving northward, jumped several Japanese strongholds into Dutch New Guinea took Biak, Sansapor and finally Morotai Island, which lies about three hundred miles from the southern tip of the Philippines. These campaigns consumed 1943 and most of 1944—it was September 15, 1941 when U.S. troops went ashore at Morotai.

Nimitz's forces took Makin Island and landed at Tarawa in the Gilberts, on November 30, 1943. In 1944 Kwajalein and Majuro in the Marshalls, were assaulted and then Eniwetok, also in the Marshalls. Nimitz moved on the Marianas, landing Marines on Saipan June 15, 1944. In July of 1944 Guam was invaded and Tinian fell. Next, Marines pushed ashore at Peleliu in the Palau Islands of the western Carolines, on September 15. Admiral Nimitz's forces had a base only five hundred miles due east of Mindanao.

Thus the two great converging American forces had pushed to within three hundred miles south and five hundred miles east of the Philippines by September of 1944. Plans had called for a landing on the southernmost of the major Philippine islands, Mindanao, by MacArthur's forces, but the U.S. Third Fleet, striking in support of the Morotai and Palau operations, found Japanese forces in the middle Philippines unprepared. Seizing the opportunity, American commanders canceled proposed assaults at Sarangani Bay (Mindanao) and Yap Island. Nimitz released to MacArthur three infantry divisions scheduled to capture Yap, under his authority, and General MacArthur laid plans to land on Leyte in the central Philippines October 20, 1944. On that date four divisions, 1st Cavalry and 7th, 24th and 96th Infantry, waded ashore on the eastern beaches of Leyte. Three days earlier the 6th Infantry Ranger battalion had begun occupying offshore islands. Twenty-nine months after the final American surrender in the Philippines U.S. troops were ashore on Leyte. They were to provoke a desperate land battle and the greatest naval engagement of World War II—and several of the decisive aerial battles of the war.

For a time the invasion of Leyte encountered only moderate opposition; only one of the assault divisions initially encountered bitter resistance. But the Japanese command decided to stake everything on an effort to hold Leyte, and cut off American troops landed there. Reinforcements, in the form of fighter aircraft, began to pour into the area. The combined Japanese fleet sailed for the area and troop reinforcements were rushed to the contested island.

The fleet was divided into three strong striking forces. One, approaching the landing area from the south, through Surigao Strait, was met and defeated by surface ships of the U.S. Seventh Fleet in an early-morning engagement on October 25. The most northerly Japanese fleet consisted of a carrier force and other warships and was defeated by the U.S. Third Fleet the same day.

The center Japanese fleet, which approached the landing area through San Bernardino Strait, ran into weaker opposition, sank several escort carriers and destroyers, and threatened to cause havoc

along the landing beaches and among relatively unprotected supply ships exposed to attack from the best and fastest Japanese battleships, cruisers and destroyers.

Had the enemy admiral pressed his advantage—spectacular results might have been his, but, evidently doubtful of the whereabouts of the powerful U.S. Third Fleet, which contained enough carrier-based air power to destroy his surface force, he turned back after causing quite a flap on American beaches and sinking several small carriers and destroyers.

As the three Japanese fleets retreated, American ground and carrier-based planes pursued and attacked with telling effect. In all, the enemy lost three battleships, one large and three small carriers, ten cruisers and many other ships in the great sea action of the war known as the Sea and Battle of the Philippines.

Fighting ashore then mounted in intensity and by November the Japanese had brought in tens of thousands of reinforcements to bolster the defense of Leyte. American troops pushed the enemy back but the battle widened and the Japanese clung to the northwestern area of the island with tenacity.

One of the requirements of the tactical situation was to bring in strong Army fighter forces, since the Japanese had available to them many fields, especially on Negros to the west, and many aircraft, and were preparing to throw everything into the Leyte struggle. Before the battle was over they would even employ kamikaze attacks which were to become much more frequent in the months ahead. Several Fifth Air Force fighter groups among them the 49th and 475th, were established on hastily improvised fields on Leyte. These, and the Naval air arm, constituted American air strength in the battle for Leyte.

GROUND fighting became more involved and during November General MacArthur brought in the 11th Airborne and 32nd Infantry divisions and the 12th Cavalry Regimental Combat Team to support the four divisions already engaged. The Japanese, however, maintained their hold at Ormoc on the northwest coast, and continued to bring in reinforcements, though American air and naval forces exacted a heavy toll of enemy ships and men dispatched to reinforce Leyte.

The Japanese were determined to hold Leyte at all costs, and employed strong air forces and even airborne attacks on U.S. positions. The enemy's high command realized if the Philippines fell the Japanese lifeline to the Indies would be severed. Continuing the war for any length of time would be difficult because of the loss of precious oil.

For this reason, even after their fleet had been defeated, the Japanese made several major efforts to reinforce their troops. Their aircraft strafed the primitive fighter strips of the 475th and 49th Groups almost every morning.

When Japanese troop reinforcements continued to reach northwest Leyte late in November, General MacArthur decided to bring in another division, and to land it on northwest Leyte, in the face of Japanese troops, at Ormoc Bay. For this job he called on 77th Infantry, which had just reached Leyte, and scheduled the landings for December 7, 1944—three years to the day after the enemy bombing of Pearl Harbor.

MacArthur's headquarters asked about fighter support from American squadrons on eastern Leyte in behalf of the task force which would steam into Ormoc Bay and discharge 77th. If the invasion of northwest Leyte was a success, enemy forces would be doomed, and the arrival of enemy reinforcements

which had been slipping in along the coast at night—could be brought to a halt.

The Japanese, fighting desperately to hold their positions around Ormoc, and trying to reinforce them for a future counter-attack, could be counted on to offer bitter aerial resistance to this sudden death amphibious operation. Air battles, and perhaps a surface attack on the American force, could be expected.

Therefore, the Army's fighter groups on eastern Leyte were ordered to put aloft maximum strength to cover the landing at Ormoc Bay. These orders went out on the night of December 7.

Colonel Charles MacDonald, commanding officer of the 479th Group, and one of the group's three P-38 squadrons were stationed at Dulac airstrip on Leyte, on December 6, 1944. The group's three squadrons were the 421st, 432nd and 433rd. Pilots of all three squadrons lived at Dulac, located not far from where U.S. troops first went ashore on Leyte's eastern beaches near Tacloban. A few miles to the north lay the planes of the 19th Fighter Group, commanded by Colonel Jerry Johnson. The two groups had been on Leyte only a short time. Operations were sometimes conducted in a sea of mud, and living and working quarters consisted of tents and partially framed structures covered with tents.

About eight o'clock on the night of the 6th an ops order clicked in on the telephone from Fighter Command near Brisbane, giving coordinates at which the American convoy moving 77th Division would be found at dawn next morning. 479th was ordered to be over the convoy at first light. Certain attack by Japanese fighters and bombers awaited the ships of the amphibious force.

MacDonald, one of the top aces of the war at this time, with over a dozen kills to his credit, scheduled a briefing for nine o'clock. The dead-serious, stern-faced St. Petersburg, Florida, ace (MacDonald is a native of Dubois, Pennsylvania) would outline the mission to his pilots without delay, since take-off time next morning would be early, and because the Japanese might interrupt a morning briefing with one of their almost daily strafing attacks.

FLYING officers, clad in tan khaki, filed into the group operations room at the appointed hour. A portable electric system lighted the tent-topped room and a big map of the Philippine area. After the group had assembled, MacDonald was summoned and began the briefing. He would fly with 432nd Squadron, which would take position low on the north side of the convoy, which would be traveling in a general northeast direction as it aimed for the northwestern shores of Leyte.

The 431st Squadron would be on the opposite side, to the south, also relatively low. The 433rd Squadron would fly high as top cover. The group would pick up the convoy as it turned into Ormoc Bay, shortly after 6 A.M. MacDonald told squadron commanders to set up a flying schedule with all available planes so that some of the group's strength could be kept over the rendezvous at all times during the day.

To enable the group to achieve a sustained effort, squadrons would take off in twelve-plane formations. Since each squadron had approximately twenty aircraft, a small number would be ready to relieve the main force at any time, though some of the aircraft in each squadron were inoperational for various reasons. Thus original mission strength would be thirty-six fighters, plus a similar number from 49th Group.

With this short talk, a few words about

the weather, which looked promising, and the warning that strong enemy aerial forces were sure to be encountered, MacDonald ended briefing. He told the orderly to wake him at four-thirty next morning and walked to a small tent where he and two others slept—on cots covered with mosquito net. He hoped to get as much rest as possible, knowing he would probably fly more than one mission before the sun set on the 7th.

At 4:30 A.M. on December 7 an orderly entered MacDonald's tent in pitch-black darkness. He nudged the C.O. and apologetically but firmly said: "You have to get up, sir." In response to MacDonald's half-audible dissertations, the orderly stood patiently by the cot and held his ground. He had orders to remain until the C.O.'s feet were on the floor; MacDonald was a good sleeper. But finally he surrendered to the inevitable, sat up in bed. The orderly departed.

MacDonald quickly dressed and hastened off to the mess tent, where a miserable breakfast awaited pilots. His consisted of peanut butter and bread and coffee. Few of the pilots could go to the powdered eggs. Soon they were ready to head for aircraft. Piling into jeeps and weapons carriers, the three squadrons split and proceeded to their fighters.

Loaded down with parachutes and other flying gear, the men bumped along in the darkness until they reached a small clearing, near their Lightnings, where final squadron briefing was held. Then pilots walked out to their silver fighters. The yellow spinners, official markings of 432nd, weren't visible in the December darkness. Spinners on 431st Lightnings were red. 433rd planes blue.

Pilots climbed into their aircraft after greeting ground crewmen and waited for the first sign of light. After a few minutes MacDonald, noting first streaks in the eastern sky, pressed the energizer button. Engines—the P-38 had two 1,275-horsepower Allison—began to whirl props and MacDonald taxied toward the end of the steel mat runway. Hesitating a moment at the end, to allow other pilots to pull in behind, MacDonald checked instruments, controls, and engines.

Ready to go, he waved a hand and eased himself forward. To the west, keen eyes aboard ships in the convoy, about to make the turn into Ormoc Bay, searched the sky with care. They were forty miles away. MacDonald could not take up position too soon as far as the convoy was concerned.

Putt-Putt-Maru. MacDonald's P-38, dipped and bumped down the runway, gathering speed. Near the end he hauled back on the wheel, the yellow spinners pointed upward, and the heavily loaded twin-fuselage fighter lifted itself out of the mud. It was 6 A.M. MacDonald circled the field as the other fighters roared off the strip and closed in behind, one by one.

With the 431st and 433rd joined behind, MacDonald, at full strength, set course for the convoy, ten minutes away by air, at most due west.

The thirty-six Lightnings, climbing into the western sky, keep close formation. Altimeters register steady gains, 2,000, 3,000, 4,000 feet. To their left pilots of the 475th make out the dim outline of towering cumulus clouds. Then, in a few minutes, the shoreline ahead comes into view. Ormoc Bay. By now the Lightnings are at 6,000 feet. The sky is lighting up and the tall cloud formations to the left are clearly visible. The shoreline passes underneath. Eyes stare ahead to pick out the convoy, which should be just ahead.

The twelve fighters of lead squadron are

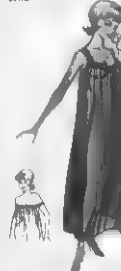
Give Her Something That's Originals

No. 942 SANTA'S REIN-DEER

2-Pc. Ensemble
Halter top and panty are ORIGINALS' finest quality, sheer, bright Christmas red nylon, gaily trimmed with fancy frills of snowy white French lace. White maribou puffs accent hie and heave. Shaped Santa pants. ORIGINALS' quality in fine fabric detailing. Red, White Lace, White Maribou, Black, Black Lace, White Maribou. ORIGINALS' SPECIAL PRICE Only \$3.98.

No. 943 SANTA PANTS!
Order an extra pair for your 2-pc. ensemble above.

SPECIAL
\$1.95



No. 927 BON SOIR

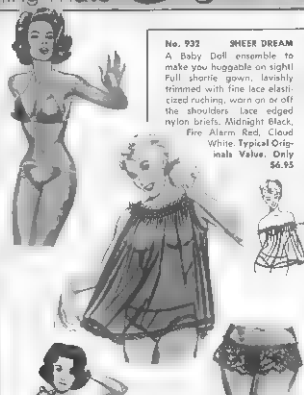
An inspiration to romantic dreams. Elasticized neckline becomes angelic wings worn on the shoulders—a vision of loveliness worn off. Nubian Black, Snow White, Passion Red. Only \$8.98

No. 955 THE MIDNIGHT NYLON

Another new ORIGINALS' nylon gown! Made of superior grade nylon, sheer as a Spring breeze. Raise or lower the neckline with the adjustable satin shoulder straps. Ample cut for sleeping comfort. Mystery Black, Fire Alarm Red, Snow White. Sizes 5-44-L. \$4.95

No. 932 SHEER DREAM

A Baby Doll ensemble to make you huggable on sight! Full shortie gown, lavishly trimmed with fine lace elasticized ruching, worn on or off the shoulders. Lace edged nylon briefs. Midnight Black, Fire Alarm Red, Cloud White. Typical Originals Value, Only \$6.95



No. 942 FROU-FROU
French coquettes adore this shocking new brief. A next-to-nothing frill of lace, neatly elasticized to hold the sheer nylon lace crotch in place. Black only. 5-M-L. Only \$1.98

No. 947 DEMI-VENUS

Emphasizes your natural charms with enticing French effect. Designed for truly feminine enchantment. Exquisite lace, delicately lined for comfortable support. Black only. Sizes 5-M-L. Only \$3.98

FREE CATALOG of Exotic Lingerie. Breathless Bikinis to all purchasers. Featuring the French Renaissance line in color inspired by OLEG CASSINI.



MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE

The ORIGINALS label is your positive assurance of advance fashion first styles... finest quality fabrics... meticulous workmanship... at lowest direct to you prices.

YOU MUST BE COMPLETELY SATISFIED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Yvette Bell
Fashion Coordinator

ORIGINALS, INC. Dept. G820
543 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
Please rush the following for which I enclose ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

ARTICLE	SIZE	COLOR	PRICE
NAME (PRINT PLAINLY)			
ADDRESS			
CITY	STATE		
Total			Plus 50¢ for postage & handling
Amount Enclosed			

followed, to the right, by 431st, and then, to the left, behind, comes the 433rd. Gun switches are on. Pilots are burning fuel in drop tanks, to use as much of it as possible before releasing them. Now the group is over the bay... they search out every corner of the sky and the water ahead. They fly toward them, scanning the ships and studying the silhouettes of the vessels below.

The American fleet is almost directly beneath him... ships dot the water for miles... large ones and small ones. A line of destroyers is patrolling the northern edge of the convoy. MacDonald leads his squadron right over the shipping concentration. The ships below appear to be in good order and unharmed.

The 132nd Squadron circles and waves above the convoy. It is now daylight and the sight of all these ships is impressive. For some time the Lightnings patrol the air over the fleet below. The operation is proceeding in quiet and orderly manner. The routine patrol continues. No action.

And then, to his disgust, MacDonald's fuel gauges show tanks about empty. How can that be? His aircraft must not have been fully gassed up for the mission. He curses to himself. Without delay he picks up the mike and calls Captain Perry Dahl Second Flight Leader. "Pee Wee, take over. I'm going back to get gas." Dahl acknowledges. *Putt-Putt* banks sharply out of formation and sets course eastward. MacDonald heads for Dulag, where he will be quickly refueled. Anxiously watching his gauges and hoping to avoid encounters with the enemy until refueled, he rotates his head constantly to spot bogies that might be encountered by the lone Lightning.

In a few minutes he is nearing Dulag. He approaches the runway, lowers wheels and noses downward toward the muddy, palm-tree-lined strip. *Putt-Putt* touches down and slashes forward, finally coming to a slow roll. MacDonald taxes briskly along to his revetment. There he calls for the gas trucks. He waits impatiently for fuel.

The trucks finally arrive and *Putt-Putt* begins to take on high octane. As the tanks are topped, at last, and he is about ready to go, the sound of approaching planes catches his attention. MacDonald looks up into the western sky... the steady roar... they're American planes. Then ahead some Lightnings come into view. It's the squadron coming back... he hadn't realized he had been on the ground so long.

One by one the silver fighters come down, their devil's face insignia and yellow spinners identifying them positively as the 132nd. As soon as he talks to the pilots, MacDonald learns the squadron engaged a number of Zekes minutes after he departed. Pee Wee had been shot down... he jumped out over the bay... it was a hot fight.

MACDONALD orders planes refueled at once. Several are unable to return immediately for various reasons. He will take off again nevertheless. Minutes drag by. Meanwhile one flight has taken off to patrol the bay. Finally two other P-38's are ready to go. MacDonald's and his exec's Lieutenant Colonel Meryl Smith. *Putt-Putt* P-38's props turn and soon they are lining up on the end of the runway again. MacDonald leads the two fighters off the strip and points his nose west. The Lightnings climb out on the same course followed on the first mission. The clock on MacDonald's instrument panel reads 11:18.

Ormeau Ray appears ahead... at the same time the radio comes to life. "Bandits twelve o'clock high!" The call sends a chill of excitement up and down MacDonald's spine... nerves lighten and the anticipation of battle grips both pilots. MacDonald takes a long look ahead and above... he spots three Jack II's approaching American ships. He immediately hits the "panic button"—full throttles—and eases the wheel into his stomach. The engines are wide open, every part in the Lightning shudders. The altimeter needle starts to climb rapidly.

The Jacks are now turning slightly to the left. MacDonald locks them in view. His

engines are pulling 45 inches, turning at 2,700 r.p.m.s. *Putt-Putt-Maru* knives up through the sky at a fast clip... the outlines of the bandits ahead get bigger and bigger. MacDonald and Smith race on ahead and upward... the three Jacks they're closing are now approaching the cumulus clouds. MacDonald banks left. The tail clouds are almost straight ahead now...

suddenly the Japanese part company... split into singles. MacDonald must pick

the Jap ahead reaches the clouds and disappears before MacDonald's eyes. *Putt-Putt-Maru* flashes in behind him. Minutes for a moment, then out again into the light then in again, as the cumulus tops and cloud formations are interspersed by breaks of sunlight.

MacDonald knows it's difficult to follow an enemy through clouds. And almost always the fleeing fighter escapes his pursuer, since his turns cannot be seen by the hunter behind. In the seconds he is between cloud tops he scans all directions ahead. The Jap ahead reaches the clouds and the P-38 pulling maximum power.

Then, a break! MacDonald's eye catches sight of the enemy out to his right... he's turned out of the clouds. Does he think he's shaken the two Americans? *Putt-Putt* leans right into a steep bank. MacDonald flashes out of the clouds and follows the Jap. The enemy pilot isn't asleep... he sees the Lightning come out of the clouds behind him. He wheels left, and streaks once again into the milky gray. MacDonald turns wheel hard left and kicks rudder. He curves back to follow the Jap through the clouds. The Jap is now out of sight, swallowed up in the unknown. MacDonald barrels in right behind him, and everything turns gray again.

As he roars through cloud, he keeps an eye peeled to the right. Then, between two cloud tops, for a second time, he spots the Jack trying to sneak off to his right. *Putt-Putt* stands on its right wing and belts out of the milky stuff... this time a little closer. The enemy pilot could probably get away if he stayed in the clouds long enough, and changed direction, but for some reason he is desperately trying to break away to the right.

Now he reverses course... left turn. MacDonald cuts him off more this time. *Putt-Putt* is getting closer and closer. As the Jack plunges into the cumulus once more, MacDonald holds on behind... his altimeter steadily climbing throughout the chase, reads 10,000 feet. Grimly he holds course in the mark. In every split second available in cloud breaks he covers his right... Then he sees him! The Jap now has banked out of the clouds again. Wheel hard right. *Putt-Putt* streaks out into the sunshine, left wing high—banking into pursuit at six o'clock.

The time the enemy pilot doesn't turn back. MacDonald is directly behind, moving up fast. He's in a blind spot for the enemy pilot, slightly below and immediately behind. Now the wingspan of the gray bandit grows larger... the P-38... walking up behind him... MacDonald glances through his fixed sight ring. In the yellow light circle the Jack ahead... squarely bracketed... and coming within range. MacDonald needs only a second or two... if the enemy pilot doesn't wise up... on and on him he comes.

At once he's on target... 700 feet, 500 feet. *Putt-Putt*'s twenty-millimeter cannon thunders and the four fifties roar... the Lightning shudders and leaves a trail of light smoke. Shells converge on the Jack... armor piercing and incendiary. MacDonald uses no tracers. The Jack is overlapping the edges of the sight circle. Metal slams into him... he's being torn apart... but no fire. MacDonald keeps

ATOMIC HELL, NUDE PARADISE

THE DAY THE WORLD WAS ALMOST DESTROYED—On Sept. 22nd, the "hot-line" from Russia buzzed in the office of the President. "Cord" came the voice of the Red Premier. "Likeliest here, I want to tell you in advance we are not responsible. A madman has escaped with 12 atomic bombs and is planning to blow up the planet—USSR included!" So begins a terrifying tale that could be tomorrow's headline! A sensational STAG book bonus.

I LIVED ON THE NOTORIOUS ISLAND OF NUDES—An American psychiatrist—his own family confirmed nudist—crossed the Atlantic for a 10-day study of the world's most uninhibited nudist colony. In his own words, he reveals the startling facts about the Isle of Levant—a sun-worshipping compound where intimacy in public is completely within the law.

1703 PURPLE HEARTS FOR MARK CLARK'S 100th BATTALION HELL-FIGHTERS "At ease," the chicken-picking, pig-hoarding GIs of the "One Puka-Puka" were the slop platoon soldiers in the U.S. Army. But in action, nobody could beat the Hawaiian-born Japanese-Americans as they blitzed up the Salerno Road.

STRANGE LIFE OF GIRLS WHO HUNT FOR MEN—They come in beautiful but bizarre packages—the eager examination-room tease, the hungry career "virgin" and the anything-for-micks wife next door. But the one "sure thing" about these sexually booby-trapped women is that they offer more than a man can handle.

**DON'T MISS
THE ACTION-PACKED
JANUARY, STAG**

On Sale Dec. 8th



firing until he's almost running into the enemy tail... he notices the prop slow down... it whirls slower and slower... he's right on him. Suddenly he must haul wheel back to miss the enemy. **Putt-Putt** swishes up over the victim, just missing him... MacDonald looks back on his foe as he banks sharply to the left... the Jap is falling out! His propeller has stopped turning altogether. Over the side the enemy pilot hurls... the gray fighter falls off into an uncontrolled spiral to the right... the enemy pilot's chute opens. The Jack doesn't burn, spirals down and down toward the bay.

Meanwhile, Smith as attacked and set fire to another one of the Jacks, which spirals toward the bay below. The third Jack has pulled in behind MacDonald, who sees him in time and hauls **Putt-Putt** around in a tight turn.

But the enemy pilot is capable, and MacDonald can't maneuver onto his tail. Back time he tries, the Jap outturns him. Locked in a deadly dogfight over the bay, each pilot turning to close the other's rear, MacDonald is relieved at the sight of Smith coming to the rescue.

Flashing in behind the unsuspecting Jack he quickly opens fire and his hits register immediately. The Jack begins to disintegrate and then a bright flame erupts, trailing backward in the slipstream. In seconds he is spiraling down toward the water below, goes in with a splash of foam and fire. Three out of four.

MacDonald scans the sky. No enemy planes are in view. The two-plane flight heads for the American ships to the north.

MacDonald weaves above the ships below at high throbbing setting. Despite many calls about bogies, the enemy has apparently vacated the immediate area. The patrol goes on. The enemy doesn't return for the moment. Activity below progresses accord-

ing to plan. Despite some damage, the big American armada below discharges supplies and equipment and men. Everything remains quiet. After a few minutes more, MacDonald decides to return to Dulag. He will refuel and come back.

TWENTY minutes later he is landing at Dulag. It is only 12:10. MacDonald checks with other pilots. Some are fatigued. Some of the aircraft need maintenance. The next mission will be flown in greatly reduced strength. For one reason or another only four pilots are able to go at 1:30 P.M.—take-off time for the third mission. MacDonald leads the flight off... with Lieutenant Colonel Smith flying as element leader. As soon as the four Lightnings are airborne, they begin climbing into the west. But MacDonald decides not to patrol high this time. If Jap kamikaze attack, he wants to be low enough to bounce the Zekes before they reach the ships.

The Lightnings level off at 4,000 feet and pass over Ormoc Bay at this altitude. The American convoy lies straight ahead, apparently unmolested since the last attack ships clearly visible at the low height. MacDonald and the other Americans know by this time that a group of Japanese ships is just a few miles to the north—to their right as they whistle in over the American convoy. The Japanese convoy includes war ships, and apparently is a reinforcement for Japanese troops holding on a few miles up the coast from where American troops are now pouring ashore. The Ormoc Bay landing is certainly a daring one, for not far apart are two opposing convoys and U.S. troops are going ashore almost under the noses of the Japanese.

Now MacDonald's four twin-fuselage Lightnings circle the American convoy. The flight flies along the southern edge

of the ships and studies the scene below. Everything apparently in order. Small boats are plying to and from the beaches and larger ships stand offshore. As MacDonald reaches the western end of the array of shipping, he banks right. Soon the four fighters are northwest of the American convoy—still no enemy is sighted.

Japanese shipping is not too far away... MacDonald decides to have a look. Things are quiet over the American convoy... he will keep it in sight, monitor the controller. **Putt-Putt** lifts a wing and points nose northward. Soon 432nd's flight is streaking toward the enemy concentration just a few miles away. Pilots become more alert... they must watch for anti-aircraft fire and fighters when nearing Japanese ships... MacDonald checks gun switches

on. The sun shines brightly over the bay... no enemy fighters can be seen up ahead, though the enemy's ships come into view.

Just then earphones vibrate: "Bandits—behind!" He snaps head back... a gaggle of eight enemy fighters is almost on top of the four Americans... diving at great speed. They must have surprised down from a high altitude. Instinctively, desperately, MacDonald slams the wheel left and back. **Putt-Putt** lurches hard left. He pulls the lightest turn he can in writing out of the Lightning... but not in time.

The four Lightnings are breaking in various directions as the Jacks and Zekes flash down on them, from behind, opening fire. MacDonald's quick left turn is not completed before the enemy fighters are among the Lightnings, or where the Lightnings were a second ago. The twist, past and around him as he struggles to bring **Putt-Putt** nose all the way around and roll out in the same direction, this time behind the Japs instead of in front of them.



Yes—There is good money in Scientific Crime Detection and Fingerprint Identification... but much more than money alone! Imagine the thrill of being on the team that apprehends a vicious criminal... possibly a remorseless killer... by modern, scientific means. Trapping him... helping build an air-tight case with hard, undeniable facts you've helped dig out! This is what fills the job of **CRIME INVESTIGATOR** with daily excitement... in addition to good steady pay, security and advancement opportunity.

Just as I've helped hundreds of other ambitious men get into **CRIME INVESTIGATION**... I can help you, too. At home in your spare time, I will reveal and train you in the secrets of modern Crime Detection, Fingerprint Identification, Firearms Identification, Handwriting Analysis, the art of "Shadowing"... and the other skills that the trained Criminal Investigator uses in his daily assignments.

CRIME INVESTIGATION

the job that offers excitement—security—good pay
I'll Train You At Home—Prepare You in Spare Hours

Many times you have read accounts in magazines and newspapers how the skill, training and patience of the Crime Investigator was responsible for evidence that convicted the wrongdoer or solved a perplexing fraud problem for a large firm.

It doesn't matter what you are doing now... what kind of job you held before... there is wide open opportunity for the trained Crime Investigator. You owe it to yourself to find out what this fascinating field offers YOU. The facts are yours FREE... you get full information just by rushing the coupon below.

FREE—Famous BLUE BOOK OF CRIME

Just mail coupon for this exciting book... filled with famous crime cases and crime facts. Tells how you can find success and security in Crime Investigation. Send for your FREE copy today. No salesman will call. (Give your age, please).

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

A Correspondence School

Over 800 Bureaus Employ IAS Graduates

Since 1916 we have been training ambitious, security-minded men for this work. Our graduates are leaders in Fingerprint—Identification—Investigation departments in every state and all over the free world. Over 800 Identification Bureaus employ our former students. IAS Training is modern, highly regarded by Identification specialists... we teach you the most up-to-the-minute crime fighting methods. IAS is accredited by the National Home Study Council, Rush coupon for "Blue Book of Crime"—Free!

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
A Correspondence School Founded in 1916
Dept. 3709, 1920 Sunnyside, Chicago, Ill. 60640

Mr. T. Dickerson Cooke, Director
INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE, Dept. 3709
1920 Sunnyside, Chicago, Ill. 60640

A free catalog sent you in "Blue Book of Crime" (free) and list of Identification Bureaus employing IAS students and graduates, together with complete facts and many more.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Zip _____

City _____ State _____ Code _____

Then he and his wing man turn into one Jap, who quickly breaks away. Now he's cutting in on one of the last of the eight enemy planes from a forty-five-degree angle off the enemy's rear. Holding wheel back and lining up the enemy in his sight at the same time, straining through the pull of a tight turn, MacDonald finds time to open fire from a slight angle astern.

The cannon and fifties shake the Lightning... but aim is good... shells tear into the unsuspecting Zeke out to the right ahead. The cannon is exacting a heavy price... huge chunks of the light Zeke rip off and sail backward through the air. The right wing comes on up... the nose of the enemy fighter drops... it peels off into a straight-away dive. Vertically the green-gray Zeke, streaking the sky with white smoke and vapor, plunges downward. MacDonald watches the show for a moment the enemy pilot doesn't get out. The Zeke goes straight into the water below, with a splash. Victor number two for the day.

Up front MacDonald sees a Lightning streaking away from one of the Zekes, but the enemy pilot is right behind him, and with greater speed, from diving, the Zeke should be able to stay there. MacDonald, throatless full forward, points his nose at the Jap. The P-38 looks like Smitty's, his eyes, today his element leader. MacDonald strains every ounce of power out of the engines... the Jap is squarely on the Lightning's rear... there are three or four thousand feet ahead. MacDonald banks left to cut them off, sensing their slight left turn, and starts closing in from right oblique.

He narrows the gap rapidly coming on from the side... the Zeke has the Lightning cold... MacDonald keeps the enemy plane in view. The Jap doesn't see him, obviously intent on the victim ahead, even though MacDonald is pressing in hard from the enemy pilot's left rear. The greenish-gray Zeke grows larger and larger and MacDonald lines him up in his sight ring, man covering Putt-Putt in a smooth left bank, slicing in nicely for a deflection shot. He is on the Zeke, ready to fire... but where is the P-38? MacDonald can't see him. He opens fire.

By this time MacDonald's left bank makes his approach a forty-degree pass from behind, left, and his shells streak ahead into the surprised enemy pilots. Instantly the Jap's fire begins to tell on the Zeke. MacDonald keeps firing. White smoke trails back from the enemy... vapor and smoke... then Putt-Putt's shells find their mark and a small white fire flashes up ahead... the Zeke is already fatally damaged... before the enemy pilot can turn away, out

of the trap. The right wing of the enemy fighter lifts slowly... smoke still trailing backward. MacDonald is almost on him at point-blank range... black fragments and bits of his aircraft fly backward through the air amid the white smoke and vapor. Suddenly the enemy fighter separates. The tail section and part of the fuselage glide slowly off the right... the front end, with cockpit and wings, goes into a forward tumble... there is no big burst of fire... the Zeke disintegrates! The two pieces of plane falling at different angles fascinate MacDonald for a split second... he notices the faded reddish-orange sun painted on the Zeke's wings, on the forward end of the fighter, as it tumbles down. The enemy pilot doesn't get out this time... either he can't get out of the tumble or he has been hit. Victory number three for the day! This one was fast.

BUT where is Smitty? MacDonald calls on the radio. No answer. Did he get to the enemy fighter in time to save Smitty? MacDonald wonders. He searches the sky for the missing Lightning. He spots the other two from the flight... and a lone Zeke! The enemy planes have dwindled to one! The three Lightnings take after the lone bandit, who is full throttling it to the west... obviously headed for his base on Negros. The Lightnings follow on a westward course. Slowly they close from behind on the Zeke, which suddenly pulls up into a cloud. The Lightnings come on, and reach the top of the small cloud. The Jap flashes out ahead.

MacDonald is closest to the enemy. The two Lightnings with him are coming on behind, but not close enough to attack with him. Putt-Putt, still full throttle, roars on behind the low-wing ultramar ahead. MacDonald warbles the range close... the enemy is being overhauled. He feels the excitement of battle once again and he gets ready to open fire... he is almost in range.

The Zeke out front suddenly lifts a wing and whips sharply up into a turn... MacDonald slams the wheel right and pulls it in as tight as he can turn... but the Zeke completes the circle in a smaller arc, and pulls back out on a western heading. Putt-Putt levels out after the tight, blood-draining turn. MacDonald finding himself a little farther back than when it began. The enemy pilot is adept. He knows he can't outrun the Lightning, but he can outturn it, and he's using this advantage to gain enough ground, when caught, to get away again.

MacDonald's wide-open Lightning is cutting the gap down fast again. The enemy didn't gain very much in the circle. The

two Lightnings behind MacDonald are now closer, having gained distance when the Zeke and MacDonald circled to the right. The enemy pilot may not see the two support Lightnings. If he continues to circle when MacDonald pulls into range, sooner or later one of the other Lightnings will be waiting for him.

Now MacDonald watches the low-winged Zeke come into sight... into range. As he is about to press the firing button, the enemy aircraft ahead zooms in and around in a maximum bank to the left. Putt-Putt stands on left wing and MacDonald hauls the wheel back with all he's got... the Zeke is a tight-turning fighter. Being the best he can and feeling the weight of gravity pressing down hard on his shoulders, he sees the Zeke pull slightly away as he rolls out again, resuming his western heading. MacDonald rolls out behind him... a little out of range... more.

He notices two silver Lightnings abreast of him now, one off to the right, one off to the left. It's three Americans behind the wily enemy pilot. MacDonald is nearest, at the point of the triangle, but the other two are close enough to discourage any more circles from the enemy.

Slowly the distance close as Putt-Putt, for the third time, comes up behind the bomber, and around enemy pilot. MacDonald flexes the enemy in his orange sight ring... still a little far ahead... but Putt-Putt closes. Seconds pass slowly now... almost in range... MacDonald gets ready. He can clearly see the rudder and tail section of the Zeke straight ahead, sitting there as if a standing still. In a second or two more he'll have him. Then the bandit's wing goes up again... he's heading for another climbing circle! Doesn't he know the other two Lightnings have closed him from behind? The Zeke turns right... straight into the path of the P-38 piloted by Lieutenant Leo W. Blakely. Blakely fastens on his tail, opens fire.

MacDonald can see the Zeke taking hits... the enemy pilot flew into the trap... the Lightning hangs on him, firing away... in a short time it's all over... the Zeke is smoking and plunging toward the sea. The enemy pilot won't reach Negros to tell his story today.

NOW thoughts return to Smitty. With the Zeke accounted for, MacDonald turns back toward the American convoy. He hears pilots of other squadrons shouting excitedly... someone on an American ship... kamikaze attack on the American ship. Ever since the sky in all directions. MacDonald banks left and curves gracefully around the westernmost ships in the U.S. convoy below.

Almost straight ahead, three dots... eleven o'clock. They are slightly below... about 8,000 feet... MacDonald identifies them as Zekes. They're heading down on the convoy. He decides to give chase. Throttles open up and once again engines are wide open. The Japs split into a two-plane element and a single... the two Zekes are turning hard left, heading for the clouds. They are already close. The third Zeke continues down. MacDonald points his nose at the nearest Zeke, one of the two curving away. For a few moments he closed from behind. Then they reach the cloud bank refuge for fleeing Jap pilots today.

MacDonald gives up the chase, takes his eyes off the clouds. The lone Zeke is almost directly below and heading down, low, for the convoy. He stands Putt-Putt on left wing and peels off downward after the single. His flight stays in position, in spite of the sudden maneuver. The Zeke is getting dangerously close to the U.S. ships. Now MacDonald sees another Lightning out front... closer on the Jap's tail than he is.



"If you can read this, you're too damned close."

Suddenly the ships' guns belch flame and smoke. A barrage of heavy and light fire streaks toward the Zeke, who gamely comes on... towards one of the warships. It looks like a destroyer or light cruiser. MacDonald recognizes the Lightning following the daring enemy pilot in... it is "Andy" Anderson's plane. He picks up the mike and tells Andy to break off the engagement. He pulls out of his own dive and turns away. The Jap is already down to 2,000 feet, moving at top speed. MacDonald will never catch him in time and anti-aircraft fire is decorating the sky through which he must fly. Down and down the enemy pilot continues. Anderson doesn't break. He stays on the enemy's tail. The Zeke flashes over the one warship and heads for another... Anderson is flying through heavy anti-aircraft fire.

Spellbound by the spectacle unfolding before him, MacDonald watches as the Zeke screams down on the second U.S. warship. He holds his breath... the Jap is a kamikaze... he's going to crash into the ship. Heaps, he watches the low-winged, single-engine Zeke, firing with everything it has. Then there's a flash below. The ship is hit. The Zeke flew straight into it. Fire and black billowing smoke rise from the stricken ship. MacDonald scans the sky, but sees no more enemy planes. He sees Anderson pulling up again, roaring over the warship just after it took the crash of the enemy plane. Anderson is lucky to be alive. Despite his daring chase the Zeke broke through.

MacDonald calls the controller below... he learns Smitty is missing. The American convoy is no longer under attack... other fighters are circling above it to defend against further attacks. So MacDonald eases back on the throttles and noses down... heads for the area where he shot the Zeke off Smitty's tail. The three Lightnings

slunt steadily downward... 3,000, 2,000, 1,000 feet. Down MacDonald goes... until only a few hundred feet over the bay. Then he and the two Lightning pilots behind search the waters below and around. They continue the search until gas tanks are about empty. Still MacDonald is not satisfied. He heads for home, heart heavy. If Smitty is down there in the water, he wants to spot him before the Japanese do.

Coming in February MEN:

THE SURVIVOR

Somehow this rugged Navy pilot named Adam Land wound up with the Pacific War's strangest assignment to lead a team of brawling, brass-hating Marines, disguised as Polynesian medicine men, on a series of incredible "surfboard raids" against a chain of heavily fortified Japanese-occupied islands. For six months Land and his men did more damage to the enemy than a squadron of B-17's. Then, his tiny band shot to pieces, his own body bullet-riddled, help less on an island crawling with enemy soldiers, he became the quarry in WWII's fiercest, most brutal manhunt—

SENSATIONAL BEST SELLER—MEN'S COMPLETE BOOK BONUS
On Sale Jan. 7

In fifteen minutes the three 432nd Lightnings are approaching Dulag once again. It is late afternoon. MacDonald comes straight in and lands without losing a minute. Behind him the other two Lightnings touch down. As soon as he taxis to his revetment, MacDonald orders *Putt-Putt* refueled. He will go back one more time—to search for Smitty. Though having flown three missions already, and thoroughly

whipped down from the excitement and strain of combat, MacDonald will take off again.

From among the other pilots three volunteers to accompany him back to Ormoc Bay. Two are the pilots who flew the last mission, on which Smitty was lost. In a few minutes four Lightnings are gassed up and ready to go. For the fourth time today, with the sun now lowering in the west over the palm trees, MacDonald pushes black knobbed throttles to the stop. *Putt-Putt* bows down the sloppy runway. Three yellow-spinnared Lightnings follow him off. Turning immediately into the west, MacDonald pours on power to reach the bay as soon as possible.

The bay comes into view ahead and MacDonald stunts out to the area where the Zekes and Japs jumped his flight earlier in the afternoon. Down low, throttles eased back, the Lightnings circle and weave above the waves. Each of the four pilots continuously covers the surface of the water around them... they hope to spot a dinghy bobbing out the choppy surf. But the search goes on in vain. The Lightnings find no sign of life. The December sky grows dimmer and dimmer. There's not much time left. Until the last minute MacDonald continues the futile search. Then, at last, reluctantly, he calls the three Lightnings and tells them the flight will go home.

Darkness is falling as the four Lightnings arrive over Dulag for the last time December 7. Wearily, MacDonald sits *Putt-Putt* down on the muddy strip and rolls to the turn-off. Stars are already out in the Philippine sky... it has been a long day.

Several minutes later at group operations, discussing with intelligence officers the hectic battles of the day, MacDonald is called to the telephone. It is Fighter Command... General Paul "Squaw" Wurt-

GOOD JOBS WAITING

...for the Young in Heart!

Hotels, Motels, Clubs

Call for Trained Men and Women

Fresh out of school? Count a few gray hairs? Whatever your age — you are wanted in the hotel, motel, and club field as long as you are "young in heart!" And you STAY young because your work is stimulating, fascinating, alive!

You are surrounded by an ever-changing picture of people and events. Waiting for you are exciting, ever-growing opportunities to luxurious hotels, thrilling resorts, glamorous clubs, beautifully appointed new motels.

Lewis training qualifies you, quickly, easily, at home, in leisure time, or through resident classes in Washington. Thousands of Lewis graduates are now succeeding as Managers, Hostesses, Assistant Managers, Stewards, and in 55 other types of important, well-paid positions.

You've seen them—even envied them—for the life they live is so thrillingly "different." Yet, not so long ago, most of them knew no more—perhaps less—about hotel, motel or club work than you do right now: 9 out of 10 of them had no previous experience. What they have done — YOU can do.

You Can Step Into a Well-Paid Position Qualified to "Make Good"

Soon—very soon you can join the countless Lewis graduates now "making good." A happy, ever-growing future awaits you in this business: previous experience has proved unnecessary and you are not dropped when you are over 40. Send for Free Book Today.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Room YMA-125-95, Washington 37, D.C.

LOVES HOSTESS JOB
Thousands of Lewis-trained women hold fascinating, well-paid positions at hotel-motel-hostess.



Send for Free Book Today. Our FREE book, "Your Golden Opportunity," explains how you are registered FREE OF EXTRA COST in Lewis Nationwide Placement Service—qualified to "make good."

Accredited Member NHC Approved for All Values Training



ENJOY YOUR WORK

Meet interesting people, use luxurious hotel facilities in your pick of exciting positions.



BE AN EXECUTIVE

Nothing says "no lack of experience" better than a frank from a disfigured, unemployed, and unemployed in this field.



WANT TO RETIRE? Here's an exciting new "second career!" With living costs making it almost impossible to retire on a small pension or income, many mature people and retired service personnel have turned to Lewis Training as a tested and proved shortcut to EXTRA INCOME. Step into a well-paid position in Florida, California, anywhere where life is easier.

MAIL COUPON NOW! NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

Lewis Hotel Training School Room YMA-125-95, Washington 37, D.C.

49th SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Please send me your Free Book, "Your Golden Opportunity." I am interested in opportunities checked below:

☐ Hotels ☐ Motels ☐ Clubs
☐ Institutions ☐ Restaurants ☐ Apartments
Please check: ☐ Home Study ☐ Resident Training

Name (Please Print Name and Address)

Address

City Zone State

smith. How did the 175th Group do today? MacDonald says the count isn't completed, but that 175th did well. Wurtsmith recalled many enemy planes were destroyed during the day, he says. He tells MacDonald and other U.S. outfits did themselves proud. "Wasn't that something about Jerry Johnson?" he asks. He got three today? Then Wurtsmith asks MacDonald "How many did you get?"

I got three too. MacDonald replies.

FINAL figures showed Fifth Air Force shot down sixty-four Japanese planes on the 7th. The 175th Group accounted for twenty-eight of these. In addition a number of ships in the Japanese convoys were sunk with an estimated loss of 4,000 Japanese troops—sent to reinforce the enemy's positions on the northwest coast of Leyte. Japanese interference with the American convoy was beaten back with surprisingly low losses. One American destroyer had been sunk, and one small transport. The 7th Division was safely ashore and fighting.

Despite the victory, MacDonald was depressed over the loss of Smitty and Captain Pee Wee Dahl, whom he had ordered to take over the squadron that morning when he found himself low on fuel and had to go home early. Dahl had been shot down in the fight which developed after MacDonald departed.

He had bailed out and landed in Ormoc Bay, with hands and hair burned badly from fire which enveloped his plane as he jumped out in the middle of four enemy destroyers. The Japs on the nearest ship began to shout excitedly, and then a machine gun opened fire on him. Dahl played dead. The destroyer came closer and stopped engines to look him over at close range.

One bullet hit and creased his head and Dahl had concluded he was done for when the sound of approaching B-25's frightened the Japanese. The destroyer suddenly steamed off, leaving him five hundred yards from shore. At dusk a strong wind blew him toward shore. As he approached he noticed two patrols—one to his right and one to the left. He headed for a spot between them. Reaching shore exhausted, he nevertheless ran up into the woods about a hundred feet from the beach. He crouched in some thick bushes.

Soon he heard approaching feet. He pulled out his first aid kit and held it up in front of him. Then two feet stopped beside him. A face peered the bushes—a brown face. He pulled the trigger. "Click! Wet powder! Lucky for him, for these were Philippine scouts who took him to a guerrilla hide-out. Many Japs were still in the area. The Filipinos applied coconut oil to his burns and two weeks later Pee Wee walked into the American fighter base—with a monkey on his shoulder!

MacDonald and other pilots of the 475th and 432nd Squadron were elated to see him. Smitty wasn't so lucky. He was never heard from again.

FOR courageous leadership on December 7 and for the destruction of three enemy fighters personally, and twenty-eight by squadrons under his command, MacDonald was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

When he totaled his awards and decorations after the war, it was one of many. He had won the Distinguished Service Cross and cluster the Silver Star with cluster the Distinguished Flying Cross with five other decorations, numerous Air Medals and many other decorations. Moreover he ended the war as the third highest-scoring fighter ace in the Far East and the fifth highest in aerial kills in all theaters with twenty-seven victories.

SECRETARY

continued from page 21

girls on the assembly line. This one's too high class for you. She's been to college.

"Whatever you say, Mister Ryan. Connelly answered barely concealing his bitterness. The reference to college hurt, but there was nothing more to be said. Ryan was the boss. Connelly was just another guy with a night high school diploma who had clawed his way up to assistant production manager after a couple of years on the assembly line.

But when Connelly came out of Ryan's office the look of invitation on the new girl's face was unmistakable. He tried to avoid responding.

Chief says for you to type these up right away," he said curtly, tossing a sheaf of papers on her desk.

"You think in this afternoon will be okay?" she asked, smiling at him with a look that seemed somehow like an intimate suggestion—something about the delivery, the way she formed the words, the touch of heat in her eyes.

"How should I know? Ask him," he shot back sharply, trying to hide the growing flush of interest and pleasure he felt as he looked at her. She was wearing a V-necked white shirt made of some soft material that clung to her breasts. From the deep opening the curve of her bosom bled up over the edge of a lace-trimmed bralette.

The girl's expression changed into a cold prettiness. "If you're going to look down the front of my dress," she said, "the least you could do is speak politely to me."

"Well, maybe you'd better button it up," Connelly said, turning on his heel and striding angrily down to the plant floor.

IN the next few weeks, though, Connelly found more and more excuses to go up to Ryan's office. There were plans to pick up work orders, an number of things the daily messenger service could have delivered, but he liked to ask for things that had to be dug out of the files. Then he could stand off a bit and watch her lithe, bodystoop or stretch, accentuating her firm buttocks, her primed breasts. At first she was chilly, but soon she began to warm up to him again and more and more frequently Connelly began using his few moments of spare time each day kidding with her, teasing and joking in an easy-by-play that skimmed lightly along the surface of powerful attraction that kept threatening to break out into the open.

But Ryan was always watching her. When Connelly stopped at the girl's desk he would be conscious of the boss's eyes staring at them through the glass partition that divided the office from the reception area. Sometimes when they were together in Ryan's office as the boss dictated some report Connelly would glance at her quickly and those pale, yellowish-green eyes of hers would be looking at him with a tender, heated expression cooled only by a semi-transparent mask of restraint. When their eyes met she would blush a little and turn her head quickly back to her work, the blush triggering deep in Connelly a vicious strong tremor of itching desire.

Once Ryan caught them at it. "Are you working here or making eyes?" he said his voice a cold threat, then began dictating again, almost without a lapse. Another time, they had walked to the parking lot together at quitting time. When they got there, however, Ryan was waiting for her in his car. As she got in she gave Connelly a mother-

tary look of hot appeal and apology, but before he could respond the car moved away.

The boss couldn't be watching her all the time, though. Finally, he was called away for a meeting on the Coast. There was an air of freedom in the plant as everyone relaxed. Girls on the assembly line bantered freely with the foremen. Before long the light-headed, picnic car's away feeling spread throughout the place, but Connelly in his small office on the mezzanine overlooking the assembly line floor somehow felt left out. A small, insistent signal that seemed to come from deep inside his guts was calling him up to Ryan's office where she would be working now without those hard suspicious eyes watching her every movement. He tried to resist, but this time there was a set of blueprints he really needed. He picked up the phone to call the messenger department, hesitated, then hung up and went upstairs.

Well, hello," she greeted him. "I waited you today. I was sure you'd be up before long."

"I've been busy working. Look, I need the blueprints on the expansion job." He walked over to the files and began rummaging through them.

Is that all you came up for? she asked as she helped him look for the plans, her movement creating a flash against his shoulder, her breath warm against his ear.

"Is there anything else you think I want?" he answered without looking up. She was silent for a moment. "Well, here they are," he said, pulling the blue sheets of paper out of the long flat drawer and turning to go. Their faces were now very close. Her pale, freckled skin was flushed. Her mouth moved slightly, as though she were going to say something, but instead she just looked at him. He would have to lean only a few inches to kiss her, he thought suddenly as a flash of heat flooded up through his body.

"Don't. Please, don't," she whispered, trading in his mind. She moved away from him, but he held her. "I'm finished with my lunch time. I'm better be going," she began hurriedly to put on her coat. Connelly moved to help her. She stood almost limp as he adjusted the collar around her neck. They were so close that her buttocks were touching the middle of his body, but she did not draw away. She reached up and held his hands which were treacherously close to her breasts. Connelly felt his head moving down almost of its own accord to kiss the white skin of the side of her neck, his lips lingering as she made no reaction, no move to get away. Then in seconds it was over as she pulled quickly away from him.

Please don't do that again," she said, her face averted from him. "I'm sorry, I led you on. It will only mean trouble for both of us."

"Whatever you want," said Connelly, letting a long tension-filled breath escape from his knotted chest. A boiling heat of frustrated desire broke a trembling sweat all over his skin and he left, feeling her hot green eyes following him all the way.

FOR the rest of the afternoon Connelly's mind was in turmoil. The spot on his shoulder where her breast had touched him seemed to have an electrical flame on it. He could almost feel the heat of her small behind against his belly. The air he breathed appeared to be filled with the light moist scent of her perfumed white neck. He was unable to work, unable to think of anything except her delicately freckled skin, her lips the blush that spread up out of her breasts into her neck and face when he looked at her. He could see Ryan's hard hand grasping her arm and pulling her into his car that day in the parking lot as

had stood helplessly and he could hear in his mind Ryan's icy words, "This one's too high class for you."

Then, just before quitting time his phone buzzed—the direct line from Ryan's office. It was the girl.

"Are you going to bring those plans back today?" she asked. "I want to look up the files."

"Can't you send someone down for them? I'm busy," Connelly answered, trying to ignore the opportunity she was giving him again.

"It's kind of late, you know. Besides those prints aren't supposed to be handled carelessly. They're too important. Ryan would flip if he found out they were left out over night."

"I'll be up in a few minutes," Connelly replied and jammed the receiver down.

When he got upstairs she was ready to leave. Her coat already on. As she went to put the plans away he found himself watching her again. She stooped down to the file cabinet and her skirt hiked up in the back revealing her long, straight, soft legs. For a moment Connelly had an almost overpowering desire to go up to her and place his hand under her lifted skirt on the white flesh above her stocking. She rose and turned quickly, as if his thought had reached her.

"Look," he said, trying to sound casual, although his throat seemed congealed and dry, "why don't you let me take you to dinner tonight? I know a place down the road where we can have some steaks and a few drinks."

"Sorry... I... I really don't think so," she answered. "I mean I have to work late. I was just going out for a bite. It's coming back tomorrow and I have to finish typing this report." Her coat was hanging open and her breasts, two small, soft animals

struggling beneath her blouse, rose and fell quickly in short, shallow breaths.

"Too bad," Connelly said sharply and began to leave. He was almost out the door when she called to him.

"Wait. All right, let's do it," she smiled. "There's not that much work left. But only if you promise to get me back early."

"I promise," said Connelly, reaching for her hand.

In the restaurant, the steaks were good and the drinks relaxed them. They sat side by side in the upholstered leather booth. Her thighs were not against his and as they talked sometimes she would emphasize a point by touching him lightly on the arm, her hand lingering for a moment. She told him about college. He told her about his work, how he had studied at night for a high school diploma, the hours he was spending now trying to keep up with correspondence courses, the way he had fought to get off the assembly line. When he told her how Ryan had picked him off the line and made him his assistant she grew thoughtful.

"It means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

"It's a big chance for a guy like me. I mean, I haven't got a fancy education or anything but I really know how to run that shop," he answered.

"Then don't worry about education. Most of the boys I knew in school wouldn't have been able to run a trolley car. That's why I left. I like men who can run things."

"Like Ryan?"

"Ryan doesn't own me. Does he own you?" she asked, looking him full in the face, her eyes filled with the same heat that was pouring out of her body against him.

"No, he doesn't," said Connelly, putting his hand on her thigh. She caught his hand in hers and pressed it into her lap for just a moment. Her mouth was open and moist, the flush of the alcohol rising into her eyes.

In her neck a vein throbbled. She drew his hand away from her and put it on the table.

"I think maybe we better go," she said. "It's getting late."

In the car on the way back they were silent, but there was an electrical current tying them together. When they got to the plant parking lot they both sat motionless for a moment. Connelly could feel that electricity itching and tickling inside his belly. As he reached over to open the door and let her out, his arm touched her breast and the noiseless spark that came out of her body set off an explosive charge deep inside him. Before she could move away, he reached for her, pressing his mouth against her moving lips, pushing his chest against her soft breasts. Her hands reached up behind his neck and drew him closer and her mouth opened. He could feel her tongue and the wet and urgent insides of her hot mouth. He reached for her breast with one hand, for her lap with the other, struggling to get his fingers beneath her skirt and panties as her legs locked convulsively, then relaxed in a trembling movement of invitation and surrender.

"Please," she moaned into his mouth. "Not in the car. Someone will see us." Her body twitched against him violently and then was still for a few seconds. She pulled out of his arms and got out of the car, straightening her skirt, her face white and her eyes wild. He moved to follow her. She stopped and came back to him and took his face in her hands as he sat on the edge of the car seat. "No more please, no more," she pleaded, kissed him lightly on the lips, turned and ran into the plant. Connelly watched her run and leaned his head back on the seat, trying to control his taut and bursting body. A shiver of near pain ripped through him and then, suddenly, he was in control again. But as

BEAT THIS FOR A NEW JOB!

Pays Up to \$8 an Hour—No Selling—No College Education Required

A half-million fires, storms, accidents daily create a wonderful money-making opportunity for men over 19.

Let us show you how you can become an accident investigator. Train right at home in leisure time. Scores of men thus trained by us are making good money. Dave Durant jumped his income to \$7500 a month as he began work. C. F. Henderson boosted his salary 33% per cent, plus a car and expenses. Robert Pritchard reports companies in his territory are offering trained beginners \$8,000 a year, plus car. Lots of men are earning up to \$8 an hour on a part time basis. Liberty School Philippine Graduate, Art Victoria, writes: "I recommend Liberty School to anyone seeking a better status in life."

Earn Extra Benefits as Your Own Boss!

Today there are good openings for investigators in every state. Our special method of training you at home (We are approved as a Private Business School by the State of Illinois) makes it an easier matter for you to step right into this increasingly important field.



CAR IS FURNISHED, EXPENSES PAID

You can either be employed by an insurance firm, or operate your own investigating business. Independent investigators make as much as \$8 an hour—can make \$1,000 and more a month. Mail the coupon and let us show you how to get into this highly profitable business. Many men begin part time while holding another job—expand to full time later.

Company investigators are given many extra benefits, such as private auto, entertainment expenses, family insurance, personal secretary and retirement program. Our placement service provides FREE employment help. We have requests from many insurance firms looking for men with our training.

No Previous Experience or Higher Education Needed to Get Started

Eric McNair, President of Liberty School of Claim Investigating was an expert accident investigator for years. He knows this business inside and out. Let him prove that he can show you how you can get launched in this exciting new business in just a matter of weeks! Your very first check might easily pay for the entire course.

Send today for the FREE BROCHURE. Asking for it does not obligate you in any way. Mail the coupon or send your name and address on a postcard to Liberty School, Dept. 71 1139 W. Park, Libertyville, Illinois.

MAIL TODAY FOR FREE BROCHURE



Eric P. McNair, Pres., Dept. 71
Liberty School of Claim Investigating
1139 W. Park
Libertyville, Illinois

Please rush me your FREE BROCHURE describing Big Money Opportunities in the Booming Accident Investigating Field. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way, and no sales call will call upon me.

Name Age
Address
City Zone State

THE PLANNED CHINESE TAKEOVER OF SOUTH AMERICA

Schooled in the jungles of Southeast Asia, polished at special Peking sub version circles, an army of ice-hard dedicated ChiCom agents have invaded every Latin American country from Guatemala to Argentina, spreading a net of revolution and guerrilla war that could plant a Red terror empire right on the United States' southern doorstep. Now a continent-hopping reporter gives the full, horrifying story of Mao's blueprint for conquest - and our own frantic steps to stop it—

EXCLUSIVE EXPOSE IN FEB. MEN
On Sale Jan. 7

he drove home he could still feel small tremors of heat tickling out of his hairy like fine lines of strong acid.

At home, Connelly forced himself to relax. He mixed himself a stiff drink, then another, took out his current correspondence course and tried to work, but he felt distracted, waiting. Then the phone rang. As he picked it up he knew—or maybe hoped—it was the girl. It was. She was still down at the plant. She couldn't figure out a whole section of her stereo notes for Ryan's report.

"Can you help me figure it out?" she asked. Connelly had her read some of it over the phone. She could make out a few words but most of it was garbled. Still, he thought he knew what was missing. He had been there when Ryan dictated the report, but he couldn't remember exactly what the production boss had said. He needed plans and reports he and Ryan had worked out together, and they were down at the plant. "Can't this wait until tomorrow?" Connelly asked.

"Please, I don't know. He's coming back at 9:30 and he wants it. That's all that counts. You know how he is." Her voice seemed on the point of tears.

"All right," Connelly gave in. "I'll be there in about twenty minutes."

As he dressed and drove down to the plant, Connelly thought again about the girl, a small feeling of excitement beginning to stir again in his stomach. The past few weeks of playing rat and mouse had been bad enough. Today had been torture. Now he was going to be alone with her in the deserted factory. As he pulled up to the gate he could feel himself again becoming aroused at the thought and even reminding himself that if he crossed Ryan he was through with no help.

When he got to the plant it was almost totally dark except for the light filtering out of Ryan's office on the second floor. Even the research section was dark though there was usually at least one engineer working late on a knotty problem. He identified himself to the guard and was let in.

"Call me when you're ready to leave," the man said. "I'll want to turn out those corridor lights. We're shorthanded tonight and there's no one in the plant to do it."

"I'll call you. We probably won't be long." He walked quickly to the office, his footsteps clicking through the empty halls. When he got there she was curled up on Ryan's leather sofa, her head buried in her arms and her red hair falling about her neck.

"Hey," he said gently, touching her warm arm. "Hey, wake up. We've got work to do."

"Ohh," she sighed, and looked up at him

with dreamy, sleepy eyes and a small smile stifling a little yawn. "I thought I would close my eyes for just a minute and then I guess I fell asleep." She stretched lazily and her bosom pulled tautly back pointed up at him, two sharp peaks pressing against her blouse.

He reached down to draw her up from the sofa and suddenly he found his face so close to hers that he could see the tiny wrinkles around her eyes and the paper white gloss of her bared teeth. They paused momentarily, suspended in time. He looked into her eyes and seeing the invitation there put his lips against hers as an almost terrifying urgency began to spill up out of his body.

Her wet mouth writhed under his. They clung together kissing, their bodies pumping against each other, against the smooth, warm leather of the couch; but then as suddenly as they had made contact they were apart.

"Please, ohh, please," she moaned, raticating her body from him in a quick movement that left him lying on the sofa while she stood and straightened her clothing. A flash of white silk caught his eyes as she tucked her shirt into her tight skirt. "We can't. We can't." But Connelly knew her voice was really saying yes, yes.

For a moment he made a struggling attempt to relax his body. There was work to do and there was danger with this girl. He let his breath out in a long, shuddering sigh and got up and went to the file where his notes were. She sat silently at Ryan's desk, a wet gleam of moisture still on her mouth and lips from their kiss.

FOR about a half an hour they worked quickly and efficiently. Connelly reconstructed the boss's memo from his own notes and dictated them to her while she took his words down directly on the typewriter. When he was finished he lay back down on the sofa and she completed typing the rest of the report. Fortunately the missing portion had been close to the end and it only took her a few minutes to complete the work.

But those few minutes were enough for Connelly to fall into a light sleep. It was late and he had been into the plant at six o'clock that morning, it felt good to close his eyes and doze while her typewriter chattered quickly. Then he felt a hand slowly and gently shaking his shoulder. This time, it appeared, it was her turn to wake him up.

He opened his eyes and looked up at her. Her hair was falling over her face and her white skin was flushed. The open neck of her blouse yeped forward. She was wearing a tiny brassiere which pushed her bosom up and out and Connelly could see globes of her breasts, the pink arcs of her nipples edging above the line of the bra.

She stared into his eyes, her own pupils

suddenly dilating in response to the power pouring out of him.

"Don't. Don't," she said, but her throaty voice was deep and full of sex and the tight lines of her body were tense, ready to explode.

Savagely, Connelly drew her down to him. Her legs seemed to give way under her when his hand touched her and she fell against him, pressing her open throat and chest against his lips as his hand reached down rapturously . . .

When their short, urgent lovemaking was finished and their moaning cries at the climax already almost forgotten they lay spent in each other's arms on the sofa. Connelly's pants were crumpled on the floor and his shirt was open. She struggled kitten-like against the skin and curly hair of his chest. His hand lay easily on her bare legs. Her shoes, stockings, panties and skirt were tangled in a crazy array shoved down in the cushions at the end of the sofa.

"What do you think Ryan will do when he finds out?" Connelly asked her.

"Why should he do anything?" she whispered into his chest.

"Well, I mean, you two seem to be meeting each other or something."

The girl pushed herself up and away from him and started to laugh. She leaned forward and rumbled Connelly's hair.

"Going together?" she laughed. "He's old enough to be my father. In fact he's one of my father's best friends and he promised he would take care of me here when I took the job."

"Still," said Connelly, a gleam of relief welling up in him. "Isn't he going to be angry?"

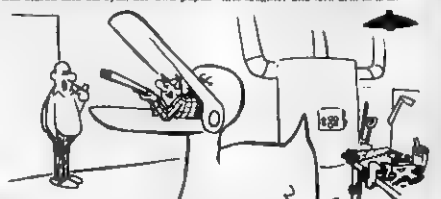
"You leave him to me. His bark is worse than his bite. And besides," she said, "He doesn't have to ever know anything at all, and as they laughed together this time they kissed again and then with an almost unspeakable sense of freedom and intimacy slowly made love once more, this time drawing out to a peak of wild pleasure in which they both collapsed moaning and exhausted.

Later, after they dressed and walked out to the corridor where they waited for the guard to come and turn out the lights she turned to him with a soft look in her eyes.

"That was really wonderful, baby, really wonderful," and she took the back of his hand and drew it to her mouth and kissed it, flicking her small, wet tongue over the sensitive skin. He would have grabbed her again, but he heard the guard's footsteps down the hall.

"Working pretty late, eh?" asked the guard as they walked back with him to the parking lot. "Well that's what it is when you try to get ahead in the world."

"Yeah," said Connelly, with a smile for Ryan's secretary. "Yeah, that's what it is. You have to work hard." And as the astonished guard looked on the two broke into laughter and left, arm-in-arm. . . .



"1911" never works.

YOUNG GIRLS

continued from page 15

granted—without any mystery."

"But don't let anyone tell you there aren't plenty of sex-happy people at these resorts," says a New York stage actor, a devoted nudist himself. "Without exception there's a hard-core in every camp who look for nothing else but new thrills in sex—and believe me they find it. Don't let anybody kid you."

Marilyn was an attractive blonde from Philadelphia who went to a resort near Camden, New Jersey, on a sudden urge. She had little difficulty adjusting in the life there, finding it very easy to appear nude in front of others and also discovering that she enjoyed looking at graceful nude bodies. She swam, played ring tennis, and slept 12 hours a day. One evening a tall brunette, who had been friendly to her, said, "A gang of us are going up to Momma Jo's tonight. Want to come along?"

Marilyn had heard Momma Jo's mentioned frequently at camp, and thought it was a restaurant. Since she had grown tired of the camp's vegetarian diet, she readily said yes. She wanted an evening away from the camp, too, and looked forward to wearing clothes for a change. Three carloads of men and women from the camp drove to Momma Jo's that evening.

Marilyn's first shock was to discover that Momma Jo's was not a restaurant. It was a large farmhouse, and Momma Jo was a bubbly woman with sparkling eyes. She took five dollars from everyone upon entering, and Marilyn handed over her admis-

sion fee without asking questions. There were several well-dressed men and women inside whom Marilyn had never seen at camp. They looked like solid, middle-class people.

"All right, folks, what'll it be first?" Momma Jo announced. "Movies or games?"

"We're sick of games," a nudist shouted, and everyone laughed. Marilyn felt an eerie pricking at the back of her neck.

The lights dimmed, a projector flicked on, and a movie began. It was not like any movie Marilyn had ever seen before. She heard peculiar sounds around her, and in a panic looked for the brunette who had invited her. She couldn't find her, but noticed couples going up the stairs.

A hand touched her. "You taken?"

"For what?"

"For this," and then a man was kissing her, leading her up the stairs, his hands everywhere. He found an empty bedroom, took her inside. "Might as well have privacy for this one..."

"But—but—" she stammered, feeling her bra being unsnapped. She saw that her partner was the camp's volleyball captain, a bronzed muscular man. "I didn't know this was supposed to go on at a nudist camp?"

"It's not. That's why Momma Jo's in business."

Later Marilyn found out that most camps have establishments like Momma Jo's nearby for the "hard-core" people. She also found out that she thoroughly enjoyed what she experienced there. Now she wouldn't consider a stay at the resort without a side trip or two to Momma Jo's. She has introduced a few girls to the place—as she herself was taken there.

ONE problem in the nudist world is simply in finding out where the camps are—and being admitted. For admittance to most of

the 100-odd camps in this country, a person must fill out a long form and have a personal interview with the camp director. Advertisements for camps appear in sunbathing magazines and there are enthusiasts everywhere to explain the ropes.

Surprisingly few people (female as well as male) are shocked by the idea of going to a nudist colony and everyone seems interested in what goes on there. Among nudists there are ministers, teachers, doctors, lawyers and insurance salesmen. "No one can ever be sure who really might be a nudist. It might be the pretty girl sitting beside you on the bus, or a beautiful star in the movies. One man, a secret nudist, attended a PTA meeting recently and watched a haughty, formidable woman read the financial report. She seemed the last person on earth you'd ever encounter on the nudist volleyball court, but guess where the man had last seen her? 'Alt I could see as she stood up front reading that report,' he said, 'was how her full body looked in the sunlight. Man, was that woman stacked! And no one in the audience knew it but me and her husband.'"

Some men find out about nudist camps through a visit to a certain bookstore in mid-Manhattan. Behind the counter stands a stocky brunette named Maxine with hair in a bun and glasses tied around her neck by a string. The store is dimly lit and musky. When a customer slyly takes a book on nudism down from a shelf, trying to hide the cover from view, Maxine suddenly appears beside him.

"Interested?" she says slyly.

"No, just browsing," the man answers, his face coloring.

"I belong to a camp myself. It's only about an hour's train ride from here," She slips him a card. "You can have a hell of a lot of

MEAT CUTTING OFFERS YOU SUCCESS And SECURITY

In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!



Students (above) getting actual practice training in meat cutting in only their 3rd day at school. Students (below) getting actual practice training on power saw. Students train on all the latest power tools and equipment.



TRAIN QUICKLY in 3 short weeks for a job with a bright and secure future in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Good pay, full-time jobs, year-round income, no lay-offs—**HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!**

LEARN BY DOING

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big, modern, cutting and processing rooms and retail meat market. Expert instructors show you how—then you do each job yourself. Nearly a million dollars worth of meat is cut, processed, displayed and merchandised by National students yearly!

PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 3-week course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. FREE nationwide employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. **OUR 42nd YEAR!**

FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send coupon for big, fully illustrated, National School catalog showing students in training. See for yourself what rapid progress you can make. We meet you cut all equipment you train with. No obligation. No salesman will call. **FOR REAL JOB SECURITY, get all the facts NOW! G.I. Approved.**

National School Of Meat Cutting
Dept. M-58 Toledo 4, Ohio

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, Dept. M-58, Toledo 4, Ohio
Send me your FREE illustrated school catalog showing me how I can quickly train for **SUCCESS AND SECURITY** in Meat Cutting, Meat Merchandising and Beef Service Meats. No obligation. No salesman will call. Approved for veterans.

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

fun up there if you're one type of guy. And don't buy that book. It's junk."

Maxine has recruited over 50 men to her camp in this manner. During lunch hour, she often practices nudism in the back storeroom, inviting select customers to join her. Naked except for her glasses that hang on her chest, she parades back and forth, lecturing on the benefits of nudism. "See how simple it is to show what nature has given you? Look at my breasts. Observe my hips. I'm not ashamed of them in the least."

A Boston gynecologist uses his office to recruit certain women into nudism. His nurse is also a nudist. Having an undressed patient stretched out on the examining table, he pruds and pokes, saying, "I believe what you need, young lady, is a couple of weeks in the sun. Have you ever tried sunbathing?"

"Once," the girl says. "It was in private on my roof—but I was always afraid of someone peeping."

"Try this camp if you like." The doctor hands her a card. "You'll get over your fear of peeping in a hurry, there."

Most nudists emphasize the healthful side of sunbathing and minimize everything else connected with it. But one nudist crowd that gives no lip service to health is the one that holds parties on Long Island's exclusive North Shore. This group does not recruit members; in fact, it's about as easy to make a million dollars or become a Hollywood star as it is to be admitted to its inner circle. Composed of Broadway producers, Wall Street wonder boys, international call girls, world famous beauties, the set regularly meets at the fenced-off estate of a slightly demented man we'll call Tommy. Having inherited over five million dollars when he was 21, Tommy has never had a profession and boasts that he has never worked one day in his life—except in the interest of bizarre nudism.

As guests arrive at Tommy's estate for the week-end, they're carefully checked by a guard. Once inside the mansion, they chat and move around as if it were to be a typical country week end for the very rich. Several well-known movie people can be seen, but they command little notice. The center of attention is a famous producer we'll call Alex who drives up in a truck.

"What's the production this week end?" someone shouts.

"The Taming of the Shrew," he calls back happily. "Pick out your costume!"

Alex brings wardrobe from plays he's produced over the years. The men and women scramble over items of clothing. One short, heavy-set man—a book pub-

lisher—grabs a woman's outfit. A pretty Newport debutante, who is an expert tennis player, picks up a Renaissance dress complete with cone-shaped hat. No one is left out. Alex dresses as a court jester. Tommy as a medieval alchemist.

"It may seem strange to start a nudist week end by dressing up," says a woman novelist, who is a member of the group, "but it whets your appetite for what's to come and allows everyone to get in a child's frame of mind. That's the fun of being a nudist—becoming an unabashed child in an adult's body."

People in peculiar finery move through the estate. They speak in stage voices, and assume outlandish roles. A strikingly beautiful, red-haired actress wears the costume of a Roman noble woman. She speaks in a stilted, priggish voice and commands various men to wait on her. No one ever makes a sexual move at this point in the week end. If he does, he's never admitted again.

The guests remove their clothing gradually, often taking as long as six hours. A woman will part her dress or slowly lower her bodice—and that starts a gradual process. One or two girls perform deliberate stripteases. Eventually everyone is nude, and out of costume. The drinks are wheeled out, and the party moves into high gear. Couples pair up and romp about the estate, embracing eagerly. A man who has been playing Romeo might select a Juliet—or he might pick a Can Can dancer as a change of style. Tommy walks around, making certain that everyone is nude. If he finds a girl even partially clad, he sees that the clothing is torn off immediately. "A few of the girls actually keep some apparel on," says the woman novelist, "simply for the pleasure of having Tommy rip it off."

AND the most jaded of the lot is, of course, Tommy. In the last hours of the week end he officiates at a wrestling match between two strong girls. He keeps a permanent record of every girl's physical prowess, and has them rated from Champion to Top Contender, and on down the line. The current Champion is a rawboned Park Avenue call girl nicknamed Friday. She and her opponent fought the best two out of three falls—totally nude.

"We really wrestle too," says Friday. "Tommy goes into a wild fit if we don't give it everything we've got. Also, he gives the winner a couple of thousand after each match. It's lucky I was once married to a wrestler. I learned a lot of holds from him, and there's not a girl in New York who can beat me. I met Tommy a few months ago on a yacht party. It was the luckiest break of

my life...."

Tommy spends a great deal of time investigating the backgrounds of prospective members. He tries to make absolutely sure that he admits no one who might laugh at him or his antics. When a certain well-known musical comedy star broke down in uncontrollable hysteria at Tommy's announcement of a wrestling match, he threw all his guests out of the estate. "That's nothing the least bit funny about girls wrestling in the nude," Tommy states emphatically. "In ancient Greece, Spartan girls performed gymnastics in the nude, and nothing pleased the Greek aesthetes more than a wrestling match between two well-developed maidens. Has our civilization advanced further than that of the Greeks? Not at all. Every day we learn something from the Greeks—in diplomacy, in philosophy, in art. The Greeks were the first serious nudists. I don't give a damn about these sun-worshipping nuts and raw carrot eaters. To me, nudism is getting the greatest possible thrill out of the human body. That's what we do at my house, that's all."

Tommy's group is not the only one that pays scant attention to the sun. Many people practice nudism in their homes. Figures on the exact number aren't available, of course, but some psychologists say more Americans do it than might be imagined. Benjamin Franklin practiced nudism for an hour before breakfast as a "bracing tonic bath." The signer of the Declaration of Independence and our first Ambassador to France used to sit before an open window in the morning, letting, in his own words, "cool wind set my vital organs working."

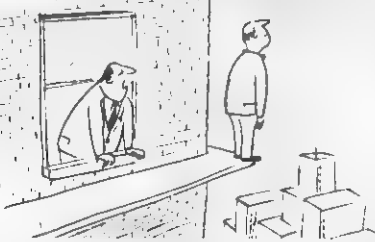
Protest groups have often employed nudism to further their causes. In Canada the *Doukhobors* diatribe in public as a protest against taxes. As a protest against Puritanism in the last century, members of New England's *Experiment*, Brook Farm stood nude before their windows on Sunday morning as righteous churchgoers passed by. Perhaps the most famous protester of all time was the renowned Lady Godiva. To get back at an inufferable husband she rode nude through the village of Coventry rather than submit to his orders. In deference to the great Lady, villagers kept their eyes averted. All that is save one—a tailor named Tom. Hence, the expression *Peeping Tom*.

Many families across the land practice nudism in the privacy of their homes. Once the front door is shut and bolted Mom, Dad, and the kids strip down and leave conventions far behind. (Psychiatrists are divided on the benefits of familial nudism.) Countless single people stride around nude inside their apartments. Melinda is a 22-year-old Manhattan career girl. Every evening in her apartment she takes off all her clothes; it's as natural to her as brushing her teeth. Frequently she neglects to lower her blinds. Once she was talking on the phone when her doorbell rang. Absent-mindedly, she put aside the phone, strode to the door. A Western Union messenger was treated to the sight of a perfectly built young woman completely nude. "Oh, dear, I haven't got a tip on me," she said.

"That's okay, miss," the boy said, nearly swooning. "Thanks just the same."

Delivery boys and messengers have a way of stopping at Melinda's when they have nothing to deliver. She also receives phone calls at all hours from men in the apartment house across the street.

No matter how secure nudists get in their surroundings, there is always the threat of the peeper and the law. Laws regulating nudist activity vary greatly from state to state—much more so than laws concern-



"Sorry, Tilson, but a raise is definitely out of the question...."

19 "PROJECT METHOD" TRAINING PROGRAMS

Check your Course and Mail reply card today.
No postage required.

FREE



Opportunity Book
and Sample Lesson
by return mail.

CLASSROOM TRAINING AT LOS ANGELES
N.T.S. Resident School at Los Angeles in Sunny Southern California. The oldest and largest school of its kind. Check Special Box in Coupon for details.



Accredited
Member
N.H.S.C.



NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

Tear out and mail this card today.
We have no salesmen; this means
lower tuition for you.

**CHECK
ONE
ONLY**

ELECTRONICS DIVISION

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics-TV-Radio
Servicing & Communications | <input type="checkbox"/> FCC License Course |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Master Course In Electronics-
TV-Radio... Advanced TV and
Industrial Electronics | <input type="checkbox"/> Television Servicing
(Including Color) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Servicing
(AM-FM-Transistors) | <input type="checkbox"/> Stereo, Hi-Fi and Sound
Systems |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Basic Electronics |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics Math |

AUTO-MECHANICS DIVISION

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Automotive-Diesel Master
Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Mechanics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Automotive Mechanics | <input type="checkbox"/> Engine Tune-up and
Electricity |

AIR CONDITIONING-REFRIGERATION DIVISION

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning-
Refrigeration
Servicing Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning,
Refrigeration & Electrical
Appliances Master Course |
|---|--|

HOME APPLIANCE DIVISION

- | |
|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Home Appliances Technician's Course |
|--|

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> General Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Course |
| <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Equivalency Course |

Dept. MM-124

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if interested **ONLY** in Resident
Training at Los Angeles.

QUICK, PRACTICAL WAY TO HIGHER PAY LEARN AT HOME

With one of America's leading
Home-Study and Resident
Technical Schools



ENROLL TODAY!
NO FREE INFORMATION!

"NO OBLIGATION" ENROLLMENT

Our N.T.S. "NO OBLIGATION" Enrollment assures your complete satisfaction. A plan that protects you.

STUDENT DIVIDEND PLAN

Our special N.T.S. Student Dividend Plan helps your training pay for itself.

BONUS CLASSROOM TRAINING

Additional training at no extra cost! When you complete any one of most N.T.S. courses you're entitled to extra training in our Studios, Classes and Labs in Los Angeles. Not part of your regular home study training, but valuable extra training.

(FULL DETAILS OF THESE N.T.S. "EXTRAS" EXPLAINED IN FREE INFORMATION YOU WILL RECEIVE).

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

—POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY—

NATIONAL
TECHNICAL
SCHOOLS

FOUNDED 1905
WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905

4000 South Figueroa Street
Los Angeles, California 90037

FIRST CLASS

Permit No. 3087

Los Angeles, Calif.

Move Up Faster — Make More Money With N.T.S. "PROJECT METHOD" HOME TRAINING

Looking for your first real job in industry? Are you stale-mated in a dead-end job? Or, are you being left behind because you're not up on new industry methods? Don't let technical progress — automation — pass you up. There's an N.T.S. Project Method training program to help you MOVE UP FASTER and MAKE MORE MONEY!

N.T.S., a leading technical school for more than 60 years, shop-tests every lesson and manual. Easy-to-follow lessons are fully illustrated so you can learn fast. Look over the big opportunity home study courses below. Choose your field! Check the coupon and mail it today! You'll soon be on your way to a high-paying new career!

ELECTRONICS DIVISION

1. Electronics-TV-Radio Servicing and Communications
2. Master Course in Electronics-TV-Radio Advanced TV and Industrial Electronics
3. FCC License Course

Train yourself quickly for America's "big future" industry! BIG EQUIPMENT KITS come with many of the electronics courses — at NO EXTRA COST! NO KIT DEPOSITS REQUIRED — equipment is included with your tuition.

4. Radio Servicing (AM-FM-Transistor)
5. Television Servicing (Including Color)
6. Stereo, Hi-Fi and Sound Systems
7. Basic Electronics
8. Electronics Math



AUTO-MECHANICS DIVISION

1. Automotive-Diesel Master Course
2. Automotive Mechanics
3. Diesel Mechanics
4. Engine Tune-up and Electricity

Eighty million cars and trucks need maintenance! Here's opportunity for you — in manufacturing, in sales and service — in your own auto repair business! VALUABLE TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT COME WITH ALL N.T.S. AUTO-MECHANICS COURSES! NO KIT DEPOSITS REQUIRED — NO EXTRA COST!



AIR CONDITIONING — REFRIGERATION DIVISION

1. Air Conditioning-Refrigeration Servicing Course
2. Air Conditioning, Refrigeration & Electrical Appliances Master Course

Good income in installation & servicing homes, factories, schools, hotels & motels, office buildings, stores, cars, trains, buses and in servicing electrical appliances. The trained man in these fields is in demand! BOTH COURSES COME WITH BIG EQUIPMENT KITS AT NO EXTRA CHARGE. NO KIT DEPOSITS REQUIRED.



HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME



Learn easily. New modern method. National also offers accredited high school programs for men and women. Take only subjects you need. Study at your own pace. Latest approved textbooks — yours to keep — everything included at one low tuition. Check special High School box III coupon for full information.

HOME APPLIANCES DIVISION

1. Home Appliance Technician's Course

This complete course prepares you quickly for a business of your own or important jobs with manufacturers, distributors and retail sales service. You can earn while you learn by repairing appliances for friends and neighbors. TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT INCLUDED WITH COURSE AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.



Resident Technical Training ■ Los Angeles

You can take classroom training in our famous Resident School at Los Angeles in Sunny Southern California! N.T.S. is the oldest and largest school of its kind. Associate in Science Degree also offered in our Resident Program. Check Resident School box III coupon for full details.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK & SAMPLE LESSON



NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

WORLD-WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905

YOU ENROLL BY MAIL UNDER N.T.S. "NO OBLIGATION" PLAN. WE HAVE NO SALESMEN; THIS MEANS LOWER TUITION FOR YOU.

Accredited Member
National Home
Study Council



NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

WORLD-WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, DEPT. MM-124
4000 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90037

Please rush FREE BOOK AND SAMPLE LESSON on Courses III the Division checked below. No obligation — No salesman will call.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRONICS Division | <input type="checkbox"/> AIR CONDITIONING-REFRIGERATION Division |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AUTO-MECHANICS Division | <input type="checkbox"/> HOME APPLIANCES Division |

☐ HIGH SCHOOL Department

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if interested ONLY in Resident Training at Los Angeles.



'We decided to give you a sporting chance'

ling liquor or burlesque. Stripping in certain parts of Florida is almost a civic duty, whereas in North Carolina (another Southern state) you invite a stiff jail sentence by practicing it. Those devoted to the furtherance of nudism are counterbalanced by those who are violently opposed for one reason or another.

Last June at Camp Mayfair in Pennsylvania members were springing about at volleyball when a housewife named Sally noticed a glint of light from the shrubbery. (Nudists are constantly on guard against the telltale reflection of binoculars). She made a signal, and the members pounced on the shrubbery. They dragged two fighting, screaming women out—one trying to hide some high-powered German binoculars.

The women were young, attractive, but had the unmistakable air of vigilantes. They wore conservative, dark dresses with high blouses, and their expressions were grim. "We're gathering evidence against you people," the tall, buxom one said. "You're a disgrace to yourself and your fig."

"And we can haul you two into court on a misdemeanor charge for trespassing," said housewife Sally, smiling. "You either join us this instant at volleyball—or we call the police. Which will it be?"

THE two women looked at each other. The shorter one—a curly blonde—threw up her hands. "I don't want to go to court."

"All right," sighed the tall, buxom one. "I guess we'll have to do what they want. Didn't I tell you how corrupt these nudists are?"

The trespassers were forced to strip in front of the volleyball players who could not keep grins from their faces. It turned out that the buxom woman wore black bikini briefs which she wiggled out of in anger. The blonde wore sturdy white cotton. They both moved reluctantly to the volleyball court, attempting at times to hide themselves with their hands and blushing profusely. Playing volleyball, they had to lift their hands high in the air, and gradually they caught the spirit of the game.

"Hey," called the blonde, making a smash at the net. "This is fun!"

The tall, buxom woman was at first highly conscious of her enormous breasts. Men had always stared before. But on the court the nudist men seemed more interested in the game. When they did gaze, it was open and natural—as if they were admiring any fine, well-developed muscles. When her self-consciousness finally left her, the woman threw herself wholeheartedly into the game. Never before had she enjoyed such freedom of movement and complete

unrestraint.

Both trespassers became converts to nudism.

As any practitioner will admit, the most difficult moment for any nudist is the first moment he takes off his clothes in front of others. But it's something like skydiving. It gets progressively easier. Women are usually much more modest than men (although not always), and most nudist camps have what is known as a "transition robe." This is a brief, baby-doll type garment that strikes a woman above her knees and which can be parted. A woman wears the "transition robe" her first time out, often walking before a veteran nudist and putting the robe gradually. She loses her modesty in low process this way.

Many women, however, prefer the abrupt method—like learning to swim by jumping in deep water immediately. Fran was a vivacious woman in her late twenties, an administrative assistant for a watch company in New York, who went to a camp one week end in Connecticut. She had wanted to try nudism for some time, and finally got her nerve up. But once inside the camp her courage declined. In fantasy she could imagine herself shedding her clothes, frolicking on the grass, looking at men, doing things with them—but when the possibility became a reality her heart sank.

Most camps permit women to keep their clothes on the first time out, and Fran walked around in hers watching, blushing, keeping her eyes averted. She simply could not look at the bronzed bodies lying on the grass, jumping at games, or sitting at the dinner table. And the "transition robe" seemed too daring for her, also; she couldn't bring herself to put it on.

ALL at once, Fran noticed a nervous-looking man by the edge of the swimming pool. He was a young, handsome man with an outdoor look, and he was fully clothed. Fran hurried up to him.

"You've never done it before either?" "No," he said. "I've always wanted to, but I've never had the guts."

"I'm the same way," Fran turned her head shyly. "Maybe if we both did it together it wouldn't be so difficult. We could jump in the water right after."

"Okay," said the young man. "You change behind that car. I'll get out of my clothes here."

With shaking hands and blushing to the core of her being, Fran stepped out of her clothes behind the parked car. Walking to the pool's edge, she noticed how full and voluptuous her hips were (as if they belonged to someone else), and how gently her breasts moved up and down.

She only glanced at the man to see that he was not tan all over, and then dove in the water. She had never swum in the nude before, and it gave her a delicious feeling. The man splashed up beside her, and playfully dunked her head under water. She bobbed up, throwing her arms around his neck, and they carried on like children at a summer game. In fact, it reminded Fran of early girlhood moments. But before she could reason with herself, the stranger began embracing her fully—and not in a child's manner. Fran hesitated, opened her green eyes wide, then joyously threw herself into love-making with the man in the water. She had never experienced such an exhilarating sensation.

That evening, as she sat nude at the dining table (and not self-consciously), she remarked, "Say, where's that bushy-haired fellow who was down at the pool this afternoon? Doesn't he eat with the rest of us?"

"Oh, you must mean the gas company guy," said the girl beside her. "He only comes in every three months to read the meter. He's not a nudist, baby."

Men nudists often find themselves in sexual predicaments. An insurance salesman from Wilmington was doing well at a colony until he noticed a fly crawling over the anatomic body of a Latin American girl. "I was really keeping a check on myself until I saw that," he recounted. "When that darn fly made its way up over her upper thigh, I nearly went out of my mind. She didn't do anything to sweat it, like most people do with flies, and I knew she enjoyed the sensation. That night I slipped in her cabin like a madman, and it was as if she'd been waiting for me like Christmas."

A Philadelphia lawyer will call Ralph but his reserve in another way. "I was determined that I was going to abide by the rules of the colony I went to," he stated. "No alcohol, no meat, no sex. I was never much of a drinker, and it's not too hard to give up meat, so I did fine my first week. Women with terrific builds didn't overly excite me. I looked at them as I would at artwork in a gallery. Nothing very sexual at all. Then it happened."

"Early one morning I went to wash up. At the basin next to me was this little red-head. As I calmly lathered my face to shave, she began soaping herself all over. Nudity is okay; sexy poses are all right; even dirty language will do. But when a redhead begins soaping herself from head to toe, it's too much for a man to take. I took her behind some bushes right away, not even wiping the lather from my face. She was ready."

As the country rushes headlong into the space age, more and more Americans are turning to the simpler things of life. The boon in nature camps is a prime example. As one pretty typist said, "Like Adam and Eve, you could say. Only there's no snakes—and who needs a fig leaf?"

PHOTO CREDITS

P. R. Keystone Press, pp. 12-15. PIP. Lee Kraft (2). Keystone Press, PIP (2), pp. 28-29. Official U.S. Army photo. Wide World, pp. 28-29, UP (3). Official U.S. Navy photo, p. 33. ANI, TPI, pp. 36-37. PIX, UPI (3). Wide World (3), p. 40-41. Fred Lewis, Official U.S. Army photos (3), pp. 42-42. Wide World (2), UPI (2), p. 44, PIX.

FRONTIER

continued from page 27

Their sisters still prowled the drab streets, murmuring, "Kakam nrautun How do you like it?" to prospective customers.

But some of the old spirit seems to be lacking. The sin isn't quite so gaudy, the violence not quite so explosive, without Lev to spark them. And not even the bootleggers or Black Marketeers can throw money around as recklessly as Lev did. He was only a common laborer in one of the gold mines in the Bureinsky Mountains northwest of Khabarovsk. Until the law caught up with him, the source of his apparently inexhaustible wealth was a mystery to all.

When the mines first used the management was slipshod and every worker enjoyed an area of remarkable prosperity. Then abruptly the Communist Party's Central Committee cracked down. A high steel mesh fence was erected around the works and guards were posted at the single gate to search every departing worker. Overnight the gold output of the mine rose 25 percent while the trade at Khabarovsk's liquor stores and *Klubs* fell off sharply.

The lone exception was Lev Titoshenko, who seemed to become even more affluent than before. Regularly, every second weekend, he roared into town like an alcoholic cyclone, pockets bulging with rubles and bottles of a corrosive bootleg rotgut called *samogon*, which means "Chase yourself."

Ordinary vodka and the raw Russian cognac were too tame for his palate. Wobbling into a *Klub*, Lev would bellow, "Pet do dna Drink to the bottom!"

The invitation invariably brought a rush of hangers-on, both male and female, to enjoy his lavish hospitality. Presently Lev would begin to feel amorous and choose the first of several partners of the night.

If someone in the group was fortunate enough to have an apartment or room, the party roared there for an orgy. More often, with the housing shortage that plagues Russia, his selected girl would have a working arrangement with a taxi driver to do business in the back seat of his cab. It was all the same to Lev, whether he made love in a cramped taxi or on the couch in a roomful of drunken spectators.

His binges always ended on the same note of violence. In his third and final stage of drunkenness, he became belligerent and started a fight that brought blue-uniformed police, a night in the lockup and a healthy fine.

THE mine management were certain that they were unwillingly financing Lev's rowdy routine, but his method of operation was so outrageously simple that it took them months to catch him. It was based on the curious fact that most gold in Russia's eastern mines occurs in the form of nuggets weighing from two ounces to as much as 50 pounds. Last year a record-breaking 80-pound mass of pure gold was turned up in the Urals.

During his work shift, Lev would repeatedly step away from his job to relieve himself against a corner of the steel fence. He had a ready and reasonable explanation for the frequency of these trips.

"My kidneys are weak," he would explain apologetically. "It's because I drink so much."

It took the unimaginative guards the better part of a year to discover that on each visit to the fence, Lev was poking a few nuggets through the mesh and into the bushes outside, to be retrieved after dark. Since trafficking in gold is a capital crime in the Soviet Union, he was tried, found guilty and executed by a firing squad, all within 48 hours.

While Lev's death disrupted the drinking habits of his parasitic followers, it has made little change in the rough and rowdy night life of the city that has been called Russia's Klondike and compared to hawky San Francisco in the Gold Rush days. Wining, wenching and whooping it up are still major occupations of the wild and wooly Soviet Far East.

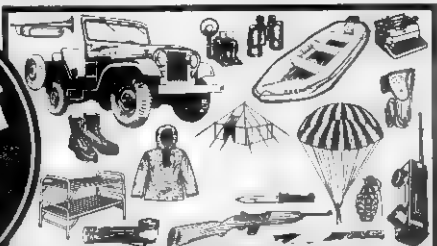
The region, extending from Siberia to the Pacific is incredibly vast and empty. Its 3.6 million square miles, about the size of the United States, contains only 5.1 million people, hardly two-thirds the population of New York City. Most of these are crowded into three or four cities and a scattering of villages. Over 100,000 live in a city that doesn't even exist.

Khrushchev has long bragged to the Russian people and the world about the wondrous city of Bratsk at the site of the world's largest dam and hydroelectric plant. Recently two editors from *Komsomol Pravda*, the official newspaper of the Young Communist League went to view this miracle for themselves.

To their shock and outrage, they discovered that the "city" exists only on Khrushchev's zib tongue. They found 100,000 frost-bitten workers and their families

RIFLES 10.95
PARACHUTES 21.95
BOATS 16.45
SHOES 1.65
JACKETS 3.25
TENTS 6.55
BAYONETS 2.15
HAND GRENADES 1.60
COMMANDO KNIVES 1.38
COMPASSES 1.05
HOLSTERS 2.15
MACHETTES 2.15
GOGGLES 61c
PISTOL BELTS 1.05
STEEL HELMETS 2.15
GIANT BALLOONS 1.38

AND Bunk Beds,
Life Rafts, Walkie Talkies,
Swords, Paratrooper
Boots, Flags, Sleeping
Bags, Cots, Phones,
Mine Detectors, Bugles,
Hand & Leg Irons,
Blankets, Bullet Proof
Vests, Flares, Cartridge
Belts, Ammo, Rifle Scopes,
Maps, Shovels, Canteens,
Saddles, First Aid
Supplies, Sunglasses,
Mess Kits, Haversacks,
AND HUNDREDS MORE
Minimum Orders As Low
As \$3.00 Acceptable



WORLD'S LARGEST SURPLUS CATALOG. PICTURES AND PRICES OF MORE THAN 500 ITEMS THAT YOU CAN ORDER DIRECT BY MAIL FOR AS LITTLE AS 2c AND 3c ON THE DOLLAR

ALSO INCLUDED!

Separate section with complete sources and information on how to buy direct from the government at amazingly low prices. Examples:

Jeeps—\$276.00 Typewriters—\$8.79
Boats—\$178.00 Airplants—\$159.00
Bicycles—\$9.50 Generators—\$2.86
Telescopes—\$4.00 Elec. Motors—\$1.85
Truck Gen.—\$1.00 Refrigerators—\$5.00
Leather Boots—65c/Pair. Buses—\$209.00

ALSO listed are more than 1,000 places where you can save thousands of different surplus items and buy them right on the spot!

FREE HOME TRIAL COUPON

SURPLUS BARGAINS—DEPT. 1421
P. O. Box 1651, New York 17, N. Y. 10017

I enclose \$1.00. Send the combined catalog and directory immediately. I understand that my money will be refunded if I am not completely satisfied. Also I will receive a full refund with my first order of \$10.00 or more.

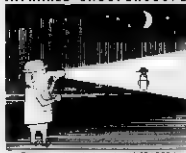
Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FULL PURCHASE PRICE OF \$1.00 REFUNDED WITH FIRST ORDER OF \$10.00 OR MORE

INFRARED SNOOPERSCOPE



The secrets of famed INFRARED vision can now be yours with the inexpensive INFRARED SNOOPERSCOPE. You can actually see in total darkness without being seen. Peer into dark rooms, halls, doorways. See things that you could never see before. Turn the long nights into endless hours of pleasure. Fun at parties and get-togethers. Walk with ease in total darkness with the aid of the spine INFRARED LIGHT once used by Snipers, until recently considered classified by the U.S. Government. "SNOOPERSCOPE" are presently available in limited quantities. The secrets of famed Night Vision can now be yours. Good for night hunting, fishing and detective work. For complete instructions and information about the "SNOOPERSCOPE" and where to obtain this valuable but inexpensive night-time aid, send one dollar Money back guarantee if you are not completely satisfied.

SEND \$1.00 TODAY (cash or M.O. No C.O.D.)

Snooperscope
Box 115 Dept. 122
College Park Station
Detroit, Michigan

IN THE
PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME
BORROW **\$1000 BY MAIL**
PAYMENTS AS LOW AS \$5.61 MONTHLY
depending on amount borrowed

This confidential Borrow By Mail personal plan provides cash for any purpose. Borrow in complete privacy by mail no matter where you live. Borrow on your good name only. No endorsers, no agents will call, no red tape, just fast service. Repay in convenient monthly payments to fit your needs. Details sent in plain envelope. No obligation. Inquire now!

	CASH	YOU WANT
Amount of Loan	\$5.61	
1000	\$16.83	
1500	\$27.78	
2000	\$38.73	
2500	\$49.68	

Budget Finance Co., Dept. TB-144
317 So. 20th St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Age _____ Occupation _____

100 Little Dolls

all for \$1.00

100 Dolls made of genuine Styrene plastic and hard synthetic rubber only \$1 for entire set. You get BARY DOLLS, NURSE DOLLS, LANCING DOLLS, FOREIGN DOLLS, CLOWN DOLLS, CONSUM DOLLS, LAIRY DOLLS, and many more in Lilliputian size. And made of STYRENE plastic and hard synthetic rubber. If you don't go and meet them your money will be promptly refunded. Send \$1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling for each set of 100 dolls you order.

Set made Dept. 24-2, Box 227,
Laney Hill Sta., New York 21, N.Y.

shivering out the long Arctic winters in flimsy tents. In a rare burst of indignation they printed the whole story, adding darkly, "Someone has lied to the people."

By contrast, their own League, in a frenzy of patriotism, built a very real city in the Amur River Basin in 1932. They named it Komsomolsk, or Youth City. Today it is a roaring frontier industrial and mining metropolis of over 200,000 in the heart of Russia's iron mining region.

The whole Far East area is as rich as it is remote. Almost the entire region sits on a vast bed of coal. Its fauna, or forests, contain a million square miles of valuable virgin timber. Last year its mines produced an estimated \$1 billion in gold and 6 million carats of diamonds, a third of the entire world output. It has nickel, lead, zinc, copper, oil, and possibly the largest tin deposits in the world.

The heart of this rich empire is Khabarovsk, standing in lonely isolation above the junction of the Amur and Ussuri Rivers. It is 5,600 airways—4,200 miles—from Moscow, and 2,000 from Irkutsk on the eastern border of Siberia. Vladivostok is another 500 miles south. Consequently, if you ask a citizen of Khabarovsk why he gets roaring drunk every night in the week, he is apt to reply with simple logic. "What else is there to do, gospodin?"

Actually, there is a great deal to do and, by comparison with the rest of Russia, a great deal of money to do it with. To persuade settlers and workers to emigrate such a fearsome distance, Khrushchev offered free transportation, free land and the highest wages in the Soviet Union. By Russian (not American) standards the incentives are dazzling.

A worker who drew the equivalent of \$95 a month in Moscow can earn \$175 for the same work in Khabarovsk, with an automatic 10 percent raise every two years. He gets 38 days vacation the first year and 48 a year thereafter. His apartment costs him only \$10 a month rent, which leaves him a tidy surplus to blow on vodka, caviar, bottled samogon, strong wines and the flat Russian beer they call *preyer*.

Consequently, what puzzles for a quiet night in Khabarovsk would bring out riot squads and the National Guard in Chicago.

Coming in February MEN:

21 SEX MYTHS EXPLODED

In America's prudish, guilt-ridden society, certain completely false ideas about sex are thought of as true by millions of men who simply haven't taken the trouble to find out what the facts actually are. An eminent American counselor on sex problems gives MEN's readers a rundown on these dangerous "love lies"—demolishing once and for all the erroneous "rules" which have ruined the lives of thousands of men—EXCLUSIVE REPORT IN FEBRUARY-MEN

On Sale Jan. 7

Most of the comrades who bought Khrushchev's sales pitch have been the young, restless, reckless and adventuresome. When they set out to have a ball, they really ball it. Their free-wheeling spirits, turned loose in the rowdy, boisterous frontier atmosphere, give Khabarovsk an air unique among Russian cities.

Elsewhere in Russia the Kremlin has been cracking down on the innocent amusements of mankind. A comrade who gets over-vodkaed and winds up snoring in the gutter is apt to have an unflattering photograph taken by the police and prominently displayed on the bulletin board in the local Red Square. If he is nabbed in a whorehouse raid, his name and address go up on the same board for the edification of his wife and neighbors.

There is none of this nonsense tolerated in Khabarovsk. The police function more as an escort service, peddling ossified citizens out of gutters and doorways and hauling them home to sleep it off. Only the extremely belligerent wind up in the klinik, though this tolerant attitude may be due to hardening. Khabarovsk has been made an important military center and the average Red Army *razvodya*, or "tanker" as



"Well, that beats my pair of kings."



"Well, that beats my pair of kings."

they call a private, is a different breed of goat when the booze hits him.

NOT all of Khabarovsk's newcomers have been willing volunteers. For a time the Kremlin had an annoying habit of shipping incorrigibles of various kinds to the Far East for rehabilitation through corrective labor. The scheme produced some unhappy backfires.

One group of *Mongol-Brodskiy-Gutter Scum*—organized a street gang that devoted its nights to beating and robbing comrades in their cups. Eventually they stabbed a Communist Youth leader in a street brawl and the police crackdown came swiftly and effectively.

Another was a group of confirmed alcoholics sentenced to a term as laborers on the Red River *Kolkhoz*, or Collective Farm, outside the city. Instead, the whole crowd got howling drunk and stayed drunk. When the liquor stores were forbidden to sell them any more sauce, they turned to eau de cologne and had practically exhausted local supplies before they were sent elsewhere.

A third group of involuntary *emigres* was expelled with delight and gratefully absorbed into the city's social life. They are the prostitutes from Moscow and Leningrad shipped out ostensibly for reformation, but more practically, to bring some joy to the drab lives of the settlers on the frontier. These congenial girls adjusted easily and are leading busy, happy lives in the new land. There are, however, a few spoil sports.

Recently the Leningrad police scooped up a highly-popular lady of the night by the name of Tosca and ordered her deported to the Far East. While awaiting transport, Tosca thoughtfully mailed an advance notice of her coming to some former courtiers. The news spread and touched off a

wave of eager anticipation among the men. Their wives, however, were something less than overjoyed. One indignant *gospozha* fired off an angry letter that was published recently in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*.

"Won't this piece of goods find admirers even in a new place? She probably will. I know that the wives of a few miners at Bod-



"I don't care if it is our last chance. I'm not in the mood."

also, for example, asked the authorities to stop sending the likes of Tosca. The desire to push their unfinished goods onto others is wrong.

Besides the street-walkers, Khabarovsk has its elite circle of call-girls in reverse. You don't call them; they call you.

NEW Soviet hotels have a central switchboard. Room telephones are connected directly to outside lines. These girls have

the numbers of the rooms and spend their mornings calling guests and describing their talents in earthy detail. They try to get an invitation to come up in the afternoon since no visitors, male or female, are permitted in hotel rooms after 11 p.m.

Such goings-on help give Khabarovsk its uniquely carefree, outgoing attitude. It is the only city in Russia where you hear easy laughter and American jazz openly played and danced to. It is the only city where strangers introduce themselves and try to buy visitors a drink. There is a quality of wacky humor almost non-existent in most dear European Russians.

Last year the architect who designed and supervised construction of a new 3-story apartment building absently forgot to include the elevator. Instead of the customary long, tedious Soviet court trial, they handed the culprit a wryly poetic rap. He was sentenced to live henceforth in a room on the 13th floor, or at least until his legs give out.

Like all Russian cities, Khabarovsk suffers an acute housing shortage, with thousands still living in crude log cabins without plumbing or electricity. The rest of the city is the all-too-familiar blend of old, old buildings falling apart and brand new buildings, also falling apart.

Swarms of new apartment houses are going up but a majority have only one tiny kitchen and bathroom to a floor and no running water in the apartments. They are thrown together from slabs of reinforced concrete, moulded in the city's enormous No. 1 Concrete Plant. Inside walls are made of a flimsy paperboard called *Orgalit*, which has inspired a wry Russian joke, "Builders stick to it, but doorknobs won't."

Everyone in Khabarovsk dutifully lugs home armloads of the Communist propaganda literature that floods the country.

Be a LOCKSMITH

"I EARNED \$2000 BEFORE GRADUATION!"
was Robert M. Miller, Oakland, N. J.
 "When a bad back injury forced me to give up truck driving, I took the Locksmithing (intensive) course. Now I own a modern, mobile locksmithing shop and business is terrific!"

"I DOUBLED MY INCOME—now extra \$10,500 a year!"
says Stanley Newark of Saginaw, Mich.
 "I earned \$2,901.72 while learning! Before taking the TMS Locksmithing Training, I earned \$3,500 a year. Now I earn \$3,000 more a year from Locksmithing."

306
pieces
of professional equipment
supplied
for use with course

Professional Equipment Includes:
 LOCKS, PICKS, PARTS, KEYS,
 SPECIAL TOOLS AND SUPPLIES
 all for use with course

Train at HOME—Earn While You Learn. Add 50%—100% to YOUR INCOME with easy spare time earnings. Cash in on the nation-wide shortage—trained Locksmiths are in great demand! Quickly step into a big pay opportunity job or start a high-profit shop of your own.

Earn Extra Money RIGHT AWAY! 306 pieces of professional equipment all for use with course. Professional equipment includes locks, picks, parts, keys, special tools and supplies.

Age, education, minor physical handicaps don't matter in this growing trade. You can quickly qualify as a skilled locksmith. It's like a fascinating hobby. Study at home as little as one hour a week. Gain practical experience through complete, well-illustrated lessons. Do real jobs on car locks, house locks, padlocks and safe locks, under the guidance of experts. **FREE** Illustrated Book and **FREE** Illustrated Equipment Folder—write for them NOW!

LOCKSMITHING INSTITUTE Dept. 121-013

A Division of Technical Home Study Schools • Little Falls, New Jersey

CORRESPONDENCE LOCKSMITHING INSTITUTE

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK AND BIG EQUIPMENT FOLDER

For a future as your own boss or in a high-pay job, write now for **FREE** Illustrated Book and BIG Equipment Folder. Only School of its kind licensed by State of New Jersey, accredited member National Home Study Council. Approved for Veterans.

MAIL COUPON NOW—

LOCKSMITHING INSTITUTE, Dept. 121-013
 Little Falls, New Jersey

Please send **FREE** Illustrated Book—"Your Big Opportunity in Locksmithing"—complete Equipment folder and sample lesson pages **FREE** of all obligations. (no salesman will call).

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... Zone..... State.....

73

Now You Can FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME

Send for free booklet that shows how you can win a diploma in your spare hours.

Prepare for a better job, bigger pay, a brighter future. If you're 17 or over, and not in school, mail this coupon to:



WAYNE SCHOOL

Dept. 27-512
417 South Dearborn St.
Chicago, Illinois 56005

Please send free illustrated booklet "How to Finish High School at Home"

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____
County _____ Age _____

GET INTO UPHOLSTERING! SEND FOR THE FREE BOOK TODAY!

Make money, lights away! Start upholstering the first day. Make a whole room full of furniture, while you learn, money in your pocket. Full time or spare time. A great money find and FREE 50% OFF! LIVING AND BUSINESS PLAN. Write MODERN UPHOLSTERY, 855-0000, DORING, CALIF.

NAME _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____



VALER-RELAX NATURAL HERB TRANQUILIZER for relief of Nervous Tension or Sleeplessness

Battered by tensions? Do they mount up... almost to your breaking point? When tensions are allowed to take hold, all sorts of symptoms appear. Digestion is affected, thinking ability slows down, sleep evades you and nerves get lumpy. New studies show tension to be a big factor in heart disease, hardening of the arteries, arthritis and many other ailments. Tensions can be terribly destructive. Lost sleep is never regained. Loss of vitality and health is almost always the result.

VALER-RELAX contains only natural herbs, nothing what safe enough for a child. Non-toxic, non-habit forming, no side effects. Yet potent enough for the worst case.

50 Capsules \$4.00
100 Capsules \$7.00

PROFESSIONAL PRODUCTS CO.
P.O. BOX 848, S-1, LONG BEACH, CALIF.

This is not Party zeal. The free pamphlets are just right for stuffing the cracks where warped window frames are pulling away from the walls.

A builder, showing some of the new apartment houses to a Western visitor, pointed to the single wall outlet and said wryly, "Putting an electric outlet into apartments was the worst mistake Khrushchev ever made. The next thing, people will start demanding things to plug into that outlet. This is a crazy country that can put two astronauts into space at once but can't give the people toothbrushes or razor blades or pants buttons."

THE girls and young women of Khabarovsk have also caught the heady atmosphere of the free-and-easy frontier life. More interested in fashions than factories, they have gaily become what the dour Party leaders scornfully call *chavchhi*—flappers. They swarm to the clubs, struggle with the twist, belt down a full share of vodka with wine chaser and happily climb into bed with any likely partner. They have little to worry about. If anything goes wrong they can get an abortion at the city's Government Clinic for 5 rubles, about \$5.50, and be back at the party before the booze runs out.

For the few Puritans and eggheads whose taste runs to more sophisticated entertainment, Khabarovsk has its own ballet, opera, children's theatre and philharmonic orchestra. There are wide-screen movie houses, television and a radio station that features all classical music. Recently, however, the lovers of long-hair got a nasty jolt.

In the midst of a symphony concert, a sultry female voice suddenly poured from their loudspeakers. "Are there any real men out there who are lonely for a real woman? I'm a girl who likes men and plenty of them. I like a man who will take me, undress me and explore me long and tenderly."

As a few thousand stunned listeners gaped at their sets, a male voice broke in: "Baby, I'm the man you just described. Tell me where we can get together and I'll make you happy."

A heavier male voice cut in. "Don't listen to him, love. I'm the one who knows all about that game." To prove his experience in amatory matters, he began going into details that made even Russians blush.

The chatter dwindled off at last, but the next night it came back, with other voices joining. One spent the evening telling dirty stories. These interruptions went on until the distracted police rigged a directional antenna receiver on a truck and tracked down two of the bootleg transmitters.

Look for the Sign of the Diamond

In this immediate future you will be faced with a very confusing situation at your local newsstand. You will discover several new magazines displayed that are clever imitations of your steady favorites. To make certain you are buying the ones you really want—the magazines that contain the greatest in NEW Adventure Reading—look for the Sign of the Diamond found only on the magazines listed below:

MALE

MEN

ACTION FOR men

MAN'S

WORLD

Sportsman

MAN

MAGAZINE

stag

FOR MEN ONLY

TRUE ACTION

They proved to be radio fans who, by hook or crook, had acquired the parts to build ham stations and thought it a fine joke to operate on the same frequency as the local station. One was an engineer, the other was entered on the court records as Occupation—Parasite. Both drew heavy fines and terms in a labor camp. The other stations, including that of the girl with the strip-tease voice, abruptly went off the air and have not been heard from since. The Soviet court solemnly made a new entry in its lexicon of State Crimes. They entered it on the records as Radio-Hooliganism.

One of the biggest obstacles to getting more settlers into the Far East has been fear of the weather. People remembering the horrors of the Siberian slave-labor camps in Stalin's time want no part of any





'Lester, your lap is warm.'

such region. Actually a curious combination of encircling mountain ranges and freak air currents give the Khabarovsk region a unique climate.

Although nearly in the same latitude as frozen Siberia, the Khabarovsk region boasts of air so dry that it averages only 9 days of light snowfall a year and 300 sunny days out of 365. But the country is far from a second Florida. Winter temperatures drop to 40 below and the Amur River is frozen over 7 months of the year.

China claims that the Khabarovsk area was stolen from her by Czarist Russia in 1858 and threatens to take it back by force.

But Khabarovsk is far too busy with its booming industry up to a fantastic 17 percent last year—and its frenzied search for fun to worry about a little thing like a border war. They have a much more immediate and personal problem.

The city has long been desperately overcrowded. This year its Polytechnic Institute, largest school of its kind in the Far East, added to the pressure by attracting 7,200 students.

Now construction has started on a host of new industries that will draw tens of thousands more workers and technicians to compound the chaos. There is to be a steel mill with an estimated output of 750,000 tons annually, a giant pulp and paper mill, chemical works, a fertilizer plant, lumber mills and several smaller factories. To build more housing, the Concrete Plant will have to be enormously expanded, which will, in turn, require more workers and more headaches.

But there is another enterprise, drawing its thousands of newcomers, that the good Communists of Khabarovsk don't talk about, at least to foreigners. For years there has been a hard and fast rule that only native Russians can ride the double-tracks Trans-Siberian Railway between Khabarovsk and Irkutsk. All foreigners are required to make that 2,000 mile leg of their journey by air.

The reasons for that order were long a mystery to westerners, but no longer. Our new spy satellites have discovered and photographed at least one huge complex of Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles under construction near the railroad, west of Khabarovsk.

The good Comrades of the city do not seem unduly disturbed by this new development. They belt down another two-fisted jolt and tell one another, "Nichevo—What does it matter? This area has only begun to boom. Some day, you wait and see—Khabarovsk will be the new capital of Soviet Russia."

Buy Below Wholesale

**JEWELLED
CALENDAR
WATCH \$2.33**

SWISS MOVEMENT.
Round 12 1/2" case.
Is time and date. 20 Sweep
second hand. 24 month
month. 12 month. 12
month. METAL EXPANSION
Elasticity.

**TRANSISTOR
TAPE
RECORDER \$6.70**

Completely with powerful
built-in dynamic speaker.
100. 000—Play
Back—Erase—Re-
wind—Studies in cassette
20000. High quality.

**ELECTRIC
RAZOR \$1.70**

Product of Swiss
craftsmanship.
(Shaver), extreme highest brand.
Maker guarantees for 2 year.
With metal head, guard and 1-1/2

**DOGGIE
RADIO \$3.10**

Soft rubber dog has handle
for radio clearly concealed
inside. Made of natural rubber. Luxe-
rious leather like wood coat.

Fabulous 2-Piece KNIT SUIT

ONLY \$4.50

• Fine wool.
• Beautifully finished
around.

**FIELD
GLASSES**

\$2.40

100% 100% 100% 100% 100%
100% 100% 100% 100% 100%
100% 100% 100% 100% 100%
100% 100% 100% 100% 100%

- Short cut plan guides you step by step
- Previous experience unnecessary
- Start without investment in merchandise
- Start anywhere—city, town, rural area

**I SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO
—HOW TO DO IT**

B. L. Melling, Jr., Famous World Traveler,
"Investigator of Japan—Discoverer
how made a fortune for me. My plan gives
you how and in complete step-by-step
method for thousands of working people."

Send us money! To see our products from me

Then after where you get busy. We have
the big profit plan. Please show me if not then
supplies alone. "No cost in my time!"

**GET DETAILS
ABOUT
8 FREE
IMPORTS
FACTS SENT
FREE**

MELLINGER CO., Dept. 841 1554 S. Sepulveda, Los Angeles, 30025

START YOUR OWN BIG PROFIT HOME IMPORT BUSINESS

with DAZZLING BARGAINS LIKE THESE...

AMAZING NEW PLAN STARTS YOU FAST

Thousands of amazing import bargains can lead you to opportunities far beyond your wildest dreams. Start now at home, spare or full time. Cash in now without previous experience or capital investment. Pocket cash even before ordering merchandise! Sparkling imports bring first day profits. Beginners—make your first import transaction 10 minutes after you receive my drop ship plan. Bargain go fast to stores, premium users, to friends and others.

And, these are only a few of the hundreds of import bargains you can get to make fantastic profits of 200% and more... Here are examples of other high profit imports:

BLACK FOREST CLOCK	\$.65	TELEVISION SET	\$ 3.00
ELECTRIC TRAILER	1.00	WEEDKILLER	1.00
CORRECTOR LIGHT	.21	STAR SUPPLY BOX	8.00
ELECTRIC GARDEN	2.90	PAINTS	1.00

How much? \$100.00 2.90. Please send me a copy of my book.

**Rush Coupon for
FREE BOOK!**

The Melling Co., Dept. 841
1554 S. Sepulveda, Los Angeles, 30025

Send Free Book "How to Import and Export" showing how to make a fortune for me. My plan gives you how and in complete step-by-step method for thousands of working people.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

MADE \$1200 ON ONE JOB

Some make more, some less

We help you start Your Own All-Year Business

Help By Money! G. H. Jones

made \$1200 on one school job with our highly efficient wall washer which cleans walls 6 times faster and better than by hand. No special skill...small investment...operates from home. Customers everywhere: homes, offices, schools, churches, hotels, etc. Enjoy independence...free from layoffs and bosses. Can start part time until full time is justified.

Write Today for All the Facts!

FREE BOOK—MAIL COUPON TODAY

VON SCHWABER MFG. CO.
126 "W" Pl., Racine, Wisconsin

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

IF YOU HAVE RUPTURE

it is important that you
Get this **NEW FREE BOOK**

This New **FREE** Illustrated Book tells how Rupture can be treated by a mild **NON-SURGICAL METHOD** and that the **TREATMENT** is backed by a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance.

The book explains that, although many people have not heard of, or have been misinformed about the non-surgical treatment, it has a long history of use and is recognized by authorities today.

Many men and women from all over the country have taken the **NON-SURGICAL TREATMENT** and have reported it has proven effective.

Write today for this New **FREE** Book that tells **HOW** and explains **WHY** more and more people are using **MODERN NON-SURGICAL** Methods of treating their ruptures. Act Now. No obligation.

EXCELSIOR MEDICAL CLINIC
Dept. E3340 Excelsior Springs, Mo.

DISASTER

continued from page 19

"If Husbands Only Knew—"

"Get married to give"—
—(The Life)
—(The Life)
—(The Life)

WITH
ILLUSTRATION



If husbands only knew how much they are loved, they would not want another woman! It reads "Sex Life in Marriage" and says "I have never loved a woman since I have been married. I am sure you do not get half the delight I have in sex life. I know the beauty of sexual intercourse."

WHO IS TO BLAME?

But this is not all. What of the wife? It is said: "Marry men are not to be trusted nor are they to be trusted nor are they to be trusted. The sex life is a matter of life and death. The husband thinks his wife is a fool. The wife thinks her husband is a fool. The marriage is a matter of life and death."

TELLS WHAT TO DO AND HOW

Articles such as these would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married.

TELLS WHAT TO DO AND HOW

Articles such as these would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married.

TELLS WHAT TO DO AND HOW

Articles such as these would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married.

TELLS WHAT TO DO AND HOW

Articles such as these would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married.

TELLS WHAT TO DO AND HOW

Articles such as these would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married.

TELLS WHAT TO DO AND HOW

Articles such as these would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married. They would be a great help to men and women before they get married.

SEX LIFE IN MARRIAGE

Part of Contents

The Sex Side of Marriage
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct
The Sexual Instinct

little. It was 15 degrees above zero but, luckily, the wind was gentle. He measured the ceiling as 4,500 feet above the field with broken clouds. The general visibility was 10 miles, but the mountains ten miles to the east were obscured by the gathering storm.

Before disappearing gratefully into the warm sanctuary of his office, the observer noted with casual indifference an airplane parked at a passenger terminal ramp only 100 feet away.

It was a twin-engine Martin 404, gleaming white with the red letters, "Trans World Airlines" blazoned proudly above the line of square cabin windows.

It was just another airliner being loaded for just another trip, and the weather man hardly gave it a thought.

In the airport's restaurant, the pilot of the plane, Ivan Spang, was having coffee with his crew—First Officer James Creason and hostess Sharon Schoening.

"Skipper," the ground crewman said, "dispatcher put a thousand and twenty gallons aboard her. That fuel okay?"

Like a considerable portion of his colleagues, Spang had been called "skipper." But he just smiled, said the fuel load was fine, and filled his coffee cup again.

SANTA FE lies just 45 miles on a straight-line course to the northeast of Albuquerque. Directly between, like a great stone wall, precipitous Sandia Ridge rises abruptly from the valley floor to a height of nearly 11,000 feet above sea level.

The approved air route is a dogleg running north-northwest from Albuquerque and east-northeast into Santa Fe. The minimum prescribed altitude for instrument flight along this route is 9,000 feet above sea level. It was along this route and at this altitude that Spang and Creason had planned their flight. They expected to fly it in an elapsed time of 20 minutes.

At 6:40 A.M., the pilots of TWA Flight 371 deplaned and were about to enter the operations office as Spang and Creason emerged, preparing to board their flight.

The four pilots exchanged greetings and briefly discussed the weather. Looking along the ground toward Sandia Ridge 13 miles northeast, they could see only the foothills. From the air even these had not been visible.

By 6:45 Spang and Creason were in the cockpit.

At 7:00, exactly on schedule, Flight 260 rolled away from the Albuquerque terminal and taxied the short distance to the run-up block for Runway 11. The crew began to perform the before-take-off check.

Flight 260 taxied onto the runway. The engines roared. The airplane moved down the concrete strip. The nose wheel lifted first. At 100 knots air speed, the main wheels broke ground. Five seconds later the landing gear had been retracted, and the first of a standard series of power reductions was being made. The time was 7:10 A.M. The 19 persons on board had eight minutes to live.

At 7:06 Spang requested tower permission to make a right turn. The tower replied, "TWA two six zero cleared to make right turn."

The tower operator last noticed the flight in a normal right turn south of the field. Then his attention was directed elsewhere. At 7:08 the ground service helper looked

up from his duties and saw Flight 260 about half a mile due north of the terminal building. The flight was rolling out of its right turn, but instead of heading north, as the ground service helper had seen other flights do, Flight 260 was headed east-northeast—directly toward Sandia Mountain.

The ground service helper was busy, but he stopped to watch the flight fly toward the clouds. He watched it until it was five or six miles away, until it appeared as a small object against the somber backdrop of the storm cloud which now obscured the valley to the north and the entire mountain range east of the valley. He could barely make out the lower parts of the foothills at the base of the mountains.

AN Air Force colonel, in his hunting clothes, was standing in front of his home a mile and a half north-northeast of the airport.

The colonel pulled out his binoculars and watched the flight as it came from him in a line of sight toward Sandia Mountain and disappeared into the clouds. The time was 7:09.

In the cockpit of Flight 260, the pilots were leveling off to cruise at 9,000 feet. Since rolling out of the long right turn they had begun shortly after take-off, Spang and Creason had been on instruments. The snow cloud, obscuring the valley and the mountain, had left them no horizontal reference except that of the "artificial horizon" presented by one of their flight instruments.

They had entered the cloud at 7:09. At 7:11 Spang had finished his log entries and was trying to raise the Albuquerque company radio operator to give him the off time. Because of the snow, the great deal of static on the frequency, and Spang was unable to get through. He decided to use the static-free radio which was still tuned to the tower.

At 7:12, Spang was in the act of changing radio frequencies when the Hughes terrain-warning bell suddenly sounded its alarm. A yellow light flashed on the instrument panel. Instantly, both pilots looked out the window. Nothing but gray cloud.

It was a fantastic shock. They should have been ten miles from the mountain. Reacting instantly, they pulled the airplane sharply to the left and pulled its nose up. The heading indicator spun rapidly. When it was indicating a westerly heading, they started to level the wings. It was their final act. Hidden by the clouds, just another cliffside, they were directly ahead. When they struck it, they were still in a left bank, nose high. The Martin exploded. The time was 7:13.

IN the office of the Bureau of Safety Investigation at Santa Monica, California, a routine workday was just beginning. The investigation was being charged, Philip N. Goldstein was at his desk. A friendly, competent, good natured, outdoor type with a youthful crew cut, Goldstein's steady gray eyes were focal points for a network of crinkling lines formed by many years of squinting against the sun. He was a dedicated man who for 21 years had been associated with civil aeronautics as a mechanic, a pilot, a private aviation operator, a flying-school instructor. For the past seven years he had been an air safety investigator for the Civil Aeronautics Board.

At 9:30 Goldstein's phone rang. The TWA dispatch office at Los Angeles Airport told him Flight 260 was unreported since take-off from Albuquerque.

For investigator Goldstein, this was the beginning of a routine procedure. He called the director of the Bureau of Safety in Washington for authority to proceed to

Albuquerque to originate the investigation. Typical of CAB investigators, his bag was already packed. He went immediately to the airport and caught the first plane for Albuquerque.

It was midafternoon in Albuquerque when he arrived. His telephoned directives had preceded him. The search was under way. Others who would participate in the investigation were already arriving: specialists from various branches of the airline and the government, representatives of the Air Line Pilots Association and of the manufacturers of the airplane, its engines and its propellers. Goldstein appointed them to the various customary investigative groups and arranged to proceed to the scene of the accident as soon as the aircraft was found.

The searchers knew where to look. But the storm raged all day in the mountains and no planes could take off.

The plane had crashed at the edge of a precipice, 9,250 feet above sea level. Part of the aircraft had tumbled down the sheer wall of the cliff, part had crumpled on the sloping peak above the precipice. The tail section had lodged in a crevice at the very brink. Except for the tail section, the aircraft had exploded into thousands of pieces, and the storm had covered everything with snow and ice.

The word was flashed to Goldstein and the other members of the investigative team at the foot of the mountain.

Slowly, laboriously, they began their tortuous climb. They already knew what they would find. One of the search planes had radioed: "No sign of survivors."

ON Wednesday, Goldstein and his group were finally able to reach the wreckage. The exploding aircraft had scattered its parts over a wide area. Many had fallen down the cliffsides. Some had become lodged in inaccessible crevices. The storm had covered all with a thick blanket of snow. Only a few significant parts could be found: a badly battered radio control panel, a couple of instruments smashed beyond intelligibility, a solitary wheel.

While rescue workers removed the bodies from the mountain, the investigators photographed the area from all angles. Then they returned to the valley. Further investigation at the crash site had to wait for winter's end.

On March 24 and 25, approximately one month after the accident, the CAB conducted an official hearing at Albuquerque. A great deal of testimony was recorded. Much of it dealt with weather conditions at the time of the accident—the major issue being the extent to which the Sandia mountain range had been observed, misperceived, enough, no testimony was taken from the TWA Constellation pilots who had discussed weather conditions with Spong and Creason just prior to their take-off.

Electronics experts, reporting on their analysis of the recovered radio control panel, testified that the proper frequencies had been selected for compliance with the prescribed routing.

Goldstein testified the accident had occurred while the aircraft was in a steep left climbing turn, on a heading of approximately 320 degrees and at an altitude just 250 feet above the specified cruising altitude. To the investigator, this indicated a desperate last-minute attempt to escape the mountain area.

No theory was advanced to explain the fatal flight path. Asked when the investigation at the scene of the crash might be resumed, Goldstein replied: "Probably not before May."

ON May 3, Goldstein and his committee again reached the scene of the crash—



WHO IS RON CARVER?

For 20 years, a highly successful comedy writer of TV, film and nightclub material, who has taught his craft to students at UCLA, Columbia College, Hallmark Cards, Inc., and directed the Jerry Lewis Comedy Workshop at Paramount Studios in Hollywood.

What is the Hollywood School of Comedy Writing? The ONLY school of its kind in the world! Organized to train professional and amateur writers who requested help from Ron Carver but lived too far from Hollywood to attend his classes. Now you can study his tested methods and learn the "know-how" of comedy writing by mail. A professional home study course as near as your mail box!

YOU GET A BONA FIDE DIPLOMA

Take up to 2 years to complete the course, if you wish. You will receive a diploma as proof of your training and ability.

"HERE'S BIG MONEY AND LAUGHS COMBINED IN AN EXCITING CAREER . . ."

says **RON CARVER** NOTED COMEDY WRITER AND TEACHER

HUMOR AND COMEDY WRITING is the highest paid field of writing today. It totals up to one-third of the multi-million dollar entertainment world . . . plus books, magazines, newspapers and the advertising field. Many Carver students now hold top-paying jobs in all fields of humor and comedy writing. A \$100 a week shoe clerk now earns \$1500 a week; one student added \$5,000 per year to his income; another earns 4 times his former pay.

Check These Facts About Humor and Comedy Writing:

- Who can say you DON'T have talent? If you think you can write a funnier show than you see on TV . . . if your friends laugh at your jokes . . . if you write amusing letters and perform at clubs and parties . . . you may have a flair for comedy writing that may lead you straight to a profitable career, with fun and laughs and a chance at fame!
- TV comedy writers average \$50,000 per year and many more are needed!
- 6-minute comedy routines pay up to \$1,000 and are always in demand!
- A humorous book has 10 times more chance to sell than a serious one and movie studios are buying them up at five and six figure prices!

RON CARVER CAN SHOW YOU:

How to write humor and comedy for TV, movies, magazine articles and stories, books, nightclubs. How to sell your material to thousands of highly paid writing markets. If you even suspect you have talent, mail coupon today for big illustrated booklet.

CLIP AND MAIL TO

Mr. Ron Carver, Mkt. D-4
Hollywood School of Comedy Writing,
922 N. Vine, Hollywood, Calif. 90038

Receive FREE illustrated booklet to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

FREDERICKS OF HOLLYWOOD

\$10⁹⁹

ENSEMBLE!

FREE Fashion catalog with order for 16 months subscription.

JUST FOR HER!

A #4491 SHEER DELIGHT
Here's a Peignoir set that is so feminine yet so provocative. The deep plunge on the gown and corset and the empire waist, all accentuate the bust line and the flowing fullness adds a classic air. Nylon Lace and Nylon Tricot. Blatant Black. Baby Pink. Sizes 32 to 38. **\$10⁹⁹**

B #4475 MIGHTY MITE
This brief, brief pantie has no crotch at all! Nothing but lovely, lovely lace! High-cut legs leave little to the imagination. Elastic waist, . . . lace, and more lace trim. Wouldn't you know it's a copy of a Continental Import. Nylon. White, Black or Red. **\$2⁸⁸**

B

EXOTIC IMPORT

FREDERICKS OF HOLLYWOOD DEPT. 1301
6610 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

SEND ☐ **NAME** ☐ **SIZE** ☐ **COLOR** (Add 50¢ postage for each item)

☐ **ENCLOSE** ☐ **SHIP C.O.D.** ☐ **#1954**

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

AGENTS & HELP WANTED 700-88-34

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

MENT SHOW YOUR ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items. **MENT SHOW YOUR** ad. 50¢ profit on nationally advertised items.

accompanied this time by pack horses and mountaineering equipment. During the survival since the accident, numerous rock slides had occurred in the area, some, no doubt, as an aftermath to the accident. This expedition was able to locate a number of significant components of the aircraft. But many components which might have thrown light on the mystery had been forever lost undoubtedly buried by the avalanches.

On the way down Goldstein seriously hurt his back and as a result, was virtually out of the investigation for a long time. The aircraft company, however, by Goldstein's expedition were taken to Kansas City for expert analysis. On July 13, 1955, at Washington, D.C., the report of this analysis was made part of the official Civil Aeronautics Board record.

The analysis had not revealed any malfunction of radio equipment and navigation instruments. The mystery was as deep as ever.

ON October 12, 1955, eight months after the crash, the CAB issued its conclusion. "The Board determines that the probable cause of this accident was a lack of conformity with prescribed en route procedures and the deviation from airways at an altitude too low to clear obstructions ahead."

It was a damning indictment of Spang. Significantly, the Board cited the excellent weather and visibility along the route. Flight 281 was following the prescribed route that only the top of Sandila had been obscured. Therefore, even if there had been instrument failure—all the captain had to do was look outside to determine that he was not following the airway.

"Therefore," the CAB verdict continued, "from all available evidence and the lack of any evidence to the contrary, the Board can conclude only that the direct cause taken by the flight was intentional."

Braille to every pilot who read the report. It meant only one thing to Spang's fellow TWA airman—that he deliberately left an assigned course, flew at an altitude of only 9,000 feet toward an 11,000-foot mountain which was clearly visible above the clouds, and made no attempt to climb until the last split second before disaster.

In effect, the CAB had come close to accusing Spang and Granson of entering into a suicide pact and taking 14 innocent victims with them.

Ivan Spang's fellow pilots went to work trying to clear his name.

The general feeling was that Spang's crash could have been caused by a fluxgate compass error. In the early days of navigation, pilots steered by a magnetic compass very similar to the one you find in a boat, automobile, or even on a Boy Scout kit. But airplanes bank, climb and dive and ordinary magnetic compasses read inaccurately when they are not level.

To overcome this difficulty, the fluxgate compass was developed. Located in the wing tip, it is perpetually stabilized by a spinning gyroscope. No matter what the altitude of the plane—bank, climb or dive—the spinning gyro holds the compass level.

The indication of the compass is transmitted to the cockpit electrical and appears on an instrument panel dial known as the Radio Magnetic Indicator (RMI).

Adickes asked all TWA pilots to notify him of any fluxgate compass malfunctions. For about two years, these reports were forwarded to Theodore Linnert, ALPA's chief safety and engineering official at ALPA headquarters in Chicago. In April of 1956, Adickes was succeeded by Captain David Halperin, who promptly brought TWA pilot Larry DeCelles into the case.

The new central air safety chairman was well aware that DeCelles was something of an expert on fluxgate compass troubles. He asked DeCelles to serve as his assistant and to concentrate on the Spang accident. DeCelles readily agreed. But he did not know that his efforts to clear Spang would go on for nearly four years and would develop into a personal crusade.

ON more than one occasion, DeCelles had himself seen a fluxgate compass on a plane he was flying out of whack. Once, for example, he was on a westbound flight between Washington, D.C. and Wheeling, West Virginia. He was picking his way carefully through a squall line and had just emerged into the clear when he instinctively felt something was wrong.

The storm area had appeared huge, yet the Martin was through it quickly and was now flying in sunlight. Ordinarily the back side of a squall line is about as bright as the inside of a dungeon. DeCelles checked his instruments. Course indicators were normal. The heading on both RMI's hooked to the fluxgate compass read westbound.

DeCelles "caged" his gyro, that is, he brought them back to level. The heading indicators swung around to east. Somehow, the RMI's had developed a 180-degree error while DeCelles was working his way through the storm. Unwittingly, he had reversed course without his RMI's showing the change.

DeCelles involved his upgrade to captain a short time later. And now he was deeply immersed in some homework—the wiring diagrams of the fluxgate compass system.

On January 16, 1955, DeCelles had written a letter to TWA pointing out the hazard in the fluxgate compass wiring. He suggested that the captain's RMI hooked to one compass and the first officer's to the other, so any malfunction on one would not appear on the other.

TWA, an airline which thoroughly respects its pilots' opinions, had one of its engineers interview DeCelles. The young captain earnestly went over his fears that a fluxgate compass malfunction could be serious because it would affect the heading indicators in front of both pilots.

The engineer agreed and reported to TWA that DeCelles' suggestion (which later earned him a cash award) should be investigated thoroughly and carefully by engineering.

Some day," DeCelles had argued, "we're going to have a guy fly into a mountain if we don't change that wiring."

DeCelles was given the Spang assignment largely because he had, in effect, predicted the accident. But also because TWA pilots, including the veterans had begun to regard Larry DeCelles as a most remarkable man. He not only showed his huge aviation career to interfere with his intense sense of responsibility toward civic duties. His work in civic affairs earned him the coveted Christopher Award. The Christopher motto—"It is better to light one candle than to curse the dark"—might well sum up his own personal philosophy.

Strictly by coincidence, it also sums up his long fight for a dead pilot.

HIS first chore was to attend an informal discussion of the Albuquerque accident with CAB officials in Washington. The chief of the CAB's Bureau of Safety at the time of the accident had since retired. The new chief, Oscar Bakke, had agreed to the meeting at the request of ALPA.

The discussion, held in March, 1957, was friendly, but frustrating to the pilot group. For one thing, they didn't have much to say at this point. If the CAB had convicted Spang on purely circumstantial evidence, the pilots were trying to clear him

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more poems to: **POEMS WANTED**, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

POEMS WANTED, c/o **Subject Immediate Consideration.**

BEAUTY AID SUIT

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Now At Last Beautyaid supplies a suit that promotes perspiration. Wear it while you do your housework, shopping, etc. EXTREMELY Light Weight. You will hardly know you are wearing it! Fits very comfortably. Write for ordering Beautyaid exercise chart to instant.

Now On Money Back Guarantee. Comes for only \$4.95. Beautyaid Company, 285 Market St., Dept. B21, Newark, New Jersey.



with confectural evidence. All they had were some cases of fluxgate compass malfunctions, some questions for which there were no positive answers, and their absolute conviction that no pilot in his right mind would intentionally fly northeast from Albuquerque for five minutes at 9,000 feet.

All the pilots' arguments about instrument difficulties were met with the CAB's own verdict: if Spong was encountering such trouble, all he had to do was look outside the window and he would have known he was on the wrong course.

The pilots disputed this strongly. They pointed out that a flight which took off only a few minutes after Spong had reported Sandia Mountain and the Rio Grande Valley completely obscured by a snowstorm.

The conference ended on a friendly but incomplete note. The CAB agreed to reconsider the pilots' arguments, and there was a definite indication that these particular officials, at least, regretted the fact that the description of Spong's course deviation as "intentional" had seemed to imply suicide.

On August 28, 1957, the CAB issued an amended report on the Albuquerque crash. It deleted the word "intentional." But it was no less harsh on Spong than the first verdict. It dwelt heavily on the contention that the weather was good up until a few seconds before the crash, a contention based largely on the testimony of the Air Force colonel. The Board rejected instrument failure as not only improbable, but in effect added: "Even if there was such failure, the accident still wouldn't have occurred if the crew had been paying attention."

"If an instrument malfunction occurred during the VFR portion of the flight," explained the Board, "it should have become quite evident to the crew and by looking out they would have been sufficiently forewarned that the previously planned and approved course was not being followed."

FROM TWA's engineering department there began to flow the technical data on fluxgate compass malfunctions, both actual and potential. And while the data accumulated, De Celles went to the CAB office in Kansas City and began the long, wearying task of reading every word of evidence, verbal and written, recorded therein. It took him six days.

Mainly, he was trying to shore up the weakest area of his battle line: the excellent visibility which the CAB insisted had prevailed until Flight 260 was almost at the mountain.

If a considerable portion of Sandia Mountain had actually been visible when Flight 260 leveled out on the northeast heading, Spong could not have helped seeing it. And having the mountain clearly in view, dead ahead, Spong continued to fly toward it, then obviously he must have intended to go in that direction.

But everything in his own flying experience made De Celles intuitively certain that Spong would not have flown toward those mountains for five minutes at 9,000 feet if he could see them. At least from the air, the Sandias must have been obscured.

De Celles poured over every word, every comma of the weather testimony. He had the two CAB reports containing that damning sentence quoting the Air Force colonel: "He noticed that the upper portion of the Sandia Ridge was obscured by clouds."

De Celles found that the official transcript was more specific—it quoted the witness as saying "the upper third of Sandia Ridge was obscured by clouds."

yours for 1/30th the cost of diamonds!

Capra Gemo

Hand-cut Hand-polished Hand-selected



Capra Gemo actual size. Limited supply.

Send No Money Mail Today

CAPRA GEMO CO. Dept. MS-15
P.O. 5145, Phila. 41, Penna.

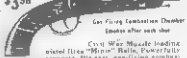
Name

Address

City Zone State

Civil War MUZZLE LOADER

Blued Steel Genuine Wood Stock \$398



Get Every Feature Double Loaded after each shot
Civil War Muzzle Loading
metal file "Mini" Rifle, Powerfully accurate. Big eye, gasifying chamber, lion chamber. Handles after each shot. No recoil. A copy of the famous metal that shot Lincoln. 15 1/2 inches long. Handmade heavy brass steel parts, wood stock. Collectors' item, for sale. Complete with powder, iron shot, and wad. No permit needed. \$398 plus the shipping. Add \$1.00 for greater leather holster.
100 "Mini" Rifle \$2 200 "Mini" Rifle \$3.75
Standard Action (New Box) Deal Cost
1 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014



Let me chew you

HOW TO SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A COLLEGE GRADUATE

I have helped thousands of men and women who have not had college training in English to become effective speakers, writers and executives. With the new "C" METHOD, you can stop making mistakes, build up your vocabulary, speed up your reading, develop a style that will earn the "highest" of commendation. You don't have to go back to school. Take only 15 minutes a day at home. Come little 32-page booklet mailed \$1.00. Your results, send now a card or letter TODAY.

Don Bolander, Career Institute
Dept. 91M, 30 E. Adams St., Chicago 3, Illinois
Please mail me your FREE 32-page booklet on English.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Borrow BY MAIL \$44.24 Per Month \$1,000 Repays

Enjoy the things you want NOW with a comfortable LOAN BY MAIL amount, \$10 to \$1,000. Pay back in small monthly installments to fit your paycheck. No co-maker. No guarantor when you live with the money now. Low Order Blank mailed FREE in a plain envelope. No obligation. ACT! DIAL FINANCE CO., 410 N. 1st St., Dept. 1-027 - Omaha, Nebraska 68102

DIAL FINANCE CO., 410 N. 1st St., Dept. 1-027 - Omaha, Nebraska 68102
Please send FREE Loan Order Blank.
Name
Address
City Zone State
Amount you want to borrow \$

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch - Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain - without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all - results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) - discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

slide projector and the movies. De Celles presented his case. It took seven hours to go through the massive verbal and visual exhibits.

De Celles happened away on the theory that a faulty fluxgate compass indication must have deceived Spong into death. TWA, he reminded his audience, had thought enough of his theory to modify the RMI installation on all its airplanes at considerable expense. The company had also bought a compass-malfunction warning system for its new jets and was evaluating a similar system for retrofit to its older aircraft.

De Celles' presentation, delivered in his quiet, intensely sincere voice, took up the entire day. When he finally sat down, he felt as if he had just flown a trip across the Atlantic with no copilot or flight engineer. He was completely exhausted, emotionally as well as physically.

TEN days later, Bakke advised ALPA that the Board had ordered the Bureau of Safety to make further studies of the Albuquerque accident.

It would now be necessary to prove that a tilted fluxgate gyro could cause a compass error which would lead the flight to the crash zone and yet be virtually eliminated as the time of the crash.

De Celles and Linsner drew heavily on the co-operation of TWA management for technical aid. Mendor's aircraft-electrical engineering department made a thorough study of the compass errors that would be produced by various degrees and directions of fluxgate gyro tilt. The errors were recorded on an elaborate chart.

From the maintenance manual published by the manufacturer of the fluxgate compass system, De Celles and Johnson determined the minimum and maximum rates which a tilted gyro could be expected to erect. With this information, and knowing the ground speed Flight 260 was making, they were able to plot a series of curves representing the flight paths which would have resulted from various combinations of gyro tilt, gyro-erection rate and indicated heading.

The results were gratifying. The plotted curves showed that a tilted gyro could have caused a compass error sufficient to lead the flight to the crash site. And the curves also showed that the automatic erection mechanism was perfectly capable of correcting the error during the flight.

Johnson, doing a job that would have baffled many an expert draftsman, also prepared a slide showing a plane view of the Albuquerque area including geographical, airway and radio facility features. Then he produced a transparent slide depicting the area obscured by the snowstorm. He put this over the geographical slide as an overlay, giving him an instant display of the weather difficulties Spong presumably encountered.

Another slide showed a vertical cross section of the flight path, with overlay slides showing various degrees of mountain obscurement according to the testimony of key witnesses.

Other slides that poured out of Johnson's nimble fingers dealt with the fluxgate hookup before and after the accident. There were also photographs of the instrument panels, charts and tables depicting compass errors caused by gyro tilt, a complete list of letters De Celles had exchanged with TWA's engineering department on fluxgate malfunctions, reports of flight tests, and letters from pilots on various phases of the accident.

Their final exhibit contained twenty-two separate sections and was even more elaborate

than the one they had prepared for the informal conference with Bakke. To all this, De Celles added one more item: a rewrite of the CAB's own report on the accident, changed and rephrased in accordance with the pilots' view on the crash.

On January 15 and 16, 1959, the CAB held its third hearing on the case of Captain Ivan Spong and Flight 260. De Celles' presentation consumed a day and a half. It included one blunt rebuttal to the CAB's contention that Spong's copilot, Creason, had been "relatively unfamiliar with the Albuquerque area." De Celles introduced one of Creason's closest friends, TWA Captain Al Gettings, who produced the dead pilot's log book. It showed that contrary to the Board's statement, Creason had flown in the Albuquerque area more than 30 times.

De Celles also presented TWA Captain Roy K. Ownby. It was Ownby who, walking out to their airplane on the morning of the crash, had discussed the weather situation with Spong and Creason. His testimony coincided perfectly with that given at the original hearing by the crew of Pioneer 52: from flight altitude in the vicinity of Albuquerque, the Sandia Mountains and the Rio Grande Valley to the north were completely obscured.

De Celles returned to his flight duties. From April of 1958 to January of 1959, he had spent almost every spare moment on the Spong case. The ALPA correspondence file on the fate of Flight 260 is mute evidence of dogged work: it is more than six inches thick.

He was not the only one fighting for a dead pilot, of course. Captains Adickes and Halperin did a lot of spadework before De Celles was assigned to the case. ALPA itself put a great deal of money and energy into the battle. And the work Captain Johnson and the exhibit would have cost a fee in four figures if a professional draftsman had been called in.

But De Celles, more than anyone else, was the pivot around which the crusade revolved. In the summer of 1959, while the CAB was reconsidering the evidence, he seldom flew into Washington or Baltimore without making polite, discreet inquiries at the CAB on when an attended report might be expected.

He never seemed able to get the story of Flight 260 out of his mind.

One clear day, flying out of Albuquerque with a new copilot, he reached down and tripped the fluxgate compass. Unobtrusively, the insidious error appeared.

The youthful copilot, intent on his instrument, rallied the Constellation out of its turn. The RMI showed a north heading. Sandia Mountain was in their path.

"Jesus Christ," said the copilot. "What did I do wrong?"

"I tripped the fluxgate compass," De Celles replied. "Just wanted to show you something."

"A guy could get killed that way," the copilot observed.

"One did," said Captain De Celles.

ON June 15, 1960, the Civil Aeronautics Board issued its third report on the accident at Albuquerque. It changed the probable cause to "unknown." It conceded that the fatal course Spong took could not have been intentional. And it admitted the possibility of fluxgate compass malfunction.

The following spring, at ALPA's safety forum, De Celles was presented with the pilots' union annual award for the outstanding contribution to the advancement of air safety. The plaque rests in his home next to the Christopher Award, both deserved symbols of a man's fight for truth and justice.

OPEN THE DOOR TO SUCCESS IN ANY INDUSTRY



Thousands of jobs waiting.
Become a professional

DRAFTSMAN

LaSalle trains you at home.
No previous skills required.

DRAFTING offers you big career opportunities today. Draftsmen are in heavy demand in every technical field, every construction industry, every engineering and research corporation. Look at the columns of "Help Wanted—Draftsmen" ads that appear in a single issue of a city newspaper! Why don't you get started in this exciting work and qualify for big pay? No previous skills are required for LaSalle spare-time training; expert instructors give your work personal attention. The cost is remarkably low.

Send for FREE Booklet



Packed with information on opportunities in Drafting, describes LaSalle training which you can take at home without interfering with your present job. Mail coupon to LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois 60606.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn, Dept. 37-041, Chicago, Illinois 60606
Please send me free booklet, "Opportunities in Drafting," and full information on training at home.

Name

Address

City & State

Country

Occupation

Age

Working

A.S. P.S.

this was all arranged she led him to the golden couch.

It was almost like making love on the floor of a doll house. The heat from the small, brick-like stove warmed the tiny room. Phano or Sally whatever she called herself was the hottest thing East of the China Seas, Conden thought. A few times during the night she got up to serve him tea to renew his strength and the fragrant smell of oranges rose from the uncovered pot. The gentle rise and fall of the sampans was like a soft drum giving them the rhythmic beat for their love-making. It was a night like no other Conden had ever experienced.

In the morning they could hear the calls of the supply boats moving through the sampans pagoda fleet and Sally went out side to do her shopping. Conden fell asleep. When he awoke, Sally was kneeling beside the couch, at her right hand a big tin of hot water. When she saw he was awake she began to bathe him as if he were a patient in a hospital. Then as he dressed she made some fresh orange tea.

When he tried to pay her for the night, Sally refused. She whispered, "You give me so much pleasure, I cannot take money."

When she let him off on the Quay Minho, she said softly, "I shall be here every night before it gets dark. Will you remember my three dragons?" She pointed to a flag on her pagoda.

Then Conden smiled at her. "I'll never forget your three dragons. And next time I'll bring a present."

When Conden got back to his hotel room, he was surprised to find Colonel Stewart nestled comfortably on the bed and reading a Saigon newspaper. Colonel Stewart grinned up at him and asked, "How did you like Saigon Sally?"

"Pretty good," Conden said, surprised. "Let me see," Stewart winked slyly. "How did she say goodbye? Like 'Oh you are too much big lover for poor little Saigon girl. You make me so happy I cannot take money. Did she use that one on you?'"

Conden's face reddened. He had really been taken in because of the girl's beauty. "You mean she's a Red agent?"

"Not exactly," Stewart said. "But she passes on information, and we think counters from the Viet Cong to the underground Saigon terrorists are routed through her. She owes them the favor."

Conden flopped in an armchair. "I guess you better give me the whole scoop on Sally. I know it was too good to be true."

"Fifteen years ago Sally was just a bar hustler," Stewart said. "At that time, all the hustlers had to live in this big courtyard of the local warlord and men would go in and cut a girl out like you cut a steer out of a herd. The war lord got a rake-off. And the girls had to live in that courtyard with rats, garbage and toilet filth. Well, Sally had more courage than the rest. She led a revolution of all the hustlers. But she was smart. She became the mistress of a rich old mandarin who stalked her. She bought all those sampans, had pagodas built on them and moved them out. The war lord tried to muscle in. Sally is a tough girl and she had a boy friend who turned out to be a Red Viet Cong strong arm boy. He very obligingly knocked off the war lord and Sally owes him favors. But I think we can turn Sally around and get her working for us." Stewart paused and smiled at Conden.

Then Conden shook his head. "It would have to be good."

Stewart pointed at the table against the wall. "On that table is a special file. It's in English and Chinese. I want you to study it and then bring it to me and use it as a weapon." Stewart rose and said good night.

WHEN the Colonel had left, Don Conden studied the special file on the table.

It was a collection of news stories in different Chinese papers. On the opposite page to each was an English translation. All the stories dealt with actions taken by Communist governments against prostitution. Invariably there were photographs to go with it. In Canton, girls who continued in the trade were sentenced to ten years hard labor in another country they were given the lowest form of labor in the economy. There were even cases of perennial offenders being shot. In those countries where the trade was permitted to continue, girls had to work on straight salary just like a factory girl. And through all this was the Puritan strain of vindictiveness brought to new life by the Reds, chains of girls being led through the streets as crowds bombarded them with stones and rotten fruits, girls being given a public whipping and exhibited as animals. Conden shook his head in admiration at the shrewd psychology.

The next morning, Don Conden was waiting on the Quay Minho with the special file under his arm. In less than five minutes, the sampans pagoda with three ram pasted red dragons detached itself from the gaily covered fleet in the bay to come toward him and he could see Sally smiling as she sculled the boat toward the quay. He scrambled aboard.

When they were in their little orange-scented room, Don Conden handed her the file without a word. Sally studied it for a long time. Then she looked up and said, "What does this have to do with me?"

Conden played it cool. "Nothing really. But by this time you must know I'm in American intelligence. If you ever get any information, you can see why you should give it to me."

"I would give you anything," Sally murmured, and they were off again, moving to the rhythm of the bobbing pagoda-boat.

It was after a week of meetings and love-making that the breakthrough came. Sally told Don Conden that she had received instructions to lure him to the terrace of the Cathay Hotel, then leave him there on some pretext. While the Americans was alone on the terrace, a terrorist would assassinate him with a hand grenade. Conden immediately reported to Colonel Stewart's special HQ in the warehouse. Stewart had been sent on a mission up-country, but his Vietnam opposite number Colonel Huanh, had taken down all the information and together they had made plans to capture the terrorist alive and sweat him for information. Colonel Huanh had assured Conden that the square in front of the Cathay Hotel would be swarming with disguised security police.

STANDING on the deserted terrace now, with the terrorist dead, Don Conden put all the pieces together. If Colonel Huanh had not sent security police to guard the square, then Colonel Huanh must be a traitor. And it must be Colonel Huanh who was funneling vital information to the Red guerrillas chief, General Rung. It was Colonel Huanh that Stewart was looking for, and it was Huanh who would know all about the secret strike the Viet Cong were planning on the American Advisory Groups in Saigon.

Conden took a trishaw back to the warehouse. Hqs. On the way he checked the load log of his 38, then left off the safety catch. When he got in the warehouse office he was surprised to see Colonel Stewart seated at his desk. Sally was also there. Her eyes lighted up when she saw Conden. Two Vietnam Rangers were standing beside her, obviously guards.

"Now you will apologize to me," Sally

A New FREE BOOK for

MEN PAST 40

Troubled With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nerve-racks, Tiredness...

This New Free Book points out that if you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be traceable to Glandular Inflammation... a condition that very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is often accompanied by despondency, emotional upset and other mental and nervous reactions.

The book explains that, although many people mistakenly think surgery is the only answer to Glandular Inflammation, there is now a non-surgical treatment available.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

This New Free Illustrated Book tells about the modern, mild, Non-Surgical treatment for Glandular Inflammation and that the treatment is backed by a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance. Many men from all over the country have taken the NON-SURGICAL treatment and have reported it has proven effective.

The Non-Surgical treatment described in this book requires no painful surgery, hospitalization, anesthesia or long period of convalescence. Treatment takes but a short time and the cost is reasonable.

REDUCIBLE HERNIA

Non-Surgical treatment for both reducible hernia and hemorrhoids, the book explains, can usually be taken at the same time as treatment for Glandular Inflammation.

HEMORRHOIDS

FREE NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOK



This New Free Book is fully illustrated and deals with diseases peculiar to men. Taking a few minutes right now to get this coupon today, may enable you to better enjoy the future years of your life and prove to be one of the best investments you ever made.

EXCLUSIVE		FILL OUT THIS	
MEDICAL CLINIC		COUPON TODAY	
Dept. 88000			
Eucalyptus Springs, Fla.			
Caution: Simply send me at once, your New Free Book I am interested in full information (Please Check Box)			
<input type="checkbox"/> Hernia	<input type="checkbox"/> Hemorrhoids	<input type="checkbox"/> Glandular Inflammation	
NAME _____			
ADDRESS _____			
TOWN _____			
STATE _____			

BORROW BY AIRMAIL

\$44.00 Monthly \$1008.45

50%

RE: Underwriting...
 1. \$44.00 Monthly
 2. \$1008.45
 3. \$1008.45
 4. \$1008.45
 5. \$1008.45
 6. \$1008.45
 7. \$1008.45
 8. \$1008.45
 9. \$1008.45
 10. \$1008.45
 11. \$1008.45
 12. \$1008.45
 13. \$1008.45
 14. \$1008.45
 15. \$1008.45
 16. \$1008.45
 17. \$1008.45
 18. \$1008.45
 19. \$1008.45
 20. \$1008.45
 21. \$1008.45
 22. \$1008.45
 23. \$1008.45
 24. \$1008.45
 25. \$1008.45
 26. \$1008.45
 27. \$1008.45
 28. \$1008.45
 29. \$1008.45
 30. \$1008.45
 31. \$1008.45
 32. \$1008.45
 33. \$1008.45
 34. \$1008.45
 35. \$1008.45
 36. \$1008.45
 37. \$1008.45
 38. \$1008.45
 39. \$1008.45
 40. \$1008.45
 41. \$1008.45
 42. \$1008.45
 43. \$1008.45
 44. \$1008.45
 45. \$1008.45
 46. \$1008.45
 47. \$1008.45
 48. \$1008.45
 49. \$1008.45
 50. \$1008.45
 51. \$1008.45
 52. \$1008.45
 53. \$1008.45
 54. \$1008.45
 55. \$1008.45
 56. \$1008.45
 57. \$1008.45
 58. \$1008.45
 59. \$1008.45
 60. \$1008.45
 61. \$1008.45
 62. \$1008.45
 63. \$1008.45
 64. \$1008.45
 65. \$1008.45
 66. \$1008.45
 67. \$1008.45
 68. \$1008.45
 69. \$1008.45
 70. \$1008.45
 71. \$1008.45
 72. \$1008.45
 73. \$1008.45
 74. \$1008.45
 75. \$1008.45
 76. \$1008.45
 77. \$1008.45
 78. \$1008.45
 79. \$1008.45
 80. \$1008.45
 81. \$1008.45
 82. \$1008.45
 83. \$1008.45
 84. \$1008.45
 85. \$1008.45
 86. \$1008.45
 87. \$1008.45
 88. \$1008.45
 89. \$1008.45
 90. \$1008.45
 91. \$1008.45
 92. \$1008.45
 93. \$1008.45
 94. \$1008.45
 95. \$1008.45
 96. \$1008.45
 97. \$1008.45
 98. \$1008.45
 99. \$1008.45
 100. \$1008.45

NAME: _____ AGE: _____
 ADDRESS: _____
 CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

Graphoanalysis

LEARN TO ANALYZE HANDWRITING—
THE PROVED, SCIENTIFIC WAY
 YOU can learn to analyze handwriting...
 INTERNATIONAL GRAPHOANALYTICAL SOCIETY, INC.
 215 West Jackson Blvd., Dept. AW-127, Chicago 6, Ill.

HYDRAULIC JACK REPAIRS

South Wayne Twp. Lehigh, Pa.
 Learn about the new...
 HYDRAULIC JACK REPAIR MANUAL, CO.
 P.O. BOX 10, BLOOMFIELD, CO.

How to Make Money with Simple Cartoons

A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free, no obligation. Simply submit...
CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE
 Dept. 1331 Plymouth 108, Ohio

Fantastic Savings on NEW ACCORDIONS 1/2 OFF

Save up to 1/2 off prices on **DISCOUNT ACCORDIONS**
60 New Models—Easy Tune
 Just want...
FREE
NEW COLOR
DISCOUNT
PRICE

SONG IDEAS WANTED

Write with active Professional songwriters with publisher contacts...
SONGWRITERS' ASSOCIATES
 Studio 17, 236 W. 51 St. at Broadway, NY 19, NY

POLARIS SUB

us. "Thank you, Quarles," he said softly. "That will be all."

When Quarles had scurried off, the Captain stood there alone with a concentrated air, his brow knitted in a frown, his fists clenched as though he were struggling to make a decision. Then he stepped into the officers' quarters passageway.

Gibson moved at five steps into the control center. Lying amidships, the control center was the heart of the Polaris sub. Standing on the commander's platform that was raised about three feet off the deck was Gibson's Executive Officer, Cdr. Charles "Buck" Buckley. From his position, Buckley was above to observe all the operational gear and panels of the sub.

Well over six feet, Buckley seemed to be carved out of granite. His broken nose accentuated high cheek bones and a strong chin. A thick neck was set atop huge shoulders and a bull-like chest.

Buckley had served under Gibson for 20 years and he frankly admitted that he worshipped his captain.

When Buckley saw Gibson, he grinned. "Hi, skipper. We should bust out of Barrow Strait in less than two hours."

"We're changing course, Buck." Buckley raised his eyebrows. Their sailing orders were to leave New London, Connecticut and take the Northwest Passage into the Pacific and from there proceed to Hawaii. Buckley waited for an explanation and when none was made, he just bobbed his head. "Sure thing, skipper."

Beyond the commander's station, on the starboard side of the control center was the navigational station. It was jammed from deck to ceiling with dozens of electronic devices. Seated at a desk in front of the control panels with his charts spread in front of him was Lt. Harry Sterling. Swiveling his neck around to face the Captain, Sterling resembled some gangling, underfed turkey. His horn-rimmed spectacles were always slipping down his nose and in a characteristic gesture, he pushed them back on the bridge of his nose.

"Are you planning a new passage through to the Pacific, Captain?" he asked in his flat, Midwest drawl.

Gibson ignored the question. "What is our bearing, Lieutenant?"

Sterling blinked and then pointed his calipers to a small "x" mark on his chart. "Approximately, here, Captain."

"I don't want your approximation, Sterling," Gibson said without raising his voice. "I want an exact fix."

Sterling shrugged. He respected Gibson's ability, but had little admiration for his character. Gibson's unbending authority always rubbed Sterling the wrong way. Sterling had come into the Navy through the back door. He had finished at the top of his class at MIT and then turned down dozens of corporate offers for a chance to serve aboard the *John Adams*. At the time he was recruited, the ship was still on the ways and it was the most sophisticated and powerful Polaris submarine in the U.S. fleet.

As Sterling turned to his charts, he wondered, "What in hell could this change of course mean?"

Using the complex electronic navigational equipment, Sterling figured out their exact position and gave the "fix" to Gibson, who then ordered a new course.

"Move down Peel Sound and around Somerset Island."

"That doesn't make sense," thought Sterling. "It will take us hundreds of miles out of the way and delay our arrival in Hawaii by two days or more."

All the other officers and men in the control center had stopped even their soft talking. They couldn't understand the new order either and they were half expecting an explanation from Captain Gibson. But Gibson simply turned and walked away.

JUST aft of the control center was the radio communications station. While Gibson was setting the new course, the messenger, Henry Quarles, had reported to the Communications Officer, Lt. John Swenson. After describing what had happened in the Captain's cabin at the time he handed over the six o'clock news, Quarles added, "It was weird, Lieutenant. Real weird."

Swenson was traditional Navy. Short, stocky, blond, he had graduated from Annapolis and had sailed in subs for ten years. He enjoyed the excitement, the challenge and even the risk in sailing aboard undersea craft. Rather anyoneing himself, he found nothing objectionable in Captain Gibson's authoritarian rule. In fact, he expected that kind of command, but he still retained his sense of humor.

"It's the pressure, Quarles," he laughed. "You keep sailing in waters over 200 feet and the pressure turns you a little eccentric."

"You don't understand, Lieutenant," Quarles objected.

Before he could explain, Captain Gibson stepped into the radio shack.

"I hear you hit a new high on the pin ball, sir," said Swenson.

Gibson nodded, rather pleased at Swenson's comment. He looked about the small room. "I don't know, this radio shack seemed, he said finally, "I want the door locked and no one, I repeat, no one goes in here without my permission."

"But sir," said Swenson. "I'm scheduled to radio the command post at Anchorage in another hour."

"No messages will be sent and no messages will be received. Is that clear, Lieutenant?"

Swenson swallowed hard and glanced up to meet the pop eyes of Quarles. "Yes, sir," he said.

Gibson moved into the passageway while Swenson secured his transmitter and receiver and then locked the door.

This was the beginning of a series of actions that was to place the very survival of the United States in danger. There are few secrets aboard a submarine. Since there was as yet no explanation for the Captain's sudden decision to set a new course, rumors flew up and down the length of the sub like chaff in a strong wind. Wild as some of them were, however, the rumors were nowhere near an approximation of the truth. And had the truth been suggested, no one would have believed it.

The course was changed and the reconstructions center secured on August 10th. On August 12th, when the *John Adams* failed to maintain radio contact with Naval Outpost 1, Adm. Wayne Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, called a meeting in a sixth floor conference room of the

USE 30 DAYS FREE!

The Most Valuable New Concept In Executive Self-Training—

"THE EXECUTIVE'S WORKSHOP"

SIMPLY mail the coupon below to try for 30 days FREE the most comprehensive training program yet devised for men like yourself whose goal is the top rung of business success. . . .

"The Executive's Workshop"

Here, at last, is a practical program that will prepare you for all the duties and responsibilities you will face as a member of upper management. It was designed by 6 of the foremost executive training experts in the country . . . and no rising executive who wants to improve himself can afford to pass it up.

This unique series of 12 monthly portfolios, each containing concise and thorough self-training in every essential executive area, will vastly upgrade your business knowledge and skills and steadily increase your chances to rise in management.

With the very first monthly portfolio you will discover new abilities to tackle critical assignments, make strategic decisions and take on key functions with ease and confidence. Your potential for reaching the executive level—and the money that goes with it—will skyrocket!

Here is just a small sample of the tremendous wealth of information and guidance you will receive month after month:

MANAGING PEOPLE — Acquire New Power and Confidence in Handling People . . .

Each month the WORKSHOP gives you the most effective techniques for managing people. You are taught how to spot problem areas and correct them before they become serious. You are trained in the best methods of getting people completely behind you. The WORKSHOP prepares you for working withordinates and superiors—shows you how to gain their respect and confidence—virtually assures you of company-wide acceptance and cooperation.

SPEED READING — Increase Your Efficiency, Save You Time . . .

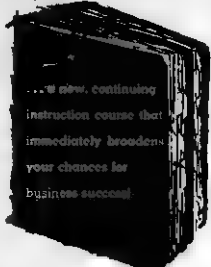
Each month the WORKSHOP's amazing Speed Reading Course teaches you how to cut through your daily business reading in half the time with greater comprehension and retention of facts and figures than ever before! It enables you to absorb completely all your correspondence, reports, memos and other "must" reading. It gives you more time for other work, extra hours for tackling new jobs and challenges.

WRITING SKILLS — Achieve New Mastery of the Written Word . . .

The WORKSHOP concentrates heavily on upgrading your writing skills, teaches you how to organize your thoughts and convert them into effective communications. You are shown how to dictate compelling letters, how to compose sales talks, how to write effective reports and memos. In addition, the WORKSHOP builds your business vocabulary, helps you polish your grammar, points the way to eliminating trite phrases and over-worked words.

SUCCESSFUL MARKETING — Gain Vital Knowledge About Product Marketing . . .

The WORKSHOP lessons give you a complete grasp of the 15 factors necessary for the successful launch of any product. . . . prepare you for important contributions to your company's



... a new, continuing instruction course that immediately broadens your chances for business success.

marketing strategies. Special problem cases guide you in making quick, accurate decisions. You are taught how to conduct marketing research, analyze statistics and data, prepare precise reports for top management.

EXECUTIVE MATHEMATICS — Made Easy and Meaningful for You . . .

The WORKSHOP teaches you the 24 proven formulas for mastering all forms of business mathematics. In a short time you will find that you can instantly get to the heart of complex profits and loss statements, readily handle business sheets and budgets, create detailed price structures and chart production. It's a course unlike any you've ever taken, one that makes business math easy and interesting regardless of your previous training and ability.

MODERN SALESMANSHIP — Sell Products, Programs, Ideas — and Yourself . . .

This dynamic course thoroughly trains you in the techniques of modern salesmanship, gives you the 12 cardinal sales strategies essential to every executive. You learn how to prepare sales campaigns, how to read charts and graphs. You are shown how to sell your ideas and yourself, how to build your employer's confidence in you, how to make certain you'll be considered every time there is opportunity for advancement.

EXECUTIVE MANAGEMENT — Do an Outstanding Job in All Executive Areas . . .

In every monthly WORKSHOP portfolio you'll receive the best of instruction in the general skills imperative to success as an executive. You are taught how to conduct effective meetings and conferences, you get a course in public relations, techniques for delegating responsibility, methods for dealing with subordinates and visitors — in effect, everything you will need in your role as an administrator.

SELF-MANAGEMENT — Get the Most From Every Minute of Your Working Day . . .

Enclosed in a special matching binder, this final section trains you to analyze your assignments, control confidential information, and maintain a tight, well-planned schedule. And once the course is completed this section becomes a personal desk-top reference and executive diary that will serve you for years.

A New Lesson Every Month

Each monthly portfolio in THE EXECUTIVE'S WORKSHOP stands by itself as a complete training session in executive skills. Each lesson is followed by a self-scoring test that makes certain you have mastered the material.

The WORKSHOP was designed for use at home in your spare time. Each monthly portfolio requires only one or two hours a week. And each one is complete — there is no added expense for textbooks, worksheets or pads. Ample space is included in each lesson for working out problems, practicing and completing tests.

Unlike Any Other Form Of Executive Training

Don't compare the WORKSHOP with any other form of executive self-training. Here's a continuing business self-improvement course that teaches you skills you must have after success.

Designed for men who simply do not have the time to attend the many executive courses and extensive seminars, THE EXECUTIVE'S WORKSHOP is the perfect way for you to acquire these skills with a minimum of time and money.

You Can Now Test the Enormous Benefits of This Unique Executive Self-Training Course Absolutely Without Risk or Expense

Just send the coupon below to receive the first lesson of THE EXECUTIVE'S WORKSHOP, plus the 2 matching vinyl-leather binders, for 30 days free trial. Test and evaluate this remarkable program at your leisure. If you are not convinced that it is the most valuable new concept of executive self-training yet devised — simply return the materials and you pay nothing, owe nothing. Only if you are completely satisfied need you continue the course at the low cost of \$1.50 a month. Mail the coupon now!

NO RISK COUPON — MAIL TODAY!

BUREAU OF BUSINESS PRACTICE, Dept. 5125-A1 Waterford, Connecticut

Please send me the first lesson of THE EXECUTIVE'S WORKSHOP, plus the 2 matching vinyl-leather binders, for 30 days' free trial. At the end of that time, if I am not satisfied in any way I may return the materials and owe you nothing. I am sure the materials, you may begin my one-year subscription to THE EXECUTIVE'S WORKSHOP. It will come to me once every month at the low cost of just \$1.50 per month, plus a few cents for postage and handling.

Name _____ (Please Print) _____ Signed _____
 Firm _____ Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

POLARIS SUB

Pearlman. Always championing a cigar, the gray-haired, leathery-faced Bradley was a blood and guts leader. One of the most decorated commanders of World War II, he talked tough and acted tough.

After calling the meeting of brass to order, Bradley stated: "This is Navy business. I know Gibson. I trust him. I want no leakage on this missing sub. If we get panicky now and the sub turns up, we'll have eggs on our face. I suggest we sweep the area in an air search. The sub *George Washington* is two hundred miles off San Francisco. We'll dispatch her to move into the Barrow Strait from the west. The *Tecumseh* is off Iceland. We can move her in to the Northwest Passage from the east. I'd like this done under tight security."

Within minutes of that meeting, orders went the atomic subs *George Washington* and *Tecumseh* speeding toward Barrow Strait from the west and east. Coded messages also went out to Naval Air Stations at Cape York in Greenland and on Beakha Island in the Arctic regions to dispatch search planes.

Since August 10th, Gibson had kept the *Adams* well below the surface. At that depth it was impossible to receive a clear radio signal of the six o'clock international news from the Coast Guard Station in Nome. Gibson grew more and more restless. He growled the sub from stern to stern like some giant, hungry wolf.

The *John Adams* was divided into four main sections. Except for the 32-foot torpedo room in the bow, the forepart was composed of living quarters, gallery and mess hall. Moving aft, next came the control center which was directly under the sail (old-type sub conning tower). Next was the 142-foot missile section and finally the engine rooms in the stern. The three main decks in the center of the ship tapered down to a single deck at the bow and stern.

Gibson roamed through the ship dozens of times each day checking equipment and ordering adjustments. He grew more detached and by late afternoon of August 15th, Gibson knew he had to pick up the radio broadcast. He ordered the *John Adams* to surface and then went to the radio shack.

"Lt. Swenson unlocked the door. 'Listen to the receiver,' said Gibson. Swenson didn't say anything, but he was more puzzled than ever. 'He doesn't want me to trust any other receiving channel,' the Lieutenant thought. 'But why?'

It was three minutes before his. Gibson switched the set from speaker to headphones and then brought in the Coast Guard Radio Station in Nome. There were no items datelined from the missing sub. Gibson And there was no mention of the missing sub, *John Adams*.

When the broadcast ended, Gibson smiled, almost in relief. It seemed to Swenson. He then locked up the radio shack again.

Back in the control center, Gibson ordered his navigation officer, Harry Sterling, to plot a course north between Cornwallis and Devon Islands.

"Okay, Buck," Gibson then said. "Take her down."

As the *John Adams* moved north again, the Navigation Officer, Lt. Sterling was relieved by the QM, First Class. Sterling headed down the officers' passageway to the bank he shared with Swenson, the Com-

munications Officer. At the door, he hesitated. He heard Swenson talking to the messenger Henry Quarles.

"I was thinking, sir," said Quarles, "that maybe you ought to tell Commander Buckley what I saw when I delivered the news to the Captain."

"You tell anyone what you told me and I promise you a nice little, old court-martial. Now stop letting your imagination run away with you."

"All right, Lieutenant," Quarles said hesitantly, "but the men are getting real restless. There's a million crazy rumors floating around."

"That's SOP in the Navy, Quarles."

"Yes, sir."

Sterling stepped back as Quarles came out of the cabin. Holding a finger to his lips, Sterling waved Quarles down the passageway. Quarles hurried forward with Sterling right on his heels. At the end of the passageway, they climbed down the ladder to a short passage that led to the mess compartment. The juke box was blaring out some rock 'n' roll.

Just what happened when you gave those radio dispatches to the Captain?" Sterling asked.

Quarles turned his lips. "Suppose you ask Lieutenant Swenson."

"I'll be honest. From what I heard him say to you, Quarles, I don't think he'd tell me. But I believe something is radically wrong. You were sharp enough to see it, Quarles. I want you to tell me what happened for the good of the ship and everyone aboard." Quarles hesitated and Sterling continued, "You have my word that what you tell me will be held in strict confidence."

"Okay, Lieutenant." Quickly Quarles repeated what he had seen when he delivered the radio messages on the 10th of August. "The item ended up with something about the Chinese Republic never forgetting three villages. I don't remember all the names, but one of those villages was Raabon." Quarles opened his pop eyes wide. "It was weird. Lieutenant. The Captain with sweat breaking out on his face and standing there like he'd gotten news that his wife and family had been wiped out in some kind of disaster. I've never seen him blink an eye before, not even when we first testing massed depth on our test run."

"Thanks," quivered Quarles' shoulder. "Sterling, Henry." Before turning away, Sterling added, "Maybe you'd better keep it to yourself for the time being."

"Sure," said Quarles, "but I wish you could get Commander Buckley to talk to the Captain and let us know what gives."

"I'll try," Sterling promised.

Sterling was deeply disturbed by what Quarles said. Why should a news item from Peking throw Captain Gibson for a loop?

He wondered.

Climbing back up the ladder, he returned to his cabin. Lt. Swenson was lying on his bunk studying a manual on nuclear reactors. Sterling and Swenson never had any arguments, but under the surface there was a silent animosity. Swenson's life was wrapped up in the Navy while Sterling was worldly and an intellectual.

It wasn't easy for Sterling to bring up the subject of Quarles and what he had told them. More important, Sterling could not break the confidence that Quarles had

given him.

"What's this change of course all about?" Sterling asked.

Swenson shrugged. "I've heard about 50 good rumors. You can take your choice."

"But I understand that the Captain wouldn't even let you monitor the news channel at six o'clock."

"He must have his reasons."

"But," said Sterling, "all this mystery is unusual and especially strange for the Captain. I understand he takes a pride in letting his crew in on every operation."

Swenson snorted. "You're as bad as that old Quarles." Swenson realized he'd made a mistake in mentioning the messenger, but Sterling was too quick to let him change the subject.

"I've noticed Quarles' worried look. As a matter of fact I saw him coming out of the cabin a little while ago. And it has something to do with our change of course and the radio mystery."

"You guys and your questions!" Swenson snorted. "Always looking for motivations, hidden reasons. Hell, Captain Gibson knows damn well what he's doing. Besides it's not my affair or yours either. Harry."

"Maybe not," said Sterling, grinning to show there were no hard feelings involved in the discussion. "But how about filling me in just to satisfy my stupid curiosity?"

"Okay, okay," said Swenson and then gave Sterling a brief summary of what Quarles had reported as well as his experience in the radio shack at six o'clock.

Sterling said nothing. He took off his shirt, washed his face in the small basin and put on a sweatshirt. After fusing a round, he wandered out toward the mess room which was a combination sickroom, laboratory, hospital and stern torpedo room.

DOC Henderson was writing up an analysis of a sample of water he had taken from the sea when Sterling entered. Henderson looked very much like a mole. He had small, black eyes, a long nose, a thin mustache and a dark olive complexion. An expert in illnesses that resulted from abnormal pressures, he was also a top-flight psychiatrist.

In his late thirties, Henderson had the rank of Commander, was a veteran, highly-respected Navy physician.

"Glad to see you, Sterling," he said in his gravelly voice. "You men are so damned healthy I sometimes feel I'm not needed."

Sterling grinned. Doc Henderson was the one man aboard Sterling really liked.

Henderson pointed to a leather chair. "Sit down, Henry," he growled. "You've got something on your mind. Let's have it."

"Do you know why we've changed course, Doc, and why we're traveling with our communications system secured?"

"Nope," said Henderson.

"Don't you think it's rather peculiar?" "Yes, I do."

"Have you spoken to Captain Gibson about it?"

"No, I haven't," said the doctor. "Should I?"

Sterling shook his head. "I don't know, but let me tell you some things you might not know."

Sterling went on to repeat what Quarles had told him and also gave his own impressions about the change in Gibson's behavior. "He seems at times to be walking around in a dream. Not that he's not alert, but sometimes his mind seems to be a thousand miles away."

Henderson rubbed his thin mustache. "Did you know," he said, "that Gibson was a prisoner of war during that Korean police action?"

"Yes, of course," said Sterling.

"The POW camp Gibson was in," Henderson said, "was, as I recall it, just outside the village of Rashon."

Sterling tried to find some meaning in all this, but nothing made sense. Why should Peking send out a radio item about three obscure villages in North Korea at this time? And why should Gibson react to the item in any way?

Henderson grasped the thread of Sterling's thoughts. "Don't jump to any conclusions, Lieutenant, because you don't happen to like the Captain. Did it ever occur to you that Gibson was shaken up by being reminded of that POW camp again? Very few people know the full story of what went on there. Even I don't know all the details, but I'll sell you this, Gibson went through hell to protect every other American prisoner."

"So you believe the charge of murder and that news item were unrelated."

Doc Henderson grinned and his small eyes disappeared in the leathery folds of his skin. "I didn't say that, Henry."

THE time was then 8:03 P.M. August 15th. All that night, the John Adams continued to probe uncharted waters under the ice moving further and further north.

On the following morning, August 15th, Friday, he 13th Adm. Wayne Bradley was ushered into the White House. Having failed to locate the Adams, he was committed to informing the President of the missing sub. Bradley was some ten happy about this meeting. He did not have a high regard for the President, considering him basically a politician, and in the few meetings they had had, Bradley had not been able to conceal this feeling.

President C. Hawkins had been in office only eight months. He had started up local ward heeler in a Chicago precinct, been elected to Congress and then through a compromise had been nominated Vice-President. Early in his term, President Wheeler had died of a heart attack and C. Hawkins, a small pot-bellied man with shrewd brown eyes and a caustic tongue had taken over the highest and meanest dirtiest position in the world.

Instead of being taken to the President's office, Adm. Bradley was led to the West Wing of the White House to a game room fixed up with a pool table. President Hawkins dressed in wrinkled slacks and a wild, colorful sports shirt was shooting a game. He looked up.

"You shoot, pool, Bradley?" he asked. "No, Mr. President," said the Admiral calmly.

Hawkins hoisted himself onto the edge of the pool table and pointed the cue stick at a chair. "Take a load off your feet." When Bradley stood where he was Hawkins said, "Well, what's your problem?"

Bradley stated the problem in short, explosive sentences. Like so many other men Bradley underestimated C. Hawkins. The President didn't cut a dazzling figure, but he was shrewd, decisive and when he had to be, as tough as nails.

Pointing the cue stick at the Admiral, Hawkins said, "Sit down, Bradley, over there near the telephone."

The Admiral marched to the telephone. "Now, you just pick up that receiver and call your office. Tell them to get the complete file on the missing sub. I want all personnel records. Everything! And I want it here in 15 minutes."

When Bradley hung up, Hawkins hopped off the table and still wearing his cue stick said, "Now, follow me, double time. Admiral!"

Hawkins hurried along the corridors of the White House until he reached his office. He slammed the door shut and then sat on the edge of his desk. In the corner of the room, slumped in a soft swivel chair, was probably the ugliest man in Washington. As thin as a stick his clothes hung on him like they'd been slept in for years. His cheeks were sunken, his teeth worn down to brown stubs. A few strands of gray hair covered a knobby skull. This was Jason Coker, confident and adviser to Hawkins. A veteran Washington correspondent, Coker knew more about political infighting and the panderings of Government officials than any man alive. It was Coker who had maneuvered Hawkins into the Vice Presidency and it was Coker who wrote all Hawkins's speeches.

As the two men stormed into the office, Coker watched them silently and curiously. Something big was up, he knew, and it stirred his blood. He loved a good battle.

Hawkins waited until the air itself seemed charged with electricity. Then, in a low, venomous voice, he said to Coker, "That SOB thinks he's an Admiral in some banana republic."

"You can have my resignation any time you like," Bradley exploded.

"Shut up!" Hawkins barked. Bradley clamped his teeth down so hard, he bit his cigar in half and then contemptuously spat the tobacco onto the carpet. "The John Adams has been missing for three days and this tin horn character has kept me in the dark!"

Coker grinned. "Never knock a war hero, Mr. President. It's bad politics."

Hawkins suddenly chuckled. "You're right, Coker. Let's get down to cases." Carefully, almost politely, he began questioning the Admiral. But the questions led nowhere. It was all speculation and there were no hard answers. When the files from the Pentagon arrived, Hawkins tossed them to Coker. "What do you think, Coker?"

Jason Coker pored through the papers with incredible speed and then pulled out a psychological report on Captain Gibson. "Gibson is cruising around there under the ice for some idiotic reason of his own," Coker said. "Okay, so let the head shrinkers work on the reasons."

"We've got to put out a news release," Hawkins said. "Maybe the Navy is running enough some kind of Arctic maneuvers, all very hush-hush. Can you handle it, Bradley?"

The Admiral had collected himself. For the first time, he had even a new view of the President and he was re-evaluating his opinions. "Yes sir," he said.

"Now I want that sub flushed out. Block up the exits to that Northwest Passage as best you can. Send up every plane you can without making the world think we're going nuts. Make it all part of this Navy maneuver."

"It's a good plan, Mr. President," said Bradley.

"And I want a step by step report. Direct to Coker. And one last item. You may think I'm a two-bit politician, Bradley, but I'm the President of the United States. You ever keep me dithering in the dark again and I'll break you to a seaman and have you chipping paint on deck."

Bradley stood up, saluted and marched out. When he left, Hawkins hopped off the desk and slumped into his chair behind the desk. "Do you believe in intuition, Coker?" he asked. When there was no answer, Hawkins went on. "My intuition tells me that we're heading for trouble, big trouble."

ON August 14th, a sighting of the John Adams was made by a Navy Willie Victor from a Canadian base of Banks Island.

While the sub was surfaced, Captain Gibson scanned the area and the sky by periscope and spotted the low-flying Navy plane. Although Gibson expected a search for his missing submarine, the sight of the plane suddenly charged him with a strange feeling of elation he hadn't experienced since the Korean War.

Cdr. Buckley, who was observing the Captain closely, recognized that expression of excitement and determination.

"What's up, skipper?" he asked. "Gibson ignored Buck and the sub had dived and taken a course to the northwest under the ice between the Sverdrup Islands and Longueuse Island."

And then once again as though no time had passed since Buck had questioned him, his answer Gibson said, "A low flying WV-2."

On August 15th, at 6 P.M. Captain Gibson clamped on the ear phones, brought in the international news, and listened to another item, originating from Peking. Once again Korea was mentioned, although in a different context. Lt. Swenson and Henry Quarles were both outside the radio shack. They both observed the stiff attention that wracked the Captain. Both observed the sweat breaking out on Gibson's face. And when the radio shack was secured, Swenson's calm was shaken. This time there was no squelching of the news item or Gibson's reaction. Everyone aboard quickly learned about the first message detailing Peking and this second message.

The discontent aboard was now open; though Cdr. Buckley tried to hold the men in line, it was impossible to reassure them without any knowledge of what Gibson was up to.

Buckley finally went to see the captain in his cabin. "Skipper, you got to let us all in on this screw business. If you don't, the men's morale is going to be shot. I'm leveling with you, skipper."

"All right, Buck," Gibson seemed to make up his mind to tell his story as though it had only now suddenly occurred to him that the men aboard were entitled to know the facts. "Shortly before this trip, Buck, I was in Washington. The Pentagon gave me secret coded orders. Under these same orders we're going to be pursued by ships and planes of the Navy. I have been instructed not to make contact and to avoid any pursuit. I don't know when, Buck. Gibson continued, "but at some future time a plan will be divulged to me which I will then carry out."

Buckley grinned in relief. "For Pete's sake, skipper, you could of told us that once we got under way."

"I was following instructions, Buck. 'Stay secret. But now you gotta tell the men.'"

Gibson nodded. In the control center, he picked up the mike and made his announcement. His voice had a note of pleasure in it as though the story itself was something new even to himself and rather pleased

EXTRA LENGTH BOOK BONUS

POLARIS SUB

him. This announcement was greeted by a roaring cheer from bow to stern. The sense of relief was apparent and now their journey was no longer an aimless wandering. The voyage was a game and they were ready to play it with zest.

THE search for the John Adams had been intensified by Adm. Bradley. Two destroyer flotillas armed with special anti-submarine and detection devices patrolled each end of the Northwest Passage. Observation planes cruised over the region, spreading sonobuoys in the open waters of the ice pack. These tiny transmitters could pick up any trace of a submarine by the minute effect of the sub's mass on the earth's magnetic field and then send out its location. Joining the atomic mules George Washington and Tecumseh were five attack submarines designed to intercept and destroy enemy underwater craft. Moving into the Passage, they spread out under the sea pack. Their instructions were to intercept and bring the John Adams to the surface.

Except for the one sighting from the air, however, no contact had been made. Then, on August 19th, the Tecumseh and Shasta, bearing east under the ice of Vice-Admiral Melville Sound, located the John Adams on their echo-ranging sonar. The monstrous beast of the sonar device and the light on the panel look on characteristic sound and shape. The target was an unmistakably a sub of the John Adams class.

At the time of the contact, Gibson was stretched out on his bunk. The buzzer sounded out sharply.

"Two interceptors contacted," Buckley barked over the speaker. "At 18,000 yards. Course zero five zero."

Gibson shoved his feet into his slippers and hurried the few steps left into the control center. The best of the sonar was increasing in intensity as the Tecumseh and George Washington converged on the John Adams. The officers and men on duty looked up as Gibson entered. He grinned at them and then walked behind Lt. Sterling bust over his chair.

"How far are we from McIntirek Channel?" Gibson asked.

Sterling pushed the glasses onto the bridge of his nose, prepared the data from BINS and fed it into NAVDAC—the huge computer.

When the figures flashed on the panel, Sterling wrote some rapid calculations. "One hundred twenty nine miles from the charted passageway, Captain."

"Good. Set a course."

Sterling plotted the course and called out the figures which were relayed to the helmsman. The accustomed noises grew louder and the rhythmic prings and blinks of the instruments added excitement to the tenor of the men in the control room. The chart of the sonar operator kept up a steady hum. "18,000 yards! 9,500 yards! 9,900 yards" as the pursuing ships closed in on their target.

"New course!" Gibson ordered. "One three zero. Left half rudder. All ahead, full speed. Peel off!"

The sub turned, almost like a fighter plane and, in fact, the John Adams had a faster rate of turn than a jet plane. Her maneuverability was so fantastic that a new term was born to describe those twists and turns. "Hydrobatics."

The chart of the sonar operator contin-

ed. "7,800 yards! 7,950 yards" as the two pursuers stayed on its tail.

As the John Adams settled into its new course, it began to pick up tremendous speed, but for the moment, the Tecumseh and George Washington still closed in.

"When we come down Paul Sound," asked Gibson of Harry Sterling, "that was uncharted water, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Captain," said Sterling. "Prepare the computer to take over for automatic controls. We'll run up Paul Sound at top speed and lose these boys."

It took over five hours to complete their course into Paul Sound and when they finally moved into the uncharted waters at top speed, the Tecumseh and George Washington were conspicuously out-distanced.

Their aimless wandering since August 16th now turned out to be not quite so purposeless as Sterling thought. They had charted waters known only to themselves, making any pursuit almost as impossible. Even in open waters, the John Adams was the fastest atomic submarine in the Navy. In these unknown waters, with the charts they'd made, other subs could not cope with their speed, maneuverability and know-how.

When Harry Sterling was relieved at the chart desk, he wandered forward until he reached the torpedo room in the bow. Nine numbers were noted on the long, dead-by-looking "pickle" Quarles, the messman, was with them. He saw Sterling come in and stared at him, his eyes popping. "Most great quiet."

"Faster," thought Sterling. "They've never had secrets about this ship before. And there's never been a sharp difference in rank either."

He was about to leave when Quarles spoke up. "Can I say something off the record, Lieutenant?"

"Sure."

"Some of the men think this is a crazy deal, not like any maneuvers or war game we've ever heard of."

ALL the men looked at him curiously and Sterling decided to stick his neck out. "Okay, off the record, I agree. What I'm going to say to you guys now can get me court-martialed. It might even be called treason. But I don't understand what is going on and I can't believe there are any secret orders until either I see them or have them confirmed from some other source."

A babble of voices broke loose. Every man in the torpedo room was of the same opinion. Two of the men had been in submarines during World War II and they made it clear they'd never experienced anything like this before under any captain. Although they all had strong opinions about the so-called secret orders, they wanted Sterling to know that they were in a minority.

"Maybe 10 or 11 other guys agree with us. Most of the other men think we're nuts for even thinking about the Captain's orders."

"What are we going to do, Lieutenant?" Quarles asked.

"Nothing," said Sterling. "Absolutely nothing. We'll obey orders and do our job. They started to give them some help in his failure to give them some help. Sterling knew he had to say something positive. But it was difficult to skirt the little time between doing what was morally right and obeying orders. "We've found

with a new problem," he said at last. "It seems that what we're doing is screwy, but then the Navy often does screwy things. The time may come when we may have to choose between obeying orders and saving our ship. At that time, we'll all have to make our own decisions."

The men said nothing. They just nodded. Their faces said. There was a hardness and solidity to them now and there was understanding. Although they weren't his equals either intellectually or in rank, Sterling felt for the first time a closeness to his shipmates he'd never had before.

"Thanks, Lieutenant," said Quarles softly. "Still too keyed up for sleep or small talk. Sterling headed back to the hospital."

Doc Henderson was seated at one of the lab tables, staring at the flame of a bunsen burner. He seemed very old and haggard these last few days along the side of his nose.

Sterling got right to the point. "Have you considered Gibson may be as they say, off his rocker?" Sterling said.

"He's not off his rocker," Henderson frowned. "He's acting as rationally as I am or you. That's what I don't understand. If he had shown any symptoms of psychotic behavior, I could take some action. But his rationality is rational, not even though I think there aren't any secret orders, I still have to believe in them."

Henderson stood up and opened the door. He looked at Sterling a long time and then turned his back and picked up a tray of test tubes. He opened his note book and went over an experiment in progress.

FOR five more days, the John Adams maneuvered in the vast, uncharted waters under the Northern ice cap. During that time the sub did not surface. Then, on August 25th, the polyspy detector was brought into operation to find open water in the ice. Carefully, Gibson brought the sub just to the surface and then buried it under the radio shack. The time was 5:55 P.M.—five minutes before the Coast Guard broadcast of the International news.

Gibson put on the head set and listened. He scribbled some notes on a piece of paper and then shoved the paper into his pocket. At 8:00 P.M., he switched to the speaker as the news broadcast began.

Seated at his chart desk, Sterling seemed a weird silence and intuitively knew that every man aboard was figuratively holding his breath. Even the constant noise of the electronic machines seemed to dwindle. The flat voice of the news announcer came out of the speaker with a harsh, unattractive quality. At 8:12 P.M., the announcer intoned "Peking."

Sterling picked up his pencil and wrote the news dispatch as it came over. "The People's Republic of China wishes to remind the imperialists that they have not forgotten the atrocities of Kure. The Chinese people will not forget the villages of Kailan Anjo and Banhou. We want the imperialists that if they continue to oppress colonialism on the East, the Chinese people will take as its motto 'The East will crush its enemies. Remember time is running out.'"

Sterling glanced up and could see that Gibson had written the item in his small, neat hand. Sterling watched as the Captain scribbled ciphers on the notation he'd made. When Gibson switched off the set, the Captain's face had a pensive, almost lost expression. Slowly, his expression changed until the Captain resembled a painting Sterling remembered of one of the Christian martyrs done during the Renaissance. The expression was a combination of agony and triumph. It lasted only a moment and then, Gibson seemed to gather himself together.

Walking to the commander's station where Buck was posted, Gibson said, loudly enough so that everyone in the control station could hear him. "We've been assigned an important mission, Buck. I'll explain in detail later. Right now, I want you to conn this ship through the Bering Strait and into the Northern Pacific. I'll count on you to avoid all contact."

"Yes, sir," Buck said.
Without another word or glance back ward, the Captain headed for the passage way and into his cabin. Sterling watched him go, his shoulders squared, his walk purposeful. But as the Captain turned into the doorway, his face reflected in the red light, Sterling saw that beads of sweat were rolling down his forehead.

"Is it possible," Sterling wondered, "that Gibson is getting his secret orders in cipher over the international news and that the key word is the dateline, Peking?"

By the time he stretched out on his bunk, Gibson was drenched in perspiration. His mind whirled and his head rolled from side to side as a terrible conflict raged inside him. His mind kept going back to a cold day at sea on December 14th, 1950. The Chinese had crossed the Yalu River and cut off U.N. forces at the Changlin River. Some units fought their way to Hung nam where they were being evacuated.

Paul Gibson was a Lieutenant, in command of a destroyer. He remembered the days, gray, wet, cold when his ship was attacked by bombers as it helped screen the freighters aiding the evacuation.

By December 24th, all units had been taken off shore.

Shortly before midnight, as he prepared to sail off under orders, he spotted a flare. In its light, he saw a group of American soldiers huddled on the rocks of the beach. Swinging his destroyer close to jagged rocks, he launched a motor boat. Then, turning over command of his ship to his Executive Officer, he jumped into the launch. Right behind was Charles "Buck" Buckley, a tommygun cradled in his hand.

"Hell skipper, you don't take shore leave without ole Buck."

They jockeyed through the surf onto the launch. Right behind was Charles "Buck" Buckley, a tommygun cradled in his hand.
"Hell skipper, you don't take shore leave without ole Buck."

They jockeyed through the surf onto the beach, but before they could load the survivors aboard, the launch was riddled with machinegun bullets and literally torn apart. Gibson and Buck jumped ashore, but before they could break for cover, they were surrounded by Chinese troops along with the other Americans.

"This is a great way to spend Christmas," said Gibson.

For the next two years, Gibson, Buckley and 200 other American fighting men were confined in a prison compound ten miles from the village of Rashon.

They went through their own private hell. Beatings, starvation, brainwashing, brutality and neglect. During this time, Paul Gibson, as the ranking officer in the camp, took over as leader of the prisoners. He stood up for the rights of his men. He upheld them by his own strength. He made them follow the rule of sanitation, forced them to keep up their personal appearance. He coddled them, barked at them, but he kept them together.

Not one man in his camp worked for the Chinese, not one man defected and not one

man died. Even the Chinese grudgingly agreed to admire his spirit. And as a result, they gave up their attempts to propagandize them.

Then, on January 16th, 1953, Gibson was taken from the camp to a small hospital unit about four miles away. There, he was turned over to the command of Doctor Peter Tsu.

"Tall, pleasant, soft-spoken, Dr. Tsu had all the manners of an English gentleman. 'I'm quite un-Chinese,' he explained to Gibson. 'I suppose that ten years in English public schools and the University have left their mark.'"

"Why'd you bring me here?" Gibson demanded.

"You've gotten to be a folk hero, Lieu tenant. did you know that? Word of the amazing discipline and morale you've created has even reached your own headquarters. Frankly, I wanted to meet you."

Tsu, despite his youthful appearance, was in fact one of the most astute psychiatrists in China and an expert in psychological propaganda. He was an intimate of the inner ruling circle in Peking and was often consulted on propaganda programs. His medical specialty, however, was the study of anti-social or criminal acts and hypnosis. Based on scores of actual cases in Europe, and on his own experiments, Tsu was convinced that any man could be persuaded to commit a criminal act so long as he was convinced his act was moral and right.

During the Korean War, Dr. Tsu persuaded Mao Tse Tung, Premier of Red China, that he could make an American prisoner his captive through hypnosis, and then, through post-hypnotic suggestions, make this subject carry out his wishes at any time in the future. Mao agreed. And Paul Gibson was chosen for the experiment.

Tsu was to succeed beyond even his own optimistic hopes.

There were four principle steps in Tsu's program. First, he had to turn Gibson into a subject easily hypnotized. Second, he had to shock Gibson by some horror that would make the American feel a terrible sense of guilt. Third, by playing on this feeling of guilt, he had to lead Gibson into believing that one day he would be the man who would save the world from destruction. And fourth, Tsu had to give him a code or cipher in a post-hypnotic suggestion to which Gibson would respond.

The first step was comparatively easy. Under the pretext of giving Gibson a vitamin shot, Tsu injected a dose of nembutal. As Gibson started falling asleep, Tsu was able to put him under hypnosis. This was continued until the drug was no longer necessary. To strengthen his control over Gibson, Tsu put him into an hypnotic state more and more often. Soon, he had only to lift up a yellow pencil and hand it to Gibson to put him to sleep. Then Tsu forced him to cooperate even against his own wishes.

In one experiment, Tsu started a casual conversation and asked, "Tell me, Lieu tenant, what were you, a naval officer, doing ashore at Hushan when you were captured?"

Gibson grinned. "I wouldn't tell you that in a million years, doctor."

"Tsu then banded Gibson a yellow pencil and said, 'Suppose you write it down for me.'"

As soon as Gibson took the pencil he dropped into an hypnotic trance and at the urging of Tsu wrote down all the details of

the action that took him ashore. When Gibson was awakened, he was horrified by what he himself had written and frightened that he had let himself be controlled by Tsu.

Yet despite his anguish he couldn't break free from Tsu's influence.

The second step was to shock Gibson and give him a personal sense of guilt. Tsu prepared the ground, carefully. He gathered in one hospital 300 Korean civilians who had been mutilated in battle and burned by napalm bombs. Then he drove Gibson to three North Korean villages that had been leveled in the fighting. Kajian, Anjo and Rashon. From the villages, Tsu drove Gibson to the hospital and told him that all these patients had come from these three villages.

Over a period of weeks Gibson under hypnosis, again and again was brought to these villages and then back to the hospital where the mutilated civilians were gathered. At first Gibson could only admit that war was responsible. Later he came to believe that it was the war machine of the United States and finally he even accepted his own total responsibility.

This third stage was to build up a fantasy world in which Gibson would one day be entrusted with great power and thus be in a position to save the world and prevent wholesale mutilation of people such as he had seen in the hospital. Under continued hypnotic suggestion, Gibson became convinced that he could be the savior of the world. And in fact he wanted to be.

The fourth step was to give Gibson the post-hypnotic suggestions that would make him respond to Tsu's command and follow orders. The problem was how to reach Gibson. It would take more than handing him a yellow pencil. This was solved by choosing the six o'clock U.S. Coast Guard international news regularly sent to ships at sea.

"When you return to duty," Gibson said. Tsu said, "You will listen to this news broadcast. Any item datelined Peking might be a message from me. At that time it may be necessary for us to begin our work. If you hear the names of these villages, Kajian, Anjo and Rashon - you will know the time has come to act. We will work together. You will obey only me."

Tsu then devised a simple code that involved the substitution of numbers for certain key words. The numbers would be latitude and longitude. In this way, Tsu could set a meeting place at any point in the world.

Finally, Tsu gave him what is known as a "locking suggestion." It was a simple poem. Unless that poem was first recited, Gibson could not be hypnotized by any other person. This "locking suggestion" sealed off any probe into what Tsu had been up to.

"You will now forget everything that has happened. You will only remember that we mistreated you kept you in solitary, beat you, tried to break your morale, but you refused to cooperate with us."

That was on July 6th 1953. For the next two months Gibson was again treated brutally. His diet was cut to a minimum. He was kept in solitary. He was beaten and subjected to the worst indignities. On September 4th, 1953, Gibson was returned to the prison compound where in the famous exchange of prisoners known as "Operation Big Switch," he was sent back to his own lines.

GIBSON returned to the States a hero, but locked deep inside his mind was the dangerous trigger mechanism that Tsu

EXTRA LENGTH BONUS

POLARIS SIB

would one day try to set off.

The development of atomic-powered submarines intrigued Gibson and he volunteered for underwater service. Buckles followed him. The both studied at the Naval Reserve Branch of the Atomic Energy Commission. Gibson commanded a number of subs, rising quickly in the esteem of the Pentagon. When the John Adams was on the way, the first atomic sub whose Polaris missiles were KCBMs, Gibson was given her command.

In all the years since 1953, Dr. Tsu had carefully followed Gibson's career. At the time Gibson took command of the John Adams, the Chinese Reds had massed armies along the borders of all Southeast Asia. They were determined to force the United States out of Asia despite American warnings that an attack would start World War III.

On August 10th, Dr. Tsu reported to Peking under the orders of Mao Tse Tung. Mao had not forgotten the young Naval Lieutenant Gibson. If Tsu had been correct, the Chinese would soon take over the most powerful and destructive ship in the world. The 16 missiles aboard the John Adams were capable of almost totally destroying the U.S.

Tsu composed the news item and the trigger was pulled.

AS Captain Gibson lay in his bunk in his small cabin, he seemed once again to be back with Tsu. He was compelled to obey against all resistance. And without any logic, he felt that this mission meant the salvation of the world.

This decision purged him of all doubt and when he stood up, he began to exist in a strange, private world. It was a world of two levels - one level was to follow his compulsion and the other was to rationalize his behavior and justify his acts to the officers and men aboard his ship.

He moved to the control center and put his hand on Buckley's arm. "Buck, get all the officers in the wardroom. I told you we had an important mission. Well, now I'm going to disclose it."

Buckley let out an audible sigh of relief. "Great, Skipper!"

When the officers had gathered in the Gibson still had no clear idea of what he was going to say. He began by reviewing the world situation and specifically the massing of Chinese troops along the borders of Southeast Asia. As he spoke, the idea of what he had to say was formulated. "If the Chinese Reds take Southeast Asia," said Gibson, "it will mean that World War III has begun. We know that the Soviet Union will either remain neutral or fight on the side of China. In either event, the world as we know it will end." Gibson paused. Sterling pushed the glasses onto the bridge of his nose. He couldn't explain it, but he felt uneasy, uncomfortable. He glanced at Doc Henderson who just stared at his fingers.

"Before we left on this voyage, I was given a special code to be taken from the Coast Guard's international news. The purpose of that code was to alert our ship to rendezvous with a Red Chinese ship and pick up important Chinese officials. We will carry these officials to a top secret meeting with the Secretary of State. I have been given to understand that the President himself has ordered this rendezvous in the hope

that this is the only way to avoid the disaster of another war. So we will proceed to this rendezvous. We will take aboard the Chinese and then proceed to a point at sea where we will meet the Secretary of State. Are there any questions, gentlemen?"

"It all makes sense," thought Sterling, "but something is wrong." Then he recalled that it was a standing joke about Gibson's interest in that six o'clock Coast Guard news broadcast. "Hell," thought Sterling, "he's been listening to that broadcast for ten or 20 years. Sterling leaned forward. 'Haven't you always listened to that six o'clock news, Captain?' he asked. 'Long before we left on this mission!'"

Gibson controlled a sudden surge of unexplained anger. His cheek twitched slightly and then he smiled. "Yes," he said smoothly. "That's why I suggested the news broadcast be used to send the coded message. Admiral Bradley was well aware of my interest in the news and also aware that some of my men joked about it."

Sterling felt like some wise-guy school kid who had been put in his place by the teacher.

Sliding under the Polar loop, the John Adams hugged the coast of Asia and slipped past the Naval patrols. On September 10th, the ship reached a latitude of 188 45 E. and a longitude of 44 33 N. an area off the shipping lanes in the North Pacific.

The echo-ranging sonar began to ping more loudly as a target was lit up on the panel. The sub angled toward the surface.

Sterling felt his heart beating harder. He pushed back his seat and hurried off to the hospital room. Doc Henderson was about to make some notes distractedly.

"Does all this make sense to you, Doc?" Sterling blurted.

Henderson shook his head.

"Then what in hell is going on?" Sterling demanded.

"I wish I knew," said Henderson.

"Can't we do anything?"

Henderson fixed his beady eyes on Sterling. "Sure," he said softly. "We can go to Buckley. I can tell him that from my experience in medicine, Captain Gibson is acting abnormally. I could suggest that we insist on contacting the Pentagon and that if the Captain objected, we confine him. I could give him a dozen valid reasons for my position." Henderson grinned, a humorous, offish kind of spreading of the lips. "But do you think Buck would listen to me? And do you think I'm ready to play a court martial to back up my very fallible judgement? Well, Henry, the answer is no. I'm not Mr. Christian and Gibson is not Captain Bligh."

They both felt the sub angle up sharply and hurtle toward the surface like some huge whale.

Sterling wanted to argue, but Henderson cut him short with a wave of his hand.

"Okay, doc," Sterling muttered. "This is the Navy." Walking slowly, he moved back to the control center. Gibson had his eyes glued to the scope of the periscope, a shining steel tube as thick as a telegraph pole. "Open the hatch!" Buckley ordered. "That's all done, he stepped down and nodded to Buckley."

The burly Executive Officer stepped up to the scope. Dead ahead was a rusty-hulled freighter. It had no identification, nor was it flying a flag. One by one the officers were given a chance to look at this ship.

When Sterling got his chance, the sight of the rusty freighter made him shudder. Would important Red officials keep a rendezvous in that old tub? Yet there was nothing he could say or do.

"Secure all stations!" Gibson ordered. As he spoke, the Captain seemed to have his ear attuned to some distant source. He kept wetting his lips with his tongue. And despite the comfortable 72 degree temperature, he was sweating profusely.

"Buck! Gibson ordered. "I want this control center cleared. All officers in the wardroom. All men to their quarters."

Buckley roared. "Suppose this is some Red trick!"

"Dammit, Buck!" Gibson shouted. "I'm following my orders!"

Sterling lunged forward to grab Buckley's arm. "Let's check this one out, Buck. Why take chances?"

Captain Gibson, one foot on the ladder that would take him to the bridge platform behind the sail, turned around. He stared at Buckley, his eyes glittering.

Buckley shook off Sterling's hand. "Into the wardroom," he snapped.

The officers and men were once again beset by doubt. In the wardroom, they just sat quietly, not even daring to look at one another. Somehow, at this moment, they all realized they should be making a decision. They knew that blind obedience was not the answer. It would be so simple to check out this meeting. Yet no one moved. No one acted. No positive decisions were made.

And when the three armed Chinese blocked off the wardroom, they weren't surprised. In less than 15 minutes, the John Adams had been taken over by technicians and specialists of Red China.

ON September 21st, Adm. Wayne Bradley rushed to the White House and into the private office of the President. Hawkins was slumped in his seat. In one corner of the room, Jason Croker was picked food out of his yellowed teeth with his finger. "It's true," Bradley said in a flat voice. "The Red Chinese have taken over the John Adams. Only four officers and one crewman are still left. One is her captain, Gibson. Cdr. Buckley. Cdr. Henderson, the ship's doctor. Lt. Sterling and Petty Officer Henry Quarks."

Hawkins slammed his fist on the desk. "Dammit, Bradley, don't give me a run down on Navy personnel. Give me the essentials."

Bradley bit into the stub of his cigar. Quickly he reviewed what had happened. He explained that at the rendezvous point, Gibson had let an armed contingent of more than 20 Chinese aboard. Among them were enough technicians and specialists in submarine experience to operate the John Adams.

"What about the crew? There were a few left?" Hawkins snapped.

"For security reasons, we have a standing order to prevent all small arms from being brought a board."

Croker suddenly chuckled maliciously. "Enough damned old bombs and shells to destroy a continent, but not one pistol. Sounds reasonable."

"Everyone aboard except those men I mentioned were placed into lifeboats and rafts. Yesterday, they were picked up as a result of a radio message from the Chinese mainland. The message was given, I related letter. I have a copy of that letter."

Hawkins read it and then let it drop to his desk. "It's an ultimatum, Jason. Hawkins said.

"Let me guess," said Croker. "Either we pull out of Southeast Asia or they turn those 16 Polaris missiles loose on 76 key

juicy targets, is that it?"

"There's only one answer?" Adm. Bradley barked.

"Yeah? What's that?" Hawkins asked. "Hit them first. Hit them with all we've got. Wipe the arrogant bastards off the face of the earth."

"First?" Hawkins said softly. "We hit them first and then we duck. You, me, Croker, all the important big shots of government and business—that is, the ones we can get hold of in 15 minutes' notice."

"We can survive their blow."

"You mean may be about five per cent of us can, is that it?" Hawkins turned to Croker. "You got any bright ideas, Jason?"

Croker's face squirmed in an ugly grim. "Hell, Mr. President, I been around you long enough to know you've all eads made up your mind. So you just compose the music and I'll write the words."

"You know, Jason," Hawkins said softly. "If you weren't so ugly you could have been President."

"I've thought of that myself," said Croker, half seriously.

"Okay," said Hawkins. "We're going to stall for time. You work out the answer to the Chinese Peoples Republic, Jason. You know, the usual diplomatic crap suggested high level meetings, summits, workable solutions and so on. Hop to it."

Croker nodded and left the room. Hawkins turned to Bradley. "Admiral, you and the Joint Chiefs of Staff get every one of your strategic bombers into the air. I want them armed and ready to go. I want that sub flushed out and killed!"

By September 22nd, one day after the Red Chinese ultimatum, the largest pack of killer-hunter subs ever assembled had moved into Arctic waters. Huge flotillas were scanning the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

But the John Adams eluded all detection. The John Adams was essentially a submarine and the fundamentals remained the same. The Red Chinese technicians, highly skilled men, with submarine experience, quickly adapted themselves to the equipment.

On September 24th, the Adams had slipped under the Polar icecap and into the waters of Baffin Bay off the western coast of Greenland. By dodging behind the icebergs and using the ice as a cover, it continued to elude detection. Swiftly, silently and deep it sailed, hovering under the sea to fulfill its deadly mission.

In the wardroom Gibson was a gaunt figure. Facing him was Dr. Tsu. The Chinese had gray in his hair, he was slouter, but he still had the same thoughtful face. He handed the Captain a typed radio message. "Read it, Captain."

Gibson looked at the message and then turned it on the mahogany table. "That's nonsense. I don't believe it."

"Why should I believe it?" Tsu asked.

"I don't know," Gibson growled. "But I tell you that the United States will never start war. If we're attacked, we'll fight back. His voice rose. "We don't start wars."

"That message is clear enough. The Chinese people have been warned that unless they pull back from their present lines in Southeast Asia, the United States will destroy China by an atomic attack."

Gibson shook his head.

On and on they talked. Tsu's voice dominated the conversation and becoming more and more insistent, Gibson alternately grew belligerent and deferential. He still had no clear idea of what Tsu wanted him

to do. He just knew that he was struggling against a force that was overwhelming him, as though he were drowning in a sea of words choked by the weeds of some idiotic logic. Yet he couldn't resist.

Ever since September 10th, when Tsu first met him in the John Adams, Gibson had been under constant hypnotic control. During that time, Tsu had once again overwhelmed Gibson with the remembrance of the atrocities he'd seen. And more important, Tsu had re-implanted the strong desire in Gibson to play the role of mankind's savior.

"What do you want me to do?" Gibson asked.

"Turn that key over to me," said Tsu. "Or tell me where it is located." It was the key to unlock the atomic warhead.

Gibson's face grew distorted. He turned pale. His breathing grew more rapid. He clutched his chest. "No."

Tsu succeeded after a time in calming Gibson down. Very reasonably he explained that Gibson had to be ready. The U.S. Government had to know that the missiles aboard the John Adams were ready and prepared. That threat would prevent any attack by America on China.

"Do you swear you won't fire those missiles?" Gibson demanded.

"Yes."

Moving stiffly, as though his legs were wracked by pains, Gibson went into his cabin. Searching for a secret panel under his small desk, he found the key and clutched it in his fist. "I'll hold this. I am the only one who can be responsible."

"Of course," Tsu agreed.

In the control center, one of the Chinese technicians handed Tsu a card. "Our position," he said.

Tsu handed the card to Gibson. "Where are the Davis Straits?"

"That's Davis Strait," said Gibson, "just off the coast of Greenland."

From that point every major city in the United States was well within range of their ICBM Polaris missiles.

Just aft of the control center were two locked doors facing each other across a narrow passage. On the starboard side, the door led into the missile fire control room where the target areas could be fed into the 16 missiles. On the port side was the missile launching control center, where the final control would launch the missiles on their way.

"We've discussed this many times," Tsu said. "You know the targets that will pose the greatest threat to the United States. Feed that information into your computer."

To himself, Gibson, with a kind of maniacal shrewdness, said, "I'll never activate the warheads. They won't get the key from me."

Then he began feeding figures into the missile fire control computer. The targets were 16 major cities of the United States. Washington, D.C., was the first city.

Locking the controls, Gibson opened a double steel hatch in front of the first missile tube. With Tsu following, he climbed down the ladder to the bottom deck. The men called this area the "mushroom floor." The 16 tubes sprouted from the steel floor. Beside the base of each tube was a ball-shaped steel flask that contained pressurized air. This was the source of power that hurled the missiles out of the tubes through the ocean water and far above the surface where the first stage ignited. Gibson checked out the pressure settings. Growing more agitated, he checked all the readings on the gauges and then hurriedly climbed back to the control center.

Seeing all the Chinese faces, he felt his breath being choked off. Tsu began to assure him that everything was all right.

Gibson suddenly felt frightened and alone. His assurance was slipping away. "Where are my men?" he asked.

Tsu rapped out an order. A guard hurried and in a few minutes, Buckley and the others were led into the control center under the guns of six Chinese guards.

Gibson's face relaxed. "Did Dr. Tsu tell you what we're doing, Buck?"

Buckley just looked at Gibson, unable to formulate words. Sterling glanced into the open doorway of the missile control center. He saw the settings and the lock.

"Have you activated the atomic nose cones, Captain?" Sterling cried out. His voice was shrill.

Gibson narrowed his eyes. "You're always asking clever questions, Sterling, aren't you?" Gibson opened his fist to show them the short, thick key. "I'll never do that. Never."

The sight of the key snapped Buckley out of his stupor. He didn't know why Gibson was acting the way he was. He no longer cared. There was only one thought in his mind. Destroy the capability of the nose cone and force the John Adams to the surface.

As the guards moved in on Gibson, Buckley flung himself across the deck. One of the guards squeezed off two shots, catching Buckley in the belly. The big officer plowed forward and wrenched the gun away from the small Chinese guard. Still moving forward, he squeezed off a burst from the machine pistol into the panel board of the missile launching center, smashing its delicate mechanism. Then whirling, he fired into the square box that housed the electronic actuators for the C-12 scrubbers. The wires on the box crackled and flashed, shorting the circuit. Two C-12 scrubbers removed the carbon dioxide in the subs air. With the controls destroyed, the air would slowly grow poisonous.

Buckley stumbled forward and at that moment, a fusillade tore into his big frame, whirling him into a macabre dance and flinging him into the deck.

Captain Gibson had taken his position on the raised commander's station. His body was stiff and taut, his eyes closed and he mumbled incoherent nonsense until suddenly his muscles relaxed and he fell head first to the deck in a faint.

For over 13 hours the Chinese desperately tried to repair the C-12 Scrubbers. The oxygen had grown foul. They had trouble breathing and could barely move about.

And then, Dr. Tsu moved out of the control center for the first time. He entered the wardroom as the clock struck eight bells. It was midnight. He sat down at the table, carefully placed the barrel of his pistol inside his mouth and blew his brains out.

Without Tsu, the Chinese lost their heads. Taking over the controls, they sent the John Adams hurtling to the surface to crash open the hatch.

At 1:05 A.M. on September 29th, Adm. Bradley picked up the phone, that connected him directly to the White House.

"Mr. President," he said. "The John Adams is home. And, Mr. President, you just got yourself the vote of an Admiral in the next election." ■ ■ ■

EXTRA LENGTH BOOK BONUS

KILL THE TRAMP BLONDE!

"Now, I wonder what in hell could be in this little ole bag," he murmured. "Maybe it's a million bucks and it will set Joey Moran up for life. First thing, I'll get me a place to stay. Eat a big steak with plenty of French fries. Then maybe I'll just wander over to that clip joint and buy that broad, Donna, a drink. One drink, hell I'll buy her a damned distillery. And then, I'll just hustle her up to my room and tell her I want another good look."

Moran giggled slowly. His own dreams almost seemed real. He was reluctant to open the attache case and have them shattered. He played with the locks and finally clicked them open. He lifted the lid. He stared inside the bag and the mellow feeling left him. He was suddenly, stone cold sober. Wrapped and stacked in neat piles were crisp new bills—stacks of ten, twenties and fifties. He fumbled them out and peering at the denominations counted the money.

"Fifty grand!" His lips formed the words soundlessly. Hurriedly, he pushed the money back and locked the case. He stood up. There was an incredible stillness in the air. He decided to get as far out of town as he could. Still clutching the case, he grabbed the bottle and set off.

Afraid to be seen on the road, he rushed across the field. He slid down ditches and crawled under fences only to run into another winding dirt road. He doubled back, losing his direction until he came across an abandoned shack, its roof half off. Exhausted, he staggered into the shack and stretched out on the floor. He felt his heart hammering against his ribs.

When he calmed down again, he looked around. A stone fireplace ran up one wall. Quickly, he picked up the attache case and stuffed it up the chimney. He peered out the door, but there was only emptiness and the terrible stillness. Suddenly, he felt thirsty again. Flopping into a corner, he began to drink. He found new courage in the whiskey and new dreams.

"A tramp, eh?" he mumbled. "Well, Joey Moran, ain't no tramp no more."

Moran drank himself into sweet oblivion and by the time he woke up the sun was high. A gnawing pain ate into his belly. He realized he hadn't eaten in two days. If the attache case had contained a few hundred bucks he'd have taken the dough and run. By instinct, Moran was a runner. But he had 50,000 reasons to play it cool.

"Anybody see you walking down the road with that leather bag, Joey," he reasoned, "will know you snitched it. Hell, he'd be to laugh softly, 'you must look like you been rolling in crap with the pigs. You'd be picked up by some black cops so fast your head would swim. No, Joey boy. Play it cool.'"

He pulled the case out of the chimney and took only two tens and then pushed the bag back into its hiding place. Finding the road, he walked back to town, his hand mashing the tens with sweat. The sun beat down, scaring the countryside so that his shoes kicked up clouds of the red dust. On the edges of Beacon City, he found a greasy hamburger joint.

The owner, a dried-out farmer type, fixed him with a fishy eye. "Ain't no handouts here," he said.

Moran separated one of the bills in his pocket and straightened it out on the counter. "Gimme ham and eggs."

He ate three orders of the greasy dish, slopping it down with coffee that tasted like iodine. Leaving a dime tip, Moran headed for the second-hand stores and pawn shops as though he'd lived in Beacon City all his life. In a sense he had, because Beacon City was like all the small towns of America.

In one of the second-hand clothes stores that catered mostly to the Negroes of the district, Moran bought a complete new outfit for eight bucks. Before putting on his new duds, the proprietor let him wash up and shave in the back yard.

"I'm going to work my way up in this town real fast," thought Joey, "real fast."

When he had dressed, he looked fairly presentable. Next, he bought a cheap suitcase in one of the pawn shops. As he paid the two bucks, he spotted an attractive ring on a tray in the counter. It was gold with a turquoise stone.

"How much?" he asked.

"Fifteen bucks," said the pawnbroker, pulling the tray onto the top of the case.

Moran picked up the ring, slipped it on his finger and admired it. It was a college ring from the University of Alabama.

"You all go to the University?" the pawnbroker asked.

Moran nodded. The idea that he was a college man pleased him. Some years back he'd been in Tuscaloosa. He remembered it well. He'd hitched a ride aboard a truck. Not far from the campus there was a paper mill. The sulphur of the mill contaminated the whole area. Moran remembered the impact on his nose. It was like the whole damn town ate nothing but baked beans.

"The ring's 15 dollars," said the pawnbroker.

Moran took all the money in his pocket and spread it out. He had nine dollars and 65 cents out of the twenty, but he had to have that ring. "Gonna bring me luck," he thought. "Give me class." He shoved the money toward the pawnbroker.

"Hell," Moran said. "I pawned my own ring for five. Now that's the best of my dough. Take it or leave it."

The pawnbroker shrugged. He gathered up the money and put

the tray back under the counter, Moran rubbed the stone on his sleeve and swaggered out of the shop.

After finding a room in a boarding house, Moran went back to his shack. This time he grabbed 200 hundred bucks.

By the time the day was over, he had bought himself a couple of new suits, shoes and all the trimmings. Before the week was out, he had jacked himself into a new man. He had a complete wardrobe and a jazzy second-hand convertible Caddy. He had checked into a class motel in a cottage that had two rooms and a kitchenette. Only then did he take a sizable bundle of his loot.

Once again instinct told him to take it all and blow out of town, but the temptation to play the big shot was too great. "Besides why shouldn't I have a good time," he reasoned. "That broad, Donna, is my type."

HE was gaining confidence. Up until then, he had moved around town as though enclosed in a box, neither looking to the right or left. Just hurrying to where he wanted to go, avoiding the eyes of anyone, minding his own business. That was the best way he knew of staying out of trouble. Now he began to look around for the first time.

The main section of town was bustling and prosperous looking. The people were mostly respectable types and the shops did a land office business with the men from Camp Beacon. Most of the houses off the main drag were well-kept and neat. On two streets the houses were big and smelled of money.

Skirting the town, like a renegade cab, however, were the honky-tonks, the dives, the whorehouses and the joints. And while the town itself was alive until the movies closed at 11 P.M., the scrub lay dead until the town rolled in its streets.

Wherever Moran went, he saw the posters—on old fences, in the windows of shops. They were the usual election posters plumping a man for office. Only these posters held a particular interest for Moran. The photo on the poster was the big red-headed man he'd seen in that mansion the first night he'd hit town. Matt Banks was his name. "Elect Matt Banks for District Attorney," the placards read. "Reform Party."

The first time, Moran had seen that poster—on old fences, frightened. And then he had to laugh. He just stood there and laughed until the tears streamed out of his eyes. "They were trying to buy him off," he realized. "And since I grabbed that little old attache case, why they must think they did buy him off. That guy Jackson really believes he has Matt Banks in his hip pocket."

The idea that he was living on payoff money intrigued Moran. Pretty soon Matt Banks and the mob are gonna bump heads. I'd just like to see that, he thought. And so Moran found another reason for sticking around.

After a week, Moran was fed up of the easy life. He'd seen both movies. He needed more than three squares and the bottle he drank in his rooms at night. Late Saturday night, he headed for the strip. The club he'd seen Donna was called "The Robert E. Lee," and it was as mobbed as it had been the first time he'd been there.

He walked up to the bar and slapped a 20 on the counter. "Give me a bourbon, Steve," he ordered.

Steve set up the drink, struggling to place the little guy. Finally, it dawned on him.

"You must have robbed a bank," he said.

Moran laughed. "The old man finally broke down and sent me some dough."

It was amateur strip tease night and a succession of girls came into the spotlight. Moran watched them with great glee. "Hell," he told Steve, "those dames strip like they'd never taken off any clothes before."

"But they show more," said Steve, "and that's what the boys like."

Most of the GIs were crowded around the stage so the bar was empty. Moran and Steve were bawling to pass the time.

"How come these joints run wide open?" Moran asked. "This state's bone dry, ain't it?"

"Sure, we're dry," Steve agreed. "but then wasn't the whole country dry during prohibition?"

"Well," said Moran, "that new DA Matt Banks, ain't he promised to clean up the town?"

Steve leaned over the bar confidentially. "I been working here ten years. I seen 'em come and I seen 'em go. They ain't a DA who was elected ain't promised to clean up Beacon City. I seen 'em close down one maybe two joints. I seen one close down the whole strip for two whole weeks. But that's it, brother. Pretty soon we're blasting wide open again. It's like those DAs was suddenly struck blind. Can't find no evidence of whiskey. Can't see

a broad hustling. Can't find the slots or the roulette or the cards or the crap games. And that's the way it is until the next reform boy comes in."

Moran laughed. "This new one, this Matt Banks," he said, thinking of that attache case he'd stuffed in the chimney. "maybe he's the one to do the job."

"Not on your life," said Steve. "Stick around and you'll see the blindness hit Matt Banks, too."

"Maybe I will," said Moran. "But I'll need company. Where's that little broad, Donna?"

"Working the tables upstairs," said Steve.

Moran left a fin for a tip and cut across the packed tables to the circular stairway upstairs. He spotted Donna with a GI at one of the crap tables. He eased himself next to her and waited quietly until the dice came around. Then dropping a 20 on the table, he shook the dice.

"This one is for you," he said, leaning close to her.

She recognized him immediately. "If it isn't the tramp."

Moran screwed and flung the dice against the backboard. It was a natural. He let the bet lay there, doubling his money. Before he lost the dice, he had hit eight passes and made himself over 400 bucks.

"I owe you a drink, Donna," he said.

"You don't owe me anything," she answered.

"Well, I'd like to buy you one."

She ran her eyes down his new clothes and Moran recognized the look. He'd seen it too many times before. In the past, however, the answer was always, this little bastard is a tramp, busted and hungry. Donna's look brought her up with a different answer.

"Wait here," she said.

Moran watched her go to the corner of the large room and talk to one of the hard-eyed guys. He flicked his glance toward Moran and then nodded briefly. Hurrying back, Donna hooked her hand in his arm and led him to the bar.

Steve had his back to them. He was taking the bottles off the bar and placing them in the cabinet under the mirror.

"A couple of drinks!" Moran called.



"COME ON, GIRLS," Moran yelled, "The highest kicker in the chorus line gets a featured spot in my personal harem"

KILL THE TRAMP BLONDE!

Steve turned and then came closer. "We've had it for tonight. Tip came through that Matt is hitting us in an hour. We're gonna be real clean when he gets here."

Just then, the house lights came on. The band played a flourish and the MC grabbed the mike. "Boys, there's no cause for alarm, but we're expecting the locals to come by. So finish off your drinks and the girls will pass out cokes. When the locals find we're clean and leave, everybody, and I mean everybody, gets a double shot on the house."

A resounding cheer went up. Some of the GIs cut out, but most stayed. The band started playing. The strippers disappeared and the bottles behind the bar all went into the cabinet and were locked up.

"How come you're working in a joint like this?" Moran asked. "That's a fresh, new question," said Donna sarcastically. "I'll tell you, I'm a high school dropout."

Her sharp answer cut him and he wanted to make an impression. "You got all the answers," he said. "Suppose you tell me if the joint is going to be closed down when those cops get here."

She shrugged. "If they shut down, I just lose dough, that's all."

Because sure in hell they're going to close this joint up tight. She was about to ask Moran how he knew so much when Matt Banks and four uniformed police walked into the club. Banks walked over to the bar. At the same time, Moran saw Jackson come down the curved staircase.

"Open up those cabinets, Steve," Banks ordered. Steve continued to wipe the same spot on the counter. "You'll have to speak to Paulie Jackson, Mr. Banks."

Banks waited until Jackson ambled up. "What's the trouble, Matt?"

"I want those cabinets opened."

"Sure," said Jackson smoothly. "Open them up, Steve."

The bartender unlocked the cabinets and opened the doors. Banks ducked under the bar and pulled out a bottle. He took a swig. "I'm confiscating this whiskey, Jackson. I'm also confiscating those tables upstairs. And I'm closing you down."

"Sure, Matt," said Jackson. "You've got your job to do. No hard feelings."

Grumbling, the GIs started moving out when Banks told them the show was over.

"Let's go and we get out of here and have a bell," Moran said softly to Donna.

She grinned. Taking his hand, she hurried him to the back of the stage where she led him into one of the dressing rooms. Two of the amateur strippers were sitting there morosely.

"Tough luck, girls," said Donna as she opened her purse and made up her face.

"Will we get paid anyway?" one of the girls asked.

"I thought you dames was amateurs," said Moran.

"They all pick up a five spot and the winner gets a fifty," said Donna.

Moran pulled out two fifties and flipped them onto the dressing table. "You're both winners tonight."

The girls lit up like neon signs. The blonde threw her arms around Moran. "You're all right," she drew back. "My name's Billie and this is Marie."

"I'm Joey Moran," he turned to Donna. "Why don't we invite the girls along, Donna?" he asked. "They can practice out their routines on us."

Donna grinned. For a moment, Moran was struck by her resemblance to a smooth, silky cat. "Okay, tramp," she said, "as tramps will have a ball."

When Billie bumps, Marie grinds and every bum in the house strips his gears!"

The two girls danced across the floor. They were both high and feeling great. Billie was a lush blonde who gave all the signs of turning to fat one day, but she was still firm with youth. Marie had dyed her hair hair red. She had a nice body, but she moved with the grace of a yardstick.

Donna clapped her hands and hummed a rhythmic waltz. The girls began taking it off, slowly and clumsily, banging into one another, giggling, tripping over their own feet and taking a swing out of the bottles as they passed the dresser.

Moran sat back in an easy chair and watched the show with the important air of a potentate. When Billie couldn't wriggle out of her tight dress, Moran jumped up, holding his bottle. "You babes need a damn instructor!" he shouted.

Fighting between them, he joined the act. Donna clapped louder. They wheeled around the room, flipping off their clothes until all three of them were as naked as monkeys and just as wild.

Donna just rolled back on the bed and laughed. Moran still dancing around, whacking the two girls on the back side in time with a tune he hummed, suddenly jabbed his thumb at Donna. He bobbed his head and the two girls whooped after him. Grabbing her, they soon had her plucked like a chicken.

Rolling and struggling on the big bed, they buried Moran under their soft flesh. Moran hadn't had a woman in years. The last broad he'd known was an old bag who was as appetizing as a bowl of mush. The perfume and the warm sensuous skin drove him wild. Whimpering like some animal, he flung himself at Donna and dug his teeth into her lip. She thrust her taut body to him and they clung together.

To Moran, the night was like some mad, drunken erotic dream where exhaustion was only the prelude to his spasmodic passion. And because Donna seemed to take such joy in sheer exhibitionism, the strippers were filled with desires they had never experienced before.

Moran never knew when the reality ended and the dream began, but when he opened his eyes, the two strippers were gone, but Donna was standing at the stove frying eggs and heating a pot of coffee. She hadn't bothered to dress except for putting on her high-heeled shoes. Moran watched her, pleasure filling his sharp, shifty, little eyes.

Donna seemed to sense he was awake. She turned her face and gave him that quiet, cat look. Her expression was beyond his understanding and it disturbed him.

"Good afternoon, tramp," she said softly.

"Cut that!" he barked. "Call me that once more and I'll boot you out of here on your tail!"

Donna set down the pan. "I'll leave quietly," she said. She started slipping into her dress, but Moran bounced out of bed. He grabbed her. "Okay, I'm a tramp but I don't like to be reminded all the time."

"Sure, Joey, sure. But we're both tramps and don't you ever forget it."

Moran narrowed his eyes, suddenly angry again. "So long as I got dough in my pocket, I'm no tramp. So long as I can live in this plush joint, I ain't no tramp. So long as I can tool around in a Caddy, I ain't no tramp."

Donna took his small face between her hands. There was a look of sadness and an almost infinite wisdom in her young face. "No, Joey. You're a tramp and you'll always be a tramp. But what the hell, we'll live it up while we can..."

MORAN had no difficulty adjusting to his high standard of living. People were getting to know him around the strip and in town and didn't look unkindly on the Northern playboy. More and more, Moran began to pick up information about the power structure. Matt Banks, he learned, came from one of the old families in Beacon City. His family owned the bank and had an interest in most of the retail establishments in town. A bachelor, Matt had gone to Harvard and studied law. He had practiced for two years and then ran for office with the idea of cleaning up his town.

Paulie Jackson was a big-time gambler out of New Orleans who had ties with gambling interests from coast to coast as well as close ties with the gangs. In 10 years, Jackson had succeeded in completely corrupting Beacon City. He paid off up and down the line from the cops on the beat to the circuit judges. When he couldn't pay, one of his killers took care of the situation. And the stakes were enormous because of the huge Army installation at Camp Beacon which brought millions into his pocket every year.

WHEN they pulled out of the traffic jam in the parking lot, Donna directed him to a tavern she knew ten miles on the other side of Beacon City. For the next three hours, they ate and drank all they could hold. Then Moran drove back to the motel. He ran the desk for a couple of bottles and set ups.

Donna took over as hostess and MC. "Introducing the world famous stripper, Billie Lovett! She's an honest stripper. No parties, no flaps, no feathers. And her partner Marie Wafflebottom.

Moran got a good idea of how Jackson operated when the charge of illegal whiskey and gambling against the Robert E. Lee Club came to court.

The dummi owners of the club were fined 100 dollars—a slap on the wrist. The judge refused to provide Banks with the subpoenas to look into the real ownership and refused to grant an injunction to close down the club permanently. That night Robert E. Lee rode again.

What amused Moran was that Jackson still believed Matt Banks was just trying to provide a cover for accepting the bribe. Jackson was a realist and a prosecution of this kind made good sense, good publicity and did no real or permanent harm to his set-up.

For a month, Moran's luck was golden. If he dropped two bits in a slot, he hit the jackpot. He won at craps and even had a winning fling at the roulette table. Donna was more than enough woman for him, but the both of them took a perverse pleasure in adding strippers, B-girls and even pros to their little parties. When his money ran short, Moran slipped out of town, rode around until it was dark and then reached into the chimney for his source. It was as good as a safety deposit vault.

Donna suspected it was stolen money and urged him not to press his luck. "Let's just take off. Maybe start fresh."

"I've seen 'em all," he snorted. "And one town's just like another—only some are deadlier or tougher than others. I like it here."

Another month passed. Matt Banks continued to sting the clubs and houses on the strip and continued to take a beating from the corrupt judges. It was about then that Jackson sent word to Banks that it was time to case off. In answer, Banks closed down every joint on the strip one Saturday night.

Moran followed this duel with growing interest. The big blow-off is coming up, he thought. And I got a ringside seat.

Moran was also gambling more heavily, but his luck had suddenly changed. One night at the craps table, he threw snake eyes five times in a row, drowning a landie. When he finally passed up the dice, Donna tried to pull him away from the table. He was about to resist when he saw two big men watching him. They were the railroad dicks, Pete and Gaines. It was obvious they were trying to recall where they'd seen him before.

"Let's blow!" he growled.

In the motel, he gulped down a half tumbler of whiskey, but his hand shook so he could hardly hold the glass. It was more than fear; Moran himself could never have explained the violent reaction to the sight of those two railroad detectives. Possibly they represented the spectre of his past and the forces that pushed his nose into the dirt. Moran knew only that he hated them with a violence he seldom experienced. He was so full of this explosive hatred that he had to get it out of him.

For the first time he told Donna how he came to town on the rails, and how these two bastards had humiliated him and beat him up.

"I could kill them," he snarled.

Without batting an eye, Donna said, "You got the money and that can be arranged."

Moran stared at her. "Yeah. I don't even have to knock them off. I want to even that score, that's all." He grabbed Donna's wrist. "Make the contact for me, baby. Do that and we'll make a clean break with Beacon City."

"Okay," she agreed. And when he let her go, she flopped back on the bed, frightened by his intensity.

He hauled her to her feet. "Now, damnit! Now!"

When she left in his car, Moran hit the bottle again, but no matter how much he drank, he didn't get drunk. The whiskey only boiled up inside him feeding his fear and his hatred. Donna returned in three hours. With her was a rather scholarly looking man. He was well-built and about six feet tall, but he had a pleasant and agreeable air. There was one of the hardness Moran had expected. Instead, this man with his horn-rimmed glasses and high forehead might have been a teacher. For a moment, Moran thought Donna was pulling his leg until he looked behind the glasses. Instead of the soft brown eyes with a twinkle of humor, there was a blank. It was like looking into a dark tunnel.

He shook Moran's hand firmly. "Donna tells me you need a favor. I'll be happy to oblige you, Joey." His voice was soft, almost hesitant as though he didn't want to overpower Moran with his personality or his strength.

Moran's hands trembled again as he slopped whiskey into his tumbler. "Yeah," he said.

"Just what is this job?"

Moran glanced at Donna, almost afraid now to speak up.

"Tell Perry what you want, honey," she said. "He works for Mr. Jackson and you know that Jackson doesn't hire amateurs."

The words suddenly spilled out. He wanted Perry to pick up Gaines and Pete, the railroad dicks. He wanted to even the score. "Just get them to some nice lonely spot and let me give them a working over," said Moran.

"No sweat," said Perry amiably. "It will cost you a grand." Moran jerked open the bureau drawer and pulled out some loose bills. He counted out the thousand and thrust them into Perry's hand.

Perry nodded, added a few pleasantries about the weather and ambled off. At the door, he turned and said, "I'll phone you later maybe."

The phone rang with a harsh jangle an hour later. Moran picked up the receiver. "Yeah?"

"Joey?" Perry inquired softly.

"Yeah."

"Couple of friends of yours are dying to meet you." Perry chuckled softly. "Drive down to the Mosshill Company Road off Route 17." He hung up.

Moran filled the tumbler with whiskey and drank it down in nervous gulps. "Come on, Donna."

About a mile down the narrow, twisting, dirt road, Moran came to a small clearing on the edge of a huge swamp. It was a clear, beautiful, warm night. Millions of stars were in the sky and the moon seemed cut out of cardboard. The soft hum of the insects thrashed steadily. Perry's dark car was parked to one side of the clearing.

As soon as Moran cut his motor, Perry opened the trunk of his car. He reached inside and picked up what looked like some ungainly doll. It was Gaines, but Perry carried him as though the guy were filled with air. He set Gaines down gently on the edge of the bank overlooking the swampy water. Gaines was gagged and his hands, tied behind his back, were trussed to his ankles so that he couldn't move. Moran heard the dick whimpering through the gag as he rocked back and forth on his knees.



"SO LONG," Moran said as Perry kicked the detective into the water. "Try pushing the fish around for a while..."

KILL THE TRAMP BLONDE!

Perry then picked up Pete and set him next to his partner.

When that was done, he ambled back to his car and leaned against the fender. "Don't take too long, Joey," he said. "The mosquitoes are something fierce."

Donna sat huddled in the front seat of the Caddy, peering out the window. Moran felt as tight as a drum. As he walked toward the two trussed-up men, he kicked a large branch. He picked it up. It was gnarled and shaped like a baseball bat. He moved around in front of Gaines.

"Remember me, Gaines?" Moran suddenly felt relaxed. "I'm that very important individual. That important Northern Yankee individual who came down here in one of your private cars." Moran rubbed the thick club along the side of Gaines' face. "I'm not the kind of guy to forget a favor. You gave me the full Southern hospitality treatment. Now I'm going to pay back." Moran could smell the fear in the sour sweat from Gaines' body.

He swung the club lightly. Even that light blow was enough to smash the soft cartilage of the detective's nose. Blood gushed down Gaines' chin and splattered his white shirt. The sight of the blood excited Moran. He drew back the club and began to beat Gaines methodically, the blows raining on the soft flesh. Each time Gaines toppled over, Moran dug his fist in the thinning hair and hauled him upright.

Perry lit a cigarette and watched with no apparent concern. Donna closed her eyes and felt sick.

Moran had the club in both hands and was swinging it more violently as though he wanted to beat the big detective into the ground. He kept smashing away until Perry hauled him off.

"No sense flaying a dead dog," said Perry. "You just let your enthusiasm run away with you, Joey."

Moran dropped the club. Gaines lay at his feet, the bubbling sores stilled. The big detective's head was misshapen and his face was an ugly mask of red flesh.

"Now we've got a problem," said Perry thoughtfully. "We'll have to take care of Pete, too."

Moran was breathing hard. The elation was gone, but it had been replaced by something deadlier, a sadistic kind of pleasure.

"Sure, sure, Perry," he said. "I'll take care of him."

"Aren't you kind of kind after all that exertion?"

"This won't be work," snorted Moran.

He put his foot in the small of Pete's back. He felt Pete struggle to crawl away. Then shoving hard, he pushed Pete into the swamp. The detective fell into the shallow, two feet of water. He struggled to keep his head above water. Moran stared at him, fascinated. Pete splashed helplessly. He surged to the surface only to go down again. Moran watched him until he saw there still, his face down.

Using his toe, Perry rolled the body of Gaines into the water.

"You know," said Perry softly, "you're a mean little man, Joey."

NEXT day, when the shock of what she'd witnessed had worn off, Donna had a case of the jitters. She wanted to get as far away from Beacon City as she could. Afraid the cops might trace the murders to Moran, she was also worried about the source of his wealth. She still was certain he had stolen the money and she couldn't understand why there'd been no hue and cry about the loss.

Moran was feeling cocky. The fact that he'd evened a score only because of Perry didn't seem to diminish his own sense of power. He had been bursting to share his secret of the money with someone. Now he couldn't keep it to himself any longer. Grinning like some proud little elf, he told her the whole story.

"The dough's stashed away where no one can find it," he said. Donna stared at Moran but eyed. And then she started to laugh uncontrollably. "You rooked Jackson," she belittled. "A guy who loves dough more than he loves life."

Moran puffed out his chest and enjoyed himself. For the first time in his miserable career, he felt like a big man.

The secret they shared tore at them and they both had to find more excitement. They gambled more recklessly and threw wilder binges and brawls than ever before. Donna kept looking for new ways to give Moran and herself new kicks. One night

she toured the strip and picked up six young hustlers to bring back to their motel cottage.

The first girl was a tiny blonde, little more than five feet tall. The second was a few inches taller and slightly darker. They then went up the line to the sixth girl who was a chocolate-skinned dame well over six feet. After a wild drinking spree, Donna pulled \$200 from her purse.

"There's your man, girls," she shouted pointing to Moran. "The dough goes to the dame who winds up in Joey's arms."

Moran ducked to the far side of the bed and before he could evade them again, he was buried under a screaming, scratching pile of wild-eyed dames.

Ten days after the killings in the swamp, the bodies were discovered. When the autopsies revealed the method of death, especially the cold-blooded drowning of Pete, the people of Beacon City exploded. The case grew into a state-wide scandal and it put the spotlight directly on Paula Jackson and the crescent of the strip.

The Army demanded a crackdown and the Governor sent a special team of investigators to work with Matt Banks.

Paulie Jackson was pushed into a corner. Until then, he had let Moran nibble away because he believed Banks was just using his rank as a cover. Now Jackson put the pressure on Matt. He demanded service for his 50 grand. The emissary sent to Banks was told off in no uncertain terms. Banks denied ever receiving any bribe, but vowed to get Jackson if it were his last official act.

Paulie Jackson was furious. He was certain that Matt had taken his money and double-crossed him. By chance, he learned differently.

Donna was in the Robert F. Lee Club that night and when Jackson spoke to the bartender, Steve, she knew that Moran had been flushed out.

Quickly she went to a phone booth. "Joey," she said. "Jackson is on to you. Pack up. We're leaving."

She raced outside to the parking lot and got into the white Caddy. She handed the key to the operator.

Before she could turn the key, the door of the car was opened by Perry.

"Come on back inside, honey," he said. "The drinks are on the house."

Moran threw his clothes into his suitcases. If he had had the car, he would have taken off right then. He picked up a bottle, but he was too tipsy to take a drink. Suddenly, he remembered how Perry had carried those two railroad dicks to the bank of the swamp. He remembered those cold dead eyes behind the horn rimmed glasses. He began to sweat.

"Where in hell is Donna?" he groaned. "Why doesn't she get here?"

Panic built up and soon he knew he knew he had to find some other way out. "But what?" he wondered. "What can I do now?"

He glanced out the window. There was no white Caddy in sight. He kept looking out the window and then saw a police patrol car cruise by.

"That's it. I'll spill the beans to Matt Banks. Turn State's witness. I can prove that Jackson tried to bribe Banks." Just then he saw the white Caddy come down the road.

Dropping the curtain, he picked up the phone. He heard the dial tone. Outside the car he heard up Moran heard the door open just as the operator came on.

"Operator," he said and then he could say nothing else. Perry's big hand was around his throat. Perry picked up the receiver and said, "Never mind, operator." He put the receiver back on the hook.

MORAN blacked out. When he came to, he felt as though his body were one big bruise. He opened his eyes and could barely see through the swollen slits. He sat up. Standing in front of him was Paula Jackson. Leaning against the fireplace mantle of Jackson's private office was Perry.

"All right, Joey," said Jackson. "Suppose you tell me how you got my money."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm a very careful man when it comes to money," said Jackson. "When I pay off a man, I like to get a receipt." He held up a sheet of paper covered with numerals. "This was my receipt for the money I left with Matt Banks."

The paper was covered with a list of serial numbers of the bills that had been in the attache case.

Jackson turned to Perry. "Give me one of those bills Moran paid off with."

COMPLETE
BOOK
BONUS

Perry picked a 50 off the desk and handed it over.

"This is one of the bills. Since then I've checked. I have more than two thousand bucks of my own money. And you circulated them, Joey. Now spill."

"Okay, okay," Moran agreed and told Jackson what had happened that night.

"Good boy, Joey. Now, where is the rest of my dough?"

Moran shook his head. "Gone. I spent it all." Moran knew he was hanging on to life by a thread. That thread was connected to the money. Once Jackson had his hands on the unspent money, Moran was expendable. Moran remembered what Donna had said about Jackson's love of money.

I gotta hold out, he thought. That money is my license to live.

Jackson turned livid, but he said nothing more. He just nodded to Perry and left the office. Moran had no clear recollection of what happened. Each second seemed to be an eternity of pain. And the seconds ticked off slowly until all time became a red blur. If he could have faced trial, even the possibility of burning, Moran would have spilled his guts, but some inner resource that made him treasure life, kept him from talking. It was the one straw he could cling to. That money was his insurance.

Moran endured the pain for three days and nights. When Perry was exhausted, others came in to keep up the pressure. And then on Saturday night, Moran heard the uproar from the club downstairs. It was a full-scale raid by State Police. Jackson burst into his office and ran to his safe and opened it. Perry's attention was distracted.

Moran crawled to the window. He dragged himself up to the sill and with a last desperate energy, flung himself through the glass. He landed on the top of the portico and then rolled to the ground. GIs whooping and yowling were pouring out of the club. Cops were everywhere, trying to round up the dealers and the dames.

Donna, who had raced to the back of the club, hurried toward the Cadilly still in the parking lot. She saw Moran and half dragging and half carrying him, she hauled him into the car.

Jamming the big car into gear, she wheeled it across a ditch onto the highway and took off. She kept on driving for an hour before Moran stirred. Pulling to the side of the road, she took a flask out of the glove compartment and forced the whiskey down his throat.

Moran could barely whisper. "We gotta go back," he said. "Gotta pick up that dough first."

"To hell with it," she snapped.

"No. Without that dough we're nothing but tramps."

She tried to argue with him, but he refused to leave without the money. Finally, she gave in. Driving along secondary back roads, she pulled up to the field Moran pointed out. He could barely walk, but insisted on going with her.

They finally reached the shack. Moran couldn't lift his arms so he directed Donna to reach into the chimney and pull out the leather attache case. She set it on the floor and opened the case.

"Count it, baby," he said.

Slowly she counted out the stacks. "There's over \$30,000 still here and some odd bills, Joey."

He tried to smile, but it was grotesque. "That's 30,000 reasons to say we ain't tramps, ain't it?" he whispered.

"Let's go, Joey."

"Yeah."

It was damp and cold out. The night was pitch black and in an hour it would be dawn.

"We gotta ditch this car, Donna," Joey whispered. "Drive around to the freight yards. We'll just hop aboard a freight and ride out of town that way. Nobody's think we took off that way."

Donna nodded. Once again, she toiled the big Cadilly along the back roads until she'd circled the town and reached a road running parallel to the yards. A freight was sitting in front of a darkened warehouse on a siding.

Holding the attache case in one hand and helping Joey with the other, they stumbled down the cinders until they found an open car. It was filled with cotton bales. They struggled inside, slid the door shut and crawled to the far side of the car where they were completely hidden from sight. Moran put his head on Donna's lap.

"We're got it made now, baby. By tomorrow, we'll be miles from here."

Moran was nodding off when Donna shook him. "Someone's outside," she whispered.

Moran listened. He heard the men talking. He heard a dull clicking noise. They were sealing up the door.

"Don't worry, kid," he said softly. "That'll keep those railroad

dicks from prying in here. In a couple of days, they'll break open the seal and we'll be gone."

AT noon, the freight was coupled onto an engine and hauled down the line. Soon the freight was moving along at a slow, but steady pace. For two days, the freight moved north. It kept getting cooler at night, but in their shelter, they didn't mind at all.

On the third day, the car they were in was shunted into a freight yard. Moran was too sick and tired to do more than groan. He could barely move to sit up.

"They gotta let us out of here soon, Joey."

Another day passed. Donna kept trying the door, but it was locked tight. Slowly it dawned on her that the door might not be opened for weeks. She panicked. Screaming and clawing at the door, she tore her fingers to shreds. She kept screaming until she couldn't scream any more. Then she crawled back to Moran. He was sitting upright with the attache case open on his lap. His hands held a thick packet of money, but his fingers were stiff. His face was frozen into that same grotesque grin, but he wasn't breathing any more.

Donna began to weep. She was too tired to fight anymore.

Two weeks after the freight arrived in the yard and been put on the deserted siding, it was hauled to the warehouse, where the bodies were discovered. They had reached Memphis, Tennessee. The bodies and the money were a great mystery at first and the newspaper headlines read:

"U. OF ALABAMA GRAD AND GIRL FOUND DEAD IN FREIGHT CAR"

Had Joey Moran been able to read that headline, he would have been proud of that ring he'd picked up in the Beacon City pawnshop.



"I'M DUE for a change of luck soon," Moran said, not knowing that the vengeful gunmen were already in the gambling house . . .

Act Now to Cash in on the High Rewards the Electronics Age Offers You

A special message from J. Morrison Smith, President
NRI, Founded 1914



"We at NRI have never seen a time when Automation-Electronics, Radio-Television offered more—or richer—opportunities to trained men. Employers everywhere are turning to automation in their offices and plants to cut costs and improve products and services. The past year has seen the coming-of-age of color television as well as high sales in stereo hi-fi, FM radio and mobile communications. Broadcasting stations are turning to new FM multiplexing. Government and military rely more and more on electronic equipment. Wherever we look, the demand is great and growing for skilled technicians to install, operate, service and supervise equipment.

Threat or opportunity? It's up to you

"I'm sure you have heard a lot about the 'threat' of Automation, how the unskilled man is being replaced by Electronic devices. But Automation means trouble only for the man who doesn't prepare for the future. The success stories of NRI graduates on the other side of this page . . . and thousands of others like them . . . are proof that Automation, Industrial Electronics, Communications, Television and Radio all mean interesting, brighter-future, higher-salary careers for the ambitious man. As many others have done, you can be earning \$3 to \$5 an hour extra in your spare time as you train. When you complete your NRI training you can move on to a full-time business of your own or move up in a better paying, secure career with your present employer or somewhere else.



Find out now about NRI Training

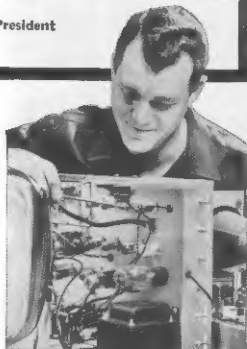


"There isn't any question in my mind that Automation-Electronics, Radio-Television will continue to advance. How about you? Will the coming months bring you personal accomplishments and progress? Right now is the ideal time for you to find out about NRI training. No matter how much or how little education you have, you will find an NRI course to help you. Find out how you can train at home with NRI . . . America's oldest and largest home-study Electronics, TV, Radio school, about our convenient monthly payments and special trial enrollment plan. Mail postage-free card now." NRI TRAINING, WASHINGTON 16, D. C.

**Mail Card for
Book of Facts**
NO POSTAGE NEEDED



Custom-Designed Equipment Makes Training at Home Interesting, Practical



The NRI "train-by-doing" method, using equipment furnished at no extra cost, is the time-proved way to get actual experience as you train. With these carefully designed training aids you perform dozens of "home lab" experiments with high-quality components, like those used in commercially made instruments. And you keep all the equipment. NRI catalog pictures and describes equipment you get. Mail postage-free card for more facts about NRI training and the opportunities awaiting you in this Electronic Age.

SEE OTHER SIDE

Cut Out and Mail—NO STAMP NEEDED

**FREE 64-PAGE BOOK
OF FACTS**

NRI TRAINING, WASHINGTON 16, D. C.

Send me 64-page catalog FREE. (No salesman will call. Please print.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ 202-015

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**The Amazing
Field of
Electronics**



INTERESTING, PROFITABLE CAREERS IN AUTOMATION/ELECTRONICS/TV/RADIO

Join the Thousands of Men Who Trained at Home with NRI

New developments in Automation-Electronics plus continued expansion in Radio-Television create a fast growing need for skilled technicians. Read how NRI home study training changed the lives of these ten men . . . and thousands of others . . . then turn page and read how you can follow the same path to success.



Averages \$150-\$170 a Month Spare Time

"My spare-time business fixing Radio and TV sets picks up every month. Looks like I'll have to go into it full time. Wish it were possible to tell every man of the wonderful advantages in this field." **WILLIAM L. KING**, Yorktown, Texas



Missile Officer at Atlas ICBM Site

"Spare time can mean money in the pocket. Although I have a full-time job, I still have time to fix radios and TV sets. Let the lazy man sit back and watch his TV set. I'll spend my time enjoying it. **ALLAN R. TOWNSEND**, Topeka, Kan.



From Textile Worker to Technician

"I was employed in a textile mill. After graduating from NRI I worked in a TV shop. I am now employed as an engineering firm as Senior Electronics Technician. I shall be eternally grateful to NRI." **HAROLD L. HUGHES**, Huntsville, Ala.



Editor for Electronics Magazine

"Because of taking the NRI Servicing Course and having had Navy experience in radio and computers, I obtained this position. I find my texts invaluable reference. I have my own course has more than paid for itself." **LOUIS H. GORKLAK**, Ardmore, Pa.



Has Service Business of His Own

"I went into business six months after I finished the NRI course. It makes my family of six a good living. We repair any TV or radio. I would not take anything for my training with NRI. I think it is the finest." **DON HOUSE**, Lubbock, Texas



Rose Radio Dept. for Car Distributor

"A lot of fellows think because they know nothing about Electronics they couldn't learn. NRI speaks a language they can understand. TV and garage door openers form an interesting sideline for me. All this gained at NRI." **BENK MEIER**, St. Louis, Mo.



Works for Firm Building DC Welders

"Your school helped me get this job. I have done broadcast work, TV repair and build custom stereo systems and medical equipment. I thought very highly of the Communications Course. I still use the texts." **LAWRENCE S. COOK**, New London, Wis.



In Microwave Research at Stanford

"My first introduction to Electronics was the NRI Servicing course. I have had additional training, but NRI was the groundwork for all my accomplishments. My NRI diploma got me my first job in Electronics." **GEORGE JACKSON**, Menlo Park, Calif.

SEE OTHER SIDE

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT
NO. 70-R
(Sec. 34.9, P.L.&R.)
Washington, D.C.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY



3939 Wisconsin Avenue
Washington 16, D.C.

OCT 20, Nelsons
Birthday

Mail
Card
for
Book
of
Facts

NO
POSTAGE
NEEDED



Chief Technician for Uranium Mine

"I have gone ahead ever since I enrolled. My income at the beginning was \$150 a month. Today I earn \$5,000 a year. My NRI diploma got me a part-time job, too, as TV engineer, bringing in another \$1,000." **W. GERALD KALLES**, Elliot Lake, Canada



Electronic Technician for Post Office

"NRI training enabled me to land a very good job as Electronic Technician with the Post Office Dept. I finished 6th out of 130. I also have a very profitable spare-time business fixing radios and TV." **NORMAN R. ALSTON**, Cincinnati, Ohio.